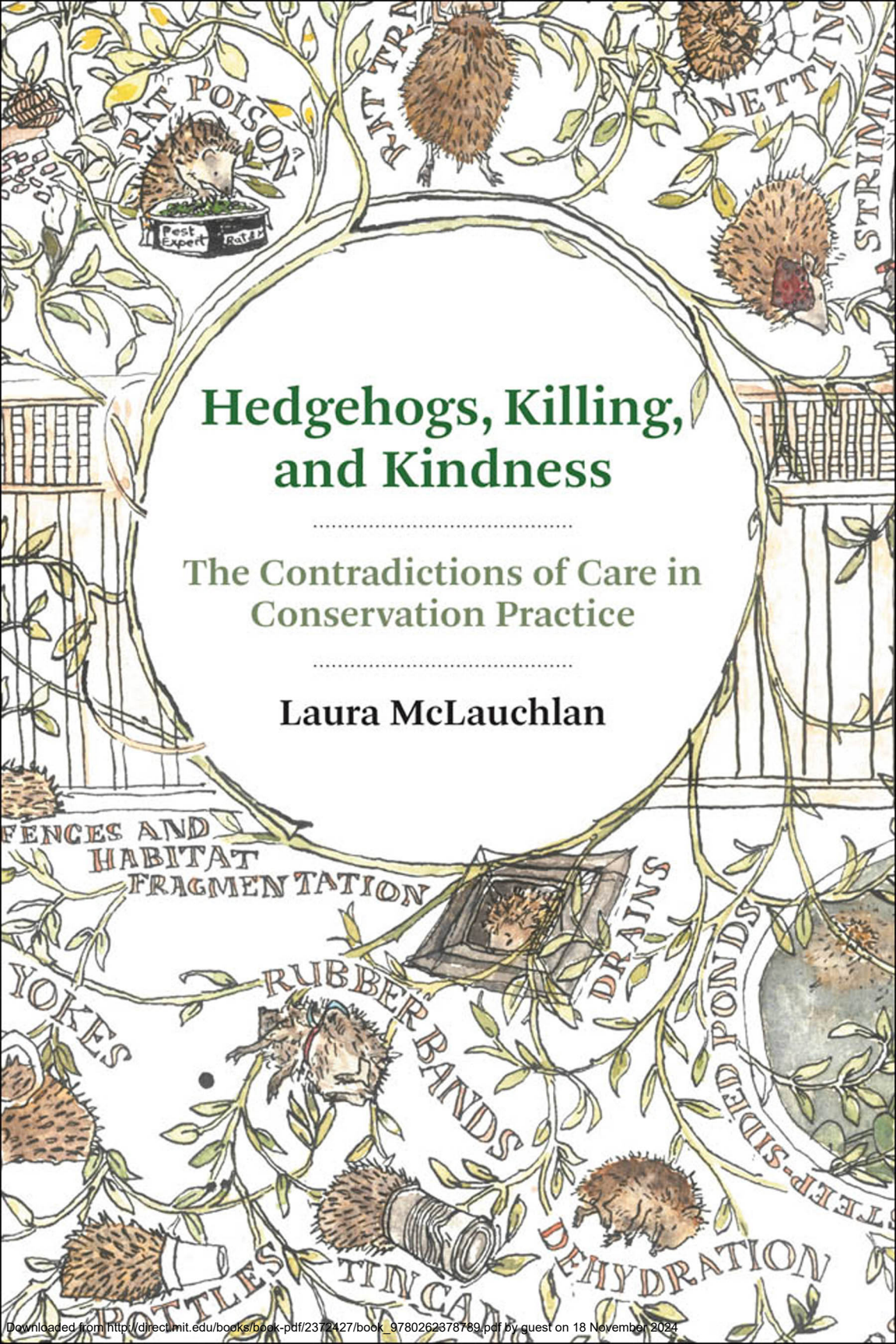


Hedgehogs, Killing, and Kindness

The Contradictions of Care in Conservation Practice

Laura McLauchlan

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

HEDGEHOGS, KILLING, AND KINDNESS

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

HEDGEHOGS, KILLING, AND KINDNESS

The Contradictions of Care in Conservation Practice

LAURA MCLAUCHLAN

The MIT Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts
London, England

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

© 2024 Massachusetts Institute of Technology

This work is subject to a Creative Commons CC-BY-NC-ND license.

This license applies only to the work in full and not to any components included with permission. Subject to such license, all rights are reserved. No part of this book may be used to train artificial intelligence systems without permission in writing from the MIT Press.

The MIT Press would like to thank the anonymous peer reviewers who provided comments on drafts of this book. The generous work of academic experts is essential for establishing the authority and quality of our publications. We acknowledge with gratitude the contributions of these otherwise uncredited readers.

This book was set in Adobe Garamond and Berthold Akzidenz Grotesk by Westchester Publishing Services.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: McLauchlan, Laura, author.
Title: Hedgehogs, killing, and kindness : the contradictions of care in conservation practice / Laura McLauchlan.
Description: Cambridge, Massachusetts : The MIT Press, [2024] | Includes bibliographical references and index.
Identifiers: LCCN 2023034660 (print) | LCCN 2023034661 (ebook) | ISBN 9780262548106 (paperback) | ISBN 9780262378796 (epub) | ISBN 9780262378789 (pdf)
Subjects: LCSH: Hedgehogs—Conservation. | Wildlife conservation—Social aspects. | Human-animal relationships.
Classification: LCC QL737.E753 .M385 2024 (print) | LCC QL737.E753 (ebook) | DDC 599.33/2—dc23/eng/20231114
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2023034660
LC ebook record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2023034661

ISBN: 978-0-262-54810-6

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Contents

Acknowledgments *vii*

INTRODUCTION: ON COMING TO CARE *1*

1 STORIED ATTUNEMENTS: BACKYARD HEDGEHOG–HUMAN INTERACTIONS IN A TIME OF SHIFTING FRAMINGS *19*

TRANSITIONS: WELCOME CARES *46*

2 WILD CARES: TINKERING AND EMBODIED EXPERTISE *49*

REPRESENTATIONS *79*

3 SADNESS AND DISTRIBUTED AGENCY IN URBAN HEDGEHOG CONSERVATION *83*

4 CAUTERIZING CARE AND SUSTAINING REHABILITATION *113*

5 WELL-ALIGNED CARES: MAKING AND UNDOING CONSERVATION COMMON SENSE *141*

DETACHMENT AND AFFINITY *173*

6 KILLING AND/WITH KINDNESS? HOLDING TENSIONS IN BIODIVERSITY CONSERVATION *183*

CONCLUSION: ON BEING MADE OF CARES *213*

Notes *225*
References *233*
Index *255*

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Acknowledgments

I acknowledge the Gadigal and Bedegal people of the Eora Nation whose unceded lands sustained me through the writing of this book. I grew up on beautiful Kāi Tahu country where, as in the rest of Aotearoa/New Zealand, Māori sovereignty was never ceded. Without words to fully express my broken-hearted gratitude, I pay my respects to First Nations elders past and present. May I live that respect. The experiences that comprise this book took place in both Aotearoa/New Zealand and the West Country of the UK. These places and their beings have been vital contributors to this book and to me. I offer this book as an (ever-imperfect) expression of my gratitude.

This book is the product of a vast net of caring academic relationships. With deepest thanks to Eben Kirksey, Thom van Dooren, and Judy Motion who supervised, co-supervised, and finishing-supervised the doctoral work upon which this manuscript is based. Thank you for your editing, encouragement, patience, humor, reading lists, and (perhaps most of all) for believing in this collection of tales and drawings of hedgehog love and loss. I've been blessed with three wonderful academic homes. I extend deep gratitude to everyone at the Environmental Humanities/Environment and Society Group at UNSW for your support and academic companionship during my time as a doctoral student and ongoingly; to the University of Auckland Department of Anthropology in which I "grew up" and experienced the whanaungatanga that has given me beloved sisters, aunties, and uncles; and to my wonderful new Macquarie Anthropology colleagues, I'm thrilled to be learning with you in a climate of such warm collegiality and committed scholarship.

The redrafting of this manuscript was greatly supported by the award of the 2022 Australian Anthropological Society Postdoctoral Fellowship.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Thank you so much to the anonymous AAS review panel for your feedback and encouragement, I can't tell you how much it has meant. A postdoctoral research fellowship from the John Templeton Foundation has supported the final edits of this manuscript. Thank you so much to the John Templeton Foundation and both Greg Downey at Macquarie and Agustin Fuentes at Princeton for your leadership and support.

The manuscript has been improved by a number of careful readings by both colleagues and friends. Thank you to my thesis examiners, Maria Puig de la Bellacasa and Heather Anne Swanson, whose encouragement and careful feedback was of immeasurable help in shaping the direction of this manuscript. Ally Palmer and Liz Barrett, thank you both so much for going above and beyond with your help on the manuscript. To the three anonymous peer reviewers whose generous and detailed feedback on both text and visuals has led to a number of improvements. Although I can't express my gratitude personally, I hope you will see your influence on the final shape of this work. And deep thanks to Beth Clevenger, for believing in the project, and to Anthony Zannino, Jitendra Kumar, and all of the team at MIT Press for all your support.

My thinking, feeling, and writing have benefitted from so many people during the course of writing this book. Specific thanks goes to Sophie Adams, Kate Baker, Liz Barrett, Michelle Bastian, Jennifer Biddle, Alice Blackwood, Nancy Blay, Karin Bolender, Emille Boulot Harriet, Brown, Sophie Chao, Stephanie Croft, Matthew Chrulew, Jacqueline Dalziell, Anne Galloway, Jennifer Mae Hamilton, Kate Judith, Anna-Katharina Laboissièr, Sandra Laight, Jo Lamb, Judith Littleton, Taira Malby (who found lost illustrations!), Serena McClellan, Mythily Meher, Tema Milstein, Kylie Morse, Briony Neilson, Astrida Neimanis, Tracey Pahor, Alexandra (Ally) Palmer, Julie Park, Susanne (Susie) Pratt, Sue Reid, Ariana Russell, Lisa Samuels, Tracy Sorenson, Julie Spray, Mira Taitz, Sarah Treadwell, Suzanna Trnka, Paul Veart, Blanche Verlie, Jamie Vunivesilevu, and Philip Wills for the gifts of conversations, encouragements, editing, inspiration, generative challenge, solidarity, and love.

To the many other people who continue to enliven both my personal and academic life, thank you so very much.

And, finally, deep and humble thanks to everyone who so generously participated in this project. For those included in the text with your real names as well as those who have been anonymized, thank you for the interviews, for

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

your time, and for the generosity of allowing me to think and learn alongside your lives and cares. There have been times when I have hurt with gratitude for the kindness and generosity you showed me. I deeply hope that, as you read these pages, you will feel I have understood at least something of the work you are doing. It has been a life-changing privilege to think and learn with you. I would like to extend particular thanks to both Steffi Lovelock and Yvonne Cox, whose input has been invaluable in thinking through what it is to live with deep care for others.

Even within such wild interconnection, responsibility exists. All shortcomings remain my own.

In considering to whom this book is addressed, it is also necessary to attend to the fraught and political nature of collective pronouns. In reality there are, as Métis/Michif artist and scientist Max Liboiron notes, "many we's (including those to which you/I/we do not belong)" (2021, 24). "We," as used in the work of white and/or settler authors such as myself, is a pronoun that has often ignored difference and oppression, an attempt to claim a whitewash of togetherness (Wiegman 2012, 13). In many ways, it is a word better avoided. And yet, this book argues, collectives matter: dominant conservation paradigms (Liboiron 2021) are hindered by individualism and require the possibility of thinking and acting in collective ways. As settler feminist posthumanist scholar, Astrida Neimanis writes, "'We' is probably the most fraught word in the English language" and yet is a word "we can hardly *not* use" (2017, 14). I wrestle with the use of both "us" and "we" throughout this book. At times, the "we" used refers to a limited yet widespread grouping of "those of us," such as myself, who have been most deeply shaped by dominant "Western" culture and sciences. When used in this way, I attempt to make it clear in the text that the "we" is a limited one. For readers who are not hailed in this "we," I hope you will read this "we" as an attempt to locate trouble in a particular (although widespread and colonizing) tradition, rather than as a pronoun of exclusion. At other times—such as when thinking about "coming to care"—the "we" gestures toward humans collectively. However, in doing so, I intend for this "we" to be both less generalizing and more expansive than a "we" of species, holding both the reality that "'we' are not all the same, nor are we all 'in this' in the same way" (Neimanis 2017, 15), as well as that "we" are shaped by forces and lives and materialities that are radically more than human.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 0.1
One of the hedgehogs I discovered living under my house, eating cat food at the side of my cottage in Dunedin, Aotearoa/New Zealand.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

INTRODUCTION: ON COMING TO CARE

On a quiet and somewhat dismal Saturday night at my home in Dunedin, Aotearoa/New Zealand, I was itching to leave for the United Kingdom to start my fieldwork among people making space for hedgehogs. Deciding that I was in need of an uplifting dose of David Attenborough, I located a box set of *Planet Earth* at the local DVD rental store and returned home to settle in for the night with popcorn and oolong tea. During the second episode of the series, in a segment that followed five pumas doing it hard in the fierce high Andes, I heard a rustling outside. I ran to the window, imaging a suspicious human stalking through my tiny garden and found myself laughing with relief and delight as I spotted the culprit: an intently snuffling hedgehog, meandering about the roseleaf litter, sniffing loudly and stopping regularly to scratch. In the faint light from the bedroom window, I could make out the hedgehog's spines (dark brown at the base, fading out to tawny ends) as well as her or his[1] tiny, clawed paws—seemingly far too small to hold up such a well-rounded body. Attenborough's commentary faded to background hum as I was transfixed by the hog's investigations of leaf litter. After twenty minutes or so, the hedgehog headed off around the corner and out of sight. I found myself imagining the threats waiting out there for a little hedgehog—the dogs and cars and poisons of the city.

At the time, I had been wanting (and continue to want) to understand interspecies kindness: how do people in particular times and places come to feel a sense of kinship with and care toward other beings? People making space for hedgehogs in the urban UK had intrigued me most: folks carrying

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

out acts of interspecies care that required them to change their own backyard behaviors—learning to reduce litter, manage gardens without poisons, perhaps even break down fences in order to increase hedgehogs' access to habitat. Attending to local hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand—where they are introduced and increasingly recognized as a predator of a range of native species—had been something I'd wanted to avoid. However, through this and subsequent backyard meetings with hedgehogs, I would find myself tied into hedgehog lifeways in complex ways, with my body learning to (partially) respond to hedgehogs in ways that would alter the path of both this book and my cares. Through following my own shifting attachments to hedgehogs, as well as the various ways in which others come to care for hogs (and don't), this book offers glimpses into the ways in which care is neither inherent nor common sense, but instead emerges out of a complex interplay of bodies, stories, and the broader complexities of dominant conservation practice, entangled in relations of coloniality, power, and love.

MEET THE HEDGEHOGS

There are many stories about hedgehogs and, as this book argues, these stories matter for how we come to understand these spiky little creatures. Internationally, hedgehogs have been framed in a variety of different ways, variously emerging as animals of both good and bad luck, of transformation, vengeance, wit, and reincarnation. Framings of hedgehogs have also shifted through time. In the UK, for example, hedgehogs were associated with witchcraft in the medieval period and, even up until the nineteenth century, were thought of as troublesome milk and fruit thieves (Warwick 2014, 52–53). As naturalist practices of observation developed in the UK from the Victorian era onward, hedgehogs were exonerated from these crimes (Warwick 2014, 56). This shift in hedgehogs' reputation is also likely linked to increasing urbanization in the UK which meant that—for many British people—hedgehogs were no longer a threat to the eggs of chickens and ground-nesting game birds. Instead, hedgehogs operated as a helpful garden visitor, eating insects and even being brought into homes to deal with cockroach infestations (Morris

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

2014, 12). It is out of this historical moment that Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle emerges, the kindly and eccentric hedgehog-washerwoman character created in 1905 by English author, illustrator, and amateur lichen scientist, Beatrix Potter, whose illustrated tales would come to shape a great many interpretations of hedgehogs. As a pākehā (non-Māori, settler-descended) child growing up in a small South Island Aotearoa/New Zealand town of majority British descent, such framings would also greatly influence my own views of and relationships with hedgehogs.

European Hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand

Among "the last habitable places on earth" to be settled, carbon dating generally sets Māori arrival and settlement on the islands that would come to be known as Aotearoa/New Zealand in the thirteenth century, although some estimates suggest that arrival could have been as early as 1000 CE (Anderson 1991; Belich 2002, 28; Taiepa 1997; Wilmshurst et al. 2011, 1815). The colonization of Aotearoa/New Zealand by British settlers from the 1840s would bring land wars, confiscation of Māori land by the British Crown, and the undermining—although never ceding—of Māori sovereignty. This is despite the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840, in which the continuance of Māori sovereignty, including "full exclusive and undisturbed possession of their lands, and estates, forests and fisheries" was guaranteed in exchange for accepting British settlement and governance (1840, Art. 2; Taiepa 1997, 238). Colonization also introduced a shift in the dominant governing relations with the land, from relationships grounded *in kaitiakitanga,* commonly translated as guardianship or stewardship,[2] to more instrumental modes of relating to the living world, centered around relationships of ownership and mastery (Lidström et al. 2015; Moewaka Barnes and McCreanor 2019; Reo and Ogden 2018; Taiepa 1997, 238).

In attempting to forge a "Britain of the South" (Hursthouse 1861), this colonial enterprise was also accompanied and reinforced by a host of flora and fauna, an "ecological imperialism" (Crosby 1986) that would introduce a range of species from the UK, including *Erinaceus europaeus*, the European hedgehog. The introduction of hedgehogs from the UK was carried out by individuals as well as by acclimatisation societies—voluntary

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

groups of colonial settlers who, in Aotearoa/New Zealand, as in a number of other European and colonized nations, sought to introduce nonnative flora and fauna in order to "improve" the land. It took multiple, unsuccessful, attempts between 1869 and 1885—and hundreds of hedgehog deaths—before a hedgehog population was established in Aotearoa/New Zealand. Despite this unpromising start, hedgehogs would flourish, coming to dwell throughout the archipelago by the 1930s (Jones and Sanders 2005). Hedgehogs would thus find themselves joining a larger assemblage of partially transplanted British worlds of humans, critters, and flora (including familiar slugs, snails, lawns, and hedges) variously killing, accommodating, transforming, and being transformed by the ecosystems they met (Isern 2004: 234).

While hedgehogs' reputation as cute and bumbling can make it hard to believe that they could pose much of a threat to any other being, hedgehogs are generalist insectivores, with a diet mostly comprised of insects, but also (and it seems, more so, in Aotearoa/New Zealand) eggs, chicks, and lizards (Brockie 1999; Nottingham et al 2019). Many of Aotearoa/New Zealand's birds and insects are particularly vulnerable to hedgehog predation. For eighty-five million years the collection of islands that comprises Aotearoa/New Zealand had no land mammals apart from bats (Anderson 2004, 28). In the absence of mammalian predators, large numbers of native bird species and some insects evolved to neither fly nor flee from threats but, instead, to freeze (Cooper and Millener 1993). In recent years, recognition of the impact of hedgehog predation on endangered native insects and ground-nesting birds has grown and—as this book charts—hedgehogs have found themselves officially categorized as "pests" and increasingly targeted for culling.

British Hogs in the Contemporary UK

In the UK, the European hedgehog is largely beloved, winning a range of polls of "most-loved" British animal and being argued for in Parliament by MP Oliver Colvile to be officially adopted as the UK's national animal (BBC 2015). Despite this fondness, they have been struggling. Although a once-common critter in nighttime gardens, they are now a rare sight in many parts of the country. Studies of road deaths of hedgehogs suggest the British population

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

of *Erinaceus europaeus* has declined from a mid-1950s estimate of more than thirty million to perhaps less than a million today (Wilson and Wembridge 2018) and, in 2020, they were listed on the Red List for British Mammals as "vulnerable to extinction" (Mathews and Harrower 2020). Cars, poisons, impermeable fencing, gardening preferences for deathly tidiness, and the reduction of habitat through concreting, new building developments, and roads seem to be key elements in this decline. Around the nation, groups of dedicated humans attempt to make livable urban space for hedgehogs; however, the challenge of hedgehog conservation—particularly in urban spaces—requires not only caring about hedgehogs but getting one's neighbors to join the work of transforming the landscape to accommodate their wide-roaming tendencies. This communal task has proven difficult (although not impossible) under the individualist logics of contemporary conservation, despite the love felt for hogs and the reality that the harms that hedgehogs face are largely of human creation.

In neither Aotearoa/New Zealand nor the UK is it a comfortable time to be a member of the species *Erinaceus europaeus*. Like many nonhuman animals, European hedgehogs find themselves increasingly impacted by the lives of humans. In both sites, then, this book attends to a complex terrain of ending and preserving life in the name of conservation. However, thinking with hedgehogs' propensity for hugging the edges, as well as with anthropological approaches seeking to give voice to the possible (Pandian 2019), this book also attends to the generative possibilities that exist in the margins of dominant conservation practice.

AIMS AND THEORETICAL APPROACH

As Donna Haraway has argued, opening to new ways of being attached to the world is both the promise and the "risk" of ethnographic fieldwork, in which entering into "subject forming entanglements" with responsiveness and curiosity offers the possibility of knowing, and caring, differently (Haraway 2008, 313n29). This is a risk that "challenges previous stabilities, convictions, or ways of being of many kinds" (Haraway 1997, 190). This inseparability of knowing and being is at the heart of anthropological

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

approaches, which recognize the ways in which "knowledge grows from the crucible of lives lived with others" (Ingold 2014, 387). Fundamental to the arguments running through this book is that, although coming to care is contingent, it is also subject-forming, shaping ones' sense of self and place in the world. Thus *Hedgehogs, Killing, and Kindness* also traces shifts, expansions, and contractions in my own cares and sense of self as I open to the practices of caring and of restricting care while learning alongside volunteer and professional conservationists.

Why, in such times of environmental urgency, should a book on the contingencies of coming to care for other species be warranted? At the core of this book is the recognition that for whom one cares and how are vital aspects of one's impact on the world (van Dooren 2014a, 294). In our current times, in which the world is increasingly influenced by humans—with the most negative impacts coming from those of us living in the most industrialized nations—both the humility and responsibility that come with recognizing our ongoing, although unequal, part in the infrastructures and worldviews that orient us to the world are vital. Current extinction rates are up to ten times the background level; oceans are increasingly clogged with plastic; lifeforms are forced to contend with the introduction of toxins into the earth, waterways, and air; and a layer of radioactive debris covers the planet (Pievani 2014; Harding 2010). Of those creatures able to eke out lives under such conditions, many are struggling, with lives more impacted by particular humans and human infrastructures than they might otherwise wish (Collard 2014). Noting that many of our attachments to (and detachments from) other species are formed without being consciously recognized, this book asks how we might better recognize and work with the particular histories and multiple agencies at play in orienting us to care for others.

In order to hold these complexities, this book tells stories. As Gruen and Weil note, a story is never independent from the material world but, rather, is "always imbricated in that world from which it takes its forms and on which it produced its effects" (2010, 130). They are also never innocent but, instead, invite us into particular ways of understanding the world; stories can close down interpretations and possibilities or open them up (van Dooren et al. 2017, 3). This book hopes to participate in the latter.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Central to these stories is a material feminist orientation to the world. Influenced by the work of material feminist scholars such as Stacy Alaimo (2016) and Donna Haraway (1988, 2008), the fieldwork and analysis of *Hedgehogs, Killing, and Kindness* emphasizes the importance of attending to the particularities of our cultural-physical selves. Material feminist scholarship, in many ways, emerges from what feminist scholars have been saying for decades: that bodies matter (Alaimo and Hekman 2008). One aspect of taking bodies seriously is noting that one does not experience the world from a disembodied nowhere. The fieldwork that informs this book is fundamentally shaped by my body's access to the world as a white, cis-gendered, queer, working-class, kiwi/pākehā woman. Mine is thus one particular story. Others are needed.

The multispecies emphasis of this book—a commitment to being "attentive to diverse ways of life" (van Dooren et al. 2016, 1; see also Watson 2014) requires a particular attention to my bodily limitations. While I tell many of the stories in this book with hedgehogs in mind, there are limits to what I am able to know of hedgehog lifeways. As Haraway argues, we "learn in our bodies, endowed with primate color and stereoscopic vision" so that rigorous scholarship must attend to the realities of our embodiment—both the limitations and the affordances of our particular bodies (1988, 582). As a diurnal, vision-focused, and (somewhat) gregarious human animal attending to a creature who is nocturnal, smell oriented, and solitary, much of hedgehog lifeways are beyond my ability to sense, let alone comprehend. Thus, while the multispecies ethnographic approach central to this book asserts that hard divisions between ethnography and ethology—that is, between the study of human and other-than-human animal behavior—reflect notions of human exceptionalism more than the realities of paying attention to other lives (Kirksey and Helmreich 2010), this by no means overlooks the vast differences between different kinds of beings.[3]

While acknowledging the necessary limitations of interspecies understanding, this book hopes to tell stories not just about hedgehogs, but, in the emerging tradition of multispecies approaches, with an interest in the relationships that are possible between different kinds of beings (Tsing 2018, 236). Thinking with philosopher of ethologists and animal behavior, Vinciane Despret, I attend to questions of attunement, to the ways in which our bodies

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

come to know other bodies, as we ever-partially respond to and become-with one another (Despret 2004; 2013, 71). Thus, throughout *Hedgehogs, Killing, and Kindness*—as much as my own embodiment allows—I attend to both the slippages and surprising interconnections of being a human attending to radically other forms of life. In this process of spending time with and attending to backyard hogs in multisensory ways, I "learned to be affected" by hogs and their worlds; in ever-limited, partial ways, I came to not only get a feel for hogs themselves, but also to comprehend differently the nighttime world of my neighborhood (Lorimer 2015, 35; Despret 2013).

Material feminist scholarship offers a range of dualism-challenging frameworks, including Karen Barad's notions of "intra-actions" (1997) highlighting the way in which the so-called material and cultural do not just "interact" but, rather, are always-already a product of co-shaping "intra-actions," so that the world is ultimately "material-discursive" (Barad 2003); Donna Haraway's related attention to the "material-semiotic" and a number of scholars' attention to naturecultures, similarly reflect the ultimate inseparability of that which exists within Western thought as the separate categories of "culture" and "nature" (2003, 2008; see also Kirksey and Helmreich 2010; Latimer and Miele 2013; Puig de la Bellacasa 2017; Tallbear 2011).

A particular strand of naturecultural thinking that runs through this book is Jamie Lorimer's analysis of the ways in which nonhuman charisma is intimately tied up with both the "agency of the nonhuman being witnessed and the social structure in which the witness is enmeshed" (2009, 324). The charisma of wolves, for example—a species that has been marked out as both villain and victim or even as an idealized species—can be seen as a complex interplay of the physical characteristics and needs of wolves and humans as well as of particular human lifeways and social structures, including modes of subsistence, values about other animals, and specific education about wolves—all of which, in turn, influence wolf behavior (Troxell et al. 2009). As will be argued throughout this book, in practice, these two factors—the agency of other-than-human beings (that is, their physical presence and its effect on humans) and the sociocultural worlds in which the subject and witnessing creatures find themselves—are so tightly wound as to be inseparable, so that the very aspects of a being that seem to be "inherently" charming

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

or funny for someone shaped by a particular milieu may be experienced as equally "inherently" disgusting or terrifying for someone shaped by another.

This book is deeply indebted to Indigenous scholarship in which such dualisms of nature and culture have never played a part (Sundberg 2014; Tallbear 2017, 191–192; Todd 2016). Indigenous standpoints "that never forgot the interrelatedness of all things" (Tallbear 2017, 50) have been fundamental to the work of challenging the limiting and often destructive worldviews inherent in dominant science (Liboiron 2021). As a pākehā woman shaped by ownership and mastery modes of relating to the living world, I am particularly indebted to Indigenous scholars writing from perspectives of relational selfhood and kin-based ways of relating to the living world for offering me a glimpse of a generative otherwise (Andzaldua 1999; Liboiron 2021; McDougall 2016; Simpson 2007; Smith 2021; Tallbear 2011, 2017; Todd 2016; Watts 2013; Wood 2019). In Aotearoa/New Zealand, a depth of Māori-led scholarship and praxis also reflects and encourages responsive and anticolonial ways of caring for and with land (see, for example, Harmsworth and Awatere 2013; Kawharu 2000; Palmer et al. 2021; Roberts et al. 1995; Taiepa 1997; Wareka 2020; Wehi et al. 2021).

As a pākehā person, I do not speak from Indigenous perspectives. While I continue to learn from and with Indigenous scholarship, the wisdom born of long histories of connection to the land is not mine. I encourage readers to go to the cited primary texts. I continue to grapple with settler scholar Stephanie LeMenager's question of whether it is possible for settler scholars to think alongside or even listen to Indigenous scholars "without enacting theft in the form of translation and misuse" (2021, 102).

My hope is that, in doing the reflexive work of attending to the some of the troubles of aspects of pākehā and broader Enlightenment humanist "Western" practices—particularly the tendency of knowledges to claim to be speaking from the position of universal "truth" (Chakrabarty 2000; Liboiron 2021)—that this book might offer something by way of preparation for future collaboration. In approaching contemporary dominant conservation practices as one possible tradition among many, but also in refusing to assume a homogeneity of dominant practices, *Hedgehogs, Killing, and Kindness* hopes

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to take part in the ethnographic tradition of trying "to let the otherwise break through" (Stewart 2007, 230). Drawing also from Anand Pandian's recent work, this book seeks to reaffirm the potential of anthropology in our current difficult times, particularly through the potential for anthropology to help to "trace the outlines of a possible world within the seams of this one" (2019, 4).

Keeping the Cares Together

Finally, this book is also shaped by and situated within a growing body of scholarship on care that has emerged in conversation between the main theoretical orientations influencing this book, including the environmental humanities, feminist science and technology studies and Indigenous scholarship, medical sociology/anthropology, and multispecies anthropology (see, for example: Kittay and Feder 2002; Mol 2002, 2008; Probyn 2014; Puig de la Bellacasa 2010, 2011, 2012, 2017; Rose 1983, 1994; Tronto 1993, 103; van Dooren 2014a, 2014b; Whyte and Cuomo 2017). In particular, Maria Puig de la Bellacasa's triumvirate framing of care as "a vital affective state, an ethical obligation and a practical labour" operates as a theoretical frame as well as methodological guide for this ethnography through its emphasis on care as embodied, storied, social, and technological (2012, 197).

Thinking in a multispecies mode, Maria Puig de la Bellacasa argues that there is no straightforward recipe for how best to care, noting, "we cannot possibly care for everything . . . there is no life without some kind of death" (2012, 204). Indeed, in light of the complexity and interconnection of our world, one is faced with the impossibility of ever understanding all of the impacts of even one's most thoughtful and best-researched actions (Kirksey 2015, 201). This offers a fundamental challenge to the notion of our cares—and indeed ourselves—as ever simply or purely "good" (Shotwell 2016). The question of what makes for "good" care is—as medical philosopher Annemarie Mol notes—always political, always relational, and always depends (2002). What "good" care might be becomes apparent in the doing, when one sees what happened. Caring thus means "trying, tinkering, struggling, failing, and trying again" (Mol 2002, 177).

In response to such ambiguity, this book is interested in what it is to think with kindness—not in terms of a sentimental kindness but, instead,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

kindness as an "identification with the vulnerabilities and attractions of others," a sense of relatedness, as in the original roots of kindness in "kinship" (Phillips and Taylor 2009, 2, 4). It asks what it might mean to live with a sense of a *possible* relatedness: the thought that other lifeways and values—even those that seem incomprehensible—would make sense, or could even be loved, if one's own life experience had been different. The book asks, what might it be to recognize and value—even care for—the lives of those creatures one kills in the name of saving others? (Butler 2014; Haraway 2008). What sorts of subjectivities might be needed to hold such difficult tensions?

Seeking to pull together scholarship on the obligatory, affective, and practical labors of care with the ways in which we are constituted by our attachments to the world, I use the term "cares" throughout the book. In the singular, care is both a verb expressing the act of being concerned or of helping and a noun describing a state of worry or concern. In my use of the plural noun, my intention is to retain such meanings. However, I hope to make additionally present both the objects of one's cares (the "cares" as the thing cared *about*) as well as the attachments themselves as things to be considered in their own right. In talking about "cares," I am thus talking about the labors and affects of care, the objects to which we are attached, as well as the attachments themselves. I take my use of "cares" in the plural from medical anthropologist, Janelle S. Taylor. In her 2008 paper "On Recognition, Caring, and Dementia," she attends to her relationship with her mother who has dementia. Without recognition as we might more commonly conceive of it, care nonetheless remains at the core of both her relationship with her mom and her mother's relationship with the world. In a passage that has remained with me, Taylor describes finding a letter written by her then-deceased great uncle. On the top of the letter, her mother had written a note:

> Licends—Please try to keep cares together!
>
> We will try to keep Diana, Janelle, Mike and Pat. Will try to keep the cares together (Taylor 2008).

In this note, referring to her grown children as "the cares" and pledging to somehow keep these cares together, Taylor's mother brings cares themselves to the fore. What the objects of these "cares" are seems both simultaneously

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

vital and almost incidental. The notion of trying to "keep the cares together" makes me feel deeply protective of the ties that connect us to one another and the world, whatever it is that these cares might be *for*. This interest in attachments—in cares—themselves, runs throughout this book.

Methods and Location

The fieldwork and interviews from which these stories emerge was initially carried out over two and a half years in both my home country of Aotearoa/New Zealand and the UK and has been supplemented by ongoing conversations with several interlocutors. Using a multi-sited ethnographic methodology (Cook and Harrison 2007; Marcus 1995), this project does not claim to offer a holistic perspective covering all aspects of hedgehog conservation. Instead, it seeks a close understanding of the social and material relationships that shape attitudes and actions toward hedgehogs in particular times and places.

My orientation to questions of coming to care for other species—and learning not to—begins with six months of fieldwork in my home nation of Aotearoa/New Zealand. During this time I attempted to orient to the lifeways of hedgehogs living under my house as public discussion built as to whether hedgehogs were a creature to be loved or hated. From August 2014 to November 2015, I undertook participant observation with several wildlife rehabilitation centers and alongside members of several hedgehog conservation organizations in and around Bristol in the southwest of the United Kingdom. The stories from this period are also informed by conversations about hedgehogs with people from all around the Bristol region, as well as thirty-two in-depth semi-structured interviews with members of conservation and rehabilitation organizations located both locally and nationally, as well as with local hedgehog champions[4] and members of the Bristolian public as accessed via advertisements in local newsletters. The final major period of fieldwork was carried out back in Aotearoa/New Zealand in 2015 and 2016. Based in Wellington—the capital city of the country not only politically but also in terms of its focus on invasive species control—this period is marked by participant observation conducted in public conservation events, sanctuary fence monitoring, trapping, and is also informed by seventeen interviews with conservationists, campaigners, and volunteers.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

My drawings are also dotted throughout the book and play a range of roles. At times, they are an attempt to challenge imagined separations between the infrastructures, multiple life forms, chemicals, everyday mysteries, and aspirations that, alongside (and within) stories, make and sustain the landscapes in which hogs find themselves. At times, the illustrations are informational, yet they also carry traces of the emotional labors of this project. Having grown up drawing, and remaining a compulsive doodler, for me sketching was, at times, a way of feeling my way through tricky things. In other instances, drawing became part of re-stitching myself to the work I was doing—during my fieldwork (as detailed in chapter 4), it was regularly the practice of drawing that worked to sustain my cares for hedgehogs during difficult periods of rehabilitation work. Drawing also functioned as a practice of noticing, of closely attending to the worlds around me (Honegger 2001; Tsing 2011). While often I drew from life, in periods when I was unable to spend time directly with other animals, drawing from the photographs taken by others (whether from field guides or the internet) also played a vital part in coming to care and becoming attached. Particularly within chapters 5 and 6, drawing native species was a way to attempt to enter into aspects of the cares of conservationists and to deepen my feeling for native birds. Finally, and in a way that reflects this book's interest in holding contradictions, drawing also functioned as a way of considering particular problems without forcing resolutions, such as the ways in which caring for hedgehogs also generates the sorts of waste that harms hedgehogs (chapter 4). The ability to make space for indeterminacy and uncertainty is a particular affordance of artistic practice, and I am grateful to have been able to both be accompanied by drawing practices and to include them in this book (Cixous 2005, 16–17).

The language used in the book is, at times, that of idiomatic kiwi English. Uses of English in Aotearoa/New Zealand tend to be less formal than other uses of the language. Culturally, such language use is grounded in an (always-imperfect) attempt to be nonhierarchical and I am proud of my tongue for that gesture. However, having taught US students for some years, I am also aware that its relative linguistic simplicity can require some introduction (for which, I hope this paragraph will suffice). In retaining this style (although with US spelling for the purposes of this US-published text), I hope that the text will

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

not only reflect my own voice but also go some way toward making this text accessible for those not from an academic background.

Personal conversations with practitioners greatly inform this work. In an attempt to acknowledge this co-production of knowledge, contexts of learning are detailed. Many of the names used are pseudonyms in order to protect the anonymity of informants. However, in order to credit the particular actors who have taught me or learned with me, with their permission, some informants are named. Instances of the use of pseudonyms are marked by an asterisk when they are first introduced in the text.

BOOK STRUCTURE

As the book follows my physical journey from Aotearoa/New Zealand to the UK and back again, it also charts the ways in which cares are developed and undone, supported and marginalized, in myself and others.

Beginning with the discovery of hedgehogs living under my Dunedin cottage, chapter 1, "Storied Attunements: Backyard Hedgehog–Human Interactions in a Time of Shifting Framings," follows my experience of (ever-partial) attunement with these backyard hedgehogs, an embodied process of coming to get something of the rhythms of hedgehog lifeways, influenced by and negotiated within a range of ideas of correct ways of observing and being with other species. This work of attending to the processes of bodily attunement plays out in a context of shifting public framings of hogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand from being an animal beloved and deliberately introduced by settler-colonial arrivals to one increasingly recognized as a major predator of native and endangered species of birds and insects. Thus, in this chapter, I begin to attend to what it is to have attachments that are not necessarily "good" (Shotwell 2016).

Chapter 2, "Wild Cares: Tinkering and Embodied Expertise," starts with my arrival in Bristol and follows the work of urban volunteer and professional conservationists in and around the city to make habitats that better support hedgehogs. In particular, I follow the ways in which volunteer "hedgehog champions" made use of ideas of "wildness" as a vital encouragement of *how* to care for wild hedgehogs—a mode of relating that emphasized that while one might wish to "have" a hedgehog, that hedgehogs must be free to forage

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

and wander. Through embracing the disciplines of "wildness"—of loving and letting go—the chapter argues that connectivity became unavoidably apparent: in watching beloved wild hogs wander off into the night, the safety of broader environments became a vital concern of hedgehog champions. Under the urgings of this kind of wildness as both noncapture and as acknowledgment of mystery, championing hogs seemed to require both following the best current guidelines offered by conservation professionals while simultaneously developing responsive crafts of tinkering: at times, giving hogs space to get on with the work of shaping the environments they seemed to need—at other times, thinking like a hedgehog to imagine what they might need. Noting that the uncertainty and embodied aspects of such care were difficult to speak about publicly, this chapter ends with consideration of how best to support practices of wild care.

Amidst upbeat public rhetoric, chapter 3, "Sadness and Distributed Agency in Urban Hedgehog Conservation," follows the experience of sadness amongst some professional and volunteer hedgehog conservation practitioners. Following Sara Ahmed's observation of the conservative aspects of optimism (2010), this chapter considers the potential wisdom of sadness in response to both recognizing one's own implication in the collective actions that harm hedgehogs and the difficulty of addressing such matters through individualized conservation actions. Yet, dwelling in the sadness of collective implication is not the end point: this chapter also traces small ways in which champions became collectively implicated in positive outcomes for hogs. Following the example of the British Hedgehog Preservation Society's letter-writing campaign, which successfully convinced McDonald's to redesign their McFlurry lids, as well as the success of tea parties in mobilizing neighbors to look out for hogs, I consider the possibilities of not only recognizing complicity in distributed problems, but also acting in modest yet effective collective ways.

In a world in which it is hard to be a hedgehog, and many end up injured and in need of care, how do human carers sustain their labors? Chapter 4, "Cauterizing Care and Sustaining Rehabilitation," focuses on care work, and the affective labors of hedgehog rehabilitation, with a particular focus on how rehabilitators balanced the affective and physical "holding back" that accompanied ideals of wildness and potentially served to protect many

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

animals from becoming dangerously comfortable with human contact, while finding ways to sustain the often-difficult work of caring.

In chapter 5, "Well-Aligned Cares: Making and Undoing Conservation Common Sense," I return to Aotearoa/New Zealand and a radically different conservation mood to that of the UK. Here, among pest trappers and children's environmental education campaigns in and around Wellington, there was a palpable hopefulness—both public and private—about the conservation task at hand: killing introduced mammals—such as possums, stoats, rats and, increasingly, hedgehogs—in order to create a country free of introduced predators. Here, encouraging lay people to kill hedgehogs and other introduced species was tied into the project of undoing cares for them. In this chapter, I attend to the various ways in which the "madeness" of cares that are "well-aligned" with accepted social norms become invisible. Here, despite the extensive, active, labor of normalization involved in undoing and creating cares (including the articulation and framing work being done by conservationists, as well as the distancing materialities of new technologies of killing [Butler 2009; Hall 1986]). Finding myself deeply out of sync with the joy of killing in Wellington, I attend to what it is to have cares and affective responses that are not well-aligned with the public common sense. After spending time learning to appreciate and more deeply love several native threatened species, I reflect on the multiple—and typically unacknowledged—agencies at play in care and killing as I find myself setting a kill trap.

Chapter 6, "Killing and/with Kindness? Holding Tensions in Biodiversity Conservation," considers questions of boundaries, engagement, and the necessary contradictions of care. Despite my difficulties with much of the upbeat fervor around the culling of introduced predators in Aotearoa/New Zealand, in the shade of the Zealandia ecosanctuary fenceline—and in other conservation encounters that allowed for the possible charm and value of introduced predators, even when they remained potential targets for killing—I found myself opening more deeply to the lifeways of threatened native species. While public discourses tend to frame conservation in terms of simple notions of good and bad (Lidström et al. 2015), many conservationists privately do the work of tending to the realities of the lives and suffering of "pest" animals, even as they continue to work toward a vision of a country free of such beings.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

This stance holds much in common with that which Parker Palmer refers to as "standing in the tragic gap" (2005), in which one remains responsive to the present even as one continues to work toward one's goal. The chapter ends with consideration of the difficulty of holding such tensions in a worldview that struggles to hold contradictions.

Finally, taking inspiration from the snuffling nocturnal searches of hedgehogs, the book concludes by reviewing some of the practices and values that can be overlooked if one looks only to the bright, public aspects of our knowing, but that may be generative resources for living well in our current times.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

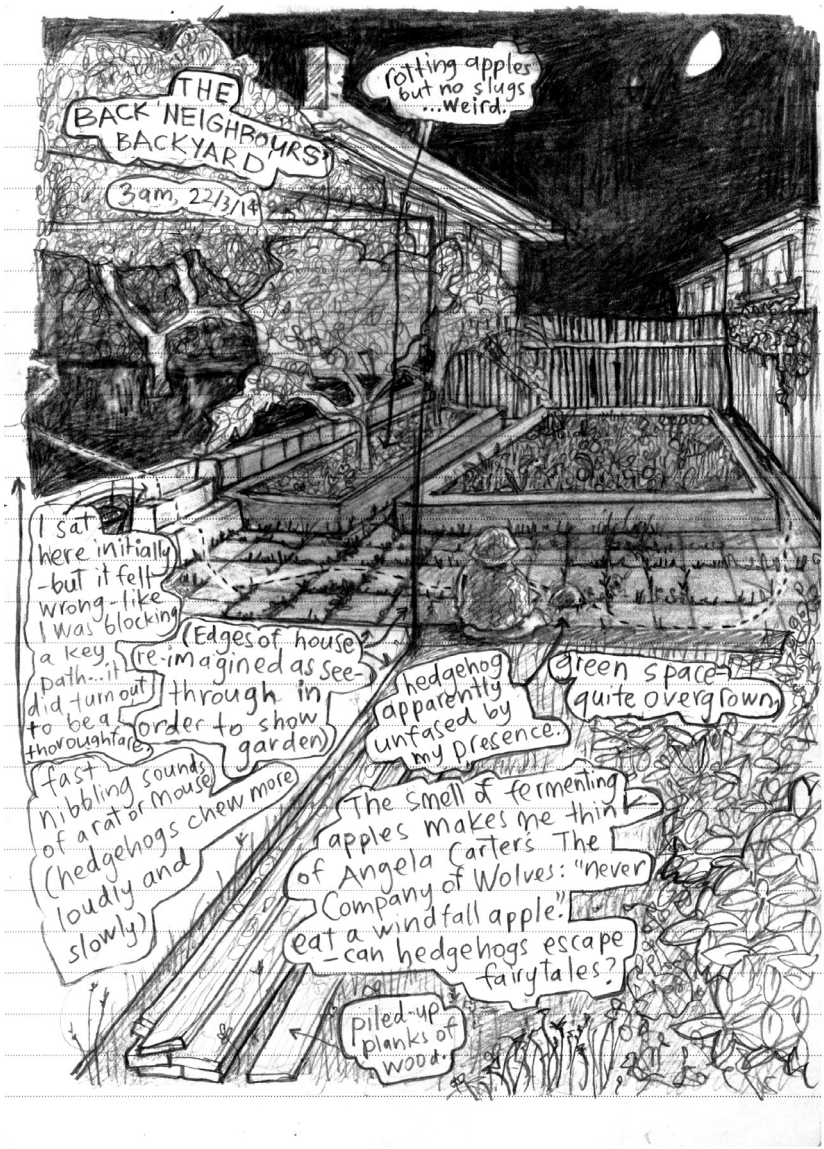

THE BACK NEIGHBOURS BACKYARD
3am, 22/3/14
rotting apples but no slugs ...weird.
I sat here initially -but it felt wrong-like I was blocking a key path...it did turn out to be a thoroughfare
(Edges of house re-imagined as see-through in order to show garden)
hedgehog apparently unfased by my presence.
green space= quite overgrown.
fast nibbling sounds of a rat or mouse (hedgehogs chew more loudly and slowly)
The smell of fermenting apples makes me think of Angela Carters The Company of Wolves: "never eat a windfall apple."
-can hedgehogs escape fairytales?
piled-up planks of wood.

Figure 1.1

A limited bodily politeness: a mystery hedgehog and me in the back-neighbor's yard, after I decided to stop stalking and start sitting.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

1 STORIED ATTUNEMENTS: BACKYARD HEDGEHOG–HUMAN INTERACTIONS IN A TIME OF SHIFTING FRAMINGS

I hadn't meant to start this project by spending time with hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand. Indeed, Aotearoa wasn't meant to be part of my project at all; rather, I'd intended the project to be focused on how people come to care about wild hedgehogs in the UK. However, the hedgehogs in my literal backyard—and front garden, and under the house—were hard to ignore. It turned out that the hedgehog who had rustled his or her way into my noticing one Saturday night slept under the rose bush just across from my bedroom window. Although I would later discover that hedgehogs usually move nests regularly, this hog seemed to be sleeping in one place for some months. My ongoing collaborator and then partner, Paul, and I named the hog "Scratchy" on the simple account of her or his tendency to scratch a lot upon waking every evening. Scratchy was particularly easy to follow because of this, as the little hog would stop every few minutes or so to scratch vigorously with her or his back legs. This would typically go on for around twenty minutes, giving me plenty of time to catch the sounds of the hedgehog waking up. In retrospect, this scratching—however convenient for research—might have warranted a vet's appraisal. Later, a hedgehog whom we named "Biggie Smalls" on account of her relative (to other hedgehogs) bigness, and comparative (to humans) smallness, made a home under our cottage, which she accessed via one of the small holes at the edge our back doorstep. Each night as she left and each morning as she returned, the sound of her spikes grated loudly as she forced her way through the gap, making this hog also difficult to miss. Shortly after, with the emergence of three baby hedgehogs, Biggie's largeness was revealed to

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

have been pregnancy. With members of my focal species emerging from under my home—and even becoming unusually hard to ignore for hedgehogs—it seemed like a wasted opportunity to not take the time to get to know them.

My backyard meetings with hedgehogs were filtered through warm childhood stories of and introductions to hedgehogs, as well as my limited knowledge of hedgehog biologies and lifeways. These backyard meetings also took on an illicit flavor, happening as they did at a time in which the framing of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand was shifting drastically. While dominant views of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand had been largely shaped by British views of hedgehogs as a cute and welcome backyard visitor, in more recent years, popular understandings of hedgehogs had begun to shift, likely in response to several factors, including growing care for indigenous species within dominant culture; awareness of the harms that hedgehogs cause to some indigenous species; and a movement toward accepting—evening celebrating—culling as a way in which to address such problems. As this chapter charts, these shifts are deeply embedded within the colonial experience, nationality/nationhood, as well as the interconnection of biologies, ecologies, stories, and knowledge. As this chapter follows, personal histories and embodied experiences also matter for the shaping of particular cares—moments of engagement that are both informed by and, it seems, may resist such broader influences.

ACCLIMATIZATION TALES: ONTOLOGICAL CARGO

Members of the species *Erinaceus europaeus*, the European hedgehog, weren't in the first wave of animals—such as large food and transport mammals, including pigs sheep, horses, and cattle—brought out on the first British colonial ships to the islands that would come to be known as "New Zealand"[1]. As programmatic colonization of Aotearoa/New Zealand by British settlers began from the 1840s, it was the notion of hedgehogs as something like a bumbling, sweet, somewhat forgetful little critter that seems, along with some hopes for their utility, to have motivated settlers to introduce hedgehogs. Early Aotearoa/New Zealand newspaper reports reflect such views, such as one reporting on an early discovery of a hedgehog in Pleasant Point, South Canterbury, proclaiming that hedgehogs are "comical and docile" and "make friends immediately with anybody who is kind to them," but also that, among other useful traits, "are

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the best known destroyers of small vermin, from snakes down to black beetles" (1883 "Notes," *Timaru Herald*). As inaccurate as it was, alongside fondness, the belief that hedgehogs would provide pest control was as a key reason for the shipments of British hogs to Aotearoa/New Zealand in the late nineteenth century (Long 2003). With the accidental introduction of slugs and snails, the societies hoped—with a swallow-the-spider-to-catch-the-fly sort of logic that also brought stoats, weasels, and ferrets to hunt rabbits—that hedgehogs would keep these garden "pests" at bay.

Such importations were by no means easy for hogs. The first two (of four) hedgehogs to arrive in Aotearoa/Zealand, were sent from the UK to Wellington in 1869. Their fates were not recorded, and neither is that of the single hedgehog of twenty-four to survive the 1871 shipment for the Canterbury Acclimatisation Society. Ninety-seven of one hundred hedgehogs brought from the UK by the Otago Acclimatisation Society in 1885 died and, of these survivors (two males and one female), the female died not long after being released in the Dunedin Botanical Gardens (Long 2003, 47). However, other releases seem to have taken place, as in the above 1883 report of a wild hedgehog in Pleasant Point, South Canterbury ("Notes", Timaru Herald, 1883). In 1894, hedgehogs became established in Canterbury when a shipment of twelve English hedgehogs escaped from a private garden (Brockie 1975, 446). Hedgehog liberations seem to have taken place throughout the country, as hedgehogs were soon spotted in towns throughout the North Island. Today, the hedgehog population—although not officially counted—appears to be flourishing in the country's insect-rich and less-fenced habitats. Indeed, as ecologist Chris Jones has noted, although there is no official count, numbers would appear to be "massive," with one ten-year study in the Tasman Valley reporting 5,813 hedgehogs—more than double that of the second most commonly trapped animal (2,500 stoats) (cited in Hoyle 2023).[2]

Like many introduced species, hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand display differences from their ancestral population. Likely due to the founder effect, in which the genetic makeup of founding animals introduced to an area becomes over-represented in the subsequent population, hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand have dental abnormalities, including missing teeth at birth, at much higher rates than their British ancestors (Brockie 1964). Other changes, however, have emerged in response in this new land, including that the warmer

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

climate of Aotearoa means that hogs do not have to put on so much bulk to get through the winter. Aotearoa/New Zealand hogs are thus smaller than their British equivalents and have an additional litter or two each year. In the north of the North Island, they also do not need to hibernate at all and, thus, can fit in an extra two litters (Parkes and Brockie 1977). A lack of predators and an abundance of insect life, as well as a relative lack of fencing and roads to fragment habitat, seem to have all contributed to the flourishing of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand.

From the 1930s onwards, when it was recognized that hedgehogs were eating the eggs and chicks of introduced game birds in Aotearoa/New Zealand, notions of hedgehogs as diseased started to enter newspaper discussions (1938 "Hedgehog menace" *New Zealand Herald*; 1935 "Writ in Blood" *Auckland Star*). A fondness for hedgehogs, however, generally remained alongside this diseased reputation. In 1959, it was suggested that there was no evidence that hedgehogs were a threat (Brockie 1959). While there was some investigation into possible harm to native bird populations in the 1970s (Clarke 1970), in 1983, it was still possible for the Aotearoa/New Zealand historian of introduced species, Joan Druett, to write:

> In the drama of biological control in Aotearoa/New Zealand, the hedgehog snuffles furtively in the darkness, crushing his prey in the depths of the night; prickly customer he may be, but certainly not the villain of the extermination squad (Druett 1983,186).

The active promotion of hogs as an animal to love was already waning by the time of my childhood in the late 1980s and early 1990s. The "Wildtrack" enterprise—a weekly children's conservation TV show with an offshoot book—was a staple of conservation in the 1980s and 1990s in Aotearoa/New Zealand. The 1983 *Wildtrack Book* gives instructions as to how to care for backyard hedgehogs, including offering a flat plate of bread soaked in milk (Weston 1983, 25). While the advice is problematic—hedgehogs being both lactose and gluten intolerant—it does suggest a degree of warmth for these "chuntering" little creatures. The follow-up 1994 edition—the one I grew up with—doesn't mention hedgehogs, although it does show the beginnings of a focus on the harms caused by introduced non-human species within conservation in Aotearoa/New Zealand, pointing out a range of introduced species

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

who are a threat to native species, particularly stoats, weasels, and ferrets. While hogs were not celebrated in this edition, neither does this book yet cast them among problematic species.

Throughout the 1990s and into the 2000s, particularly with the development of video monitoring of native birds and their nests, it became increasingly apparent within ecological studies that hedgehogs were a major predator of the eggs and chicks of several species of ground-nesting birds, skinks and geckos, as well as many native insects, including wētā—a genera of insects related to grasshoppers (Berry 1999; Cameron et al. 2005; Jones and Norbury 2011; Maloney and Murray 1999; Moss and Sanders 2001). Today, hedgehogs are officially categorized as a "pest" by the Department of Conservation, along with around fifty species of vertebrate animals (Littin et al. 2004). While "pests" are more broadly defined as organisms that constitute a "threat to their environment, native species, human health and the economy" (Craw 2015, 1), hedgehogs are also part of a particular subcategory of pests, that of "introduced predators." As this book details, "introduced predators" are increasingly the focus of government and privately funded conservation culling programs within Aotearoa/New Zealand, with the official, government-supported, Predator Free 2050 movement aiming to eradicate the brushtail possum (*Trichosurus vulpecul*a), the ship rat (*Rattus rattus*), and the stoat (*Mustela erminea*)—species that are viewed as posing the greatest threats to native flora and fauna (DoC 2020).[3]

During this time of increasing awareness of the harms that hedgehogs cause native animal populations, educational shifts were also encouraging greater appreciation of native critters. As a girl, I fell in love with wētā, in large part through my faithful *Wildtrack Book* that framed them as a "shy, unique, gentle" insect, despite its "fearsome appearance" (Bryant and Roil 1994, 12). Children's picture books celebrating native animals, such as *Charlie the Cheeky Kea* by Jack Lasenby (1995 [1974]) or *Old Blue: The Rarest Bird in the World* by Mary Elizabeth Taylor (2014 [1994]), also began to spring up in greater numbers from the mid-1990s. This turn toward appreciating and protecting native flora and fauna took place during a broader movement toward celebrating that which is distinctively "kiwi" in Aotearoa/New Zealand.[4] The emergence of such books, for example, coincided with the release of the first "Kiwi Kid Songs" albums to be sung in primary schools—a collection of songs celebrating life in Aotearoa/New Zealand, including its flora and fauna

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

(Faherty 2018). While local publications, such as *The School Journal* had been publishing Aotearoa/New Zealand stories since 1907, it was from the mid-1990s that songs and stories attending to local and national identities would really take off. These educational strategies emerged in a context of both a growing critique of colonization, as well as a shift toward nationalism that began in the 1970s in Aotearoa/New Zealand as a response to the diminishing economic and military force of Great Britain (Doig 2013).

This growing sense of kiwi nationalism would coincide with and be bolstered by a growing conservation ethic. As Todd Taiepa has noted, particularly for colonial pākehā society, native biota and national parks would come to serve a key role in forging a sense of collective national identity (1997, 239). The development of dominant conservation practices, however, would tend to re-inscribe a number of colonial values.[5] Although at least 20 extinctions of bird species occurred before European arrival, Māori conservation would develop into a balanced "conservation through sustainable use" paradigm, recognizing genealogical ties with other species and supporting managed hunting (see also Himsworth et al. 2010; MacLeod et al. 2008, 240; Robinson and Whitehead 2003; Taiepa et al. 1997). In contrast, dominant conservation practice in Aotearoa/New Zealand tends to emphasize the separation of human and nonhuman species, including legal restrictions and bans on hunting native species. The ability to sustainably hunt native fauna is also undermined by the use of toxins under current conservation regimes, with commissioner with the Environment Court and Ngāti Hine *kaumātua* (elder) Kevin Prime, calling the poisoning of possums "forms of indiscriminate killing to waste" (2014).

Although, unlike Māori-led conservation practice, these dominant approaches to conservation are not typically framed as "cultural", they are, in reality, highly culturally-specific, reflecting ideas of human exceptionalism and mastery (rather than kinship) as well as a tendency toward universalized approaches to species, rather than place-based approaches (cf. Whyte and Cuomo, 2017).[6] While iwi-led approaches are diverse, a number actively recognize guardianship responsibilities to introduced species, including the kiore or Polynesian rat as well as Captain Cooker pigs (Tahana 2010; Wehi et al. 2021). Some Māori-led conservation approaches have also expressed

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

strong opposition to the use of 1080 pesticide (sodium fluoroacetate) on possums (Northcott and Persico 2018), or have made use of effective biodegradable alternatives, such as the poison, tutin, sourced from *Coriaria arborea*, a native plant (Ogilvie et al. 2010). While there is ongoing work, particularly by Māori, to bring more matauranga Māori (Māori knowledge, values and traditions) into dominant conservation practice, at the time of my fieldwork, matauranga Māori-informed practices remained in contrast to dominant practice.

THE STORIED BACKYARD

My discomfort about the tendency toward dismissal—and at times even hatred—of introduced predators within dominant conservation practice in Aotearoa/New Zealand had made me keen to get out as quickly as I could. However, the emergence of Scratchy, Biggie, and later, her babies, would pull me into attending to my literal backyard. My home at the time was in an area of dense housing in a rise west of the center of Dunedin. This small city in the south of the South Island is a university town with 80,000 human residents in the often-chilly summers, swelling to 120,000 residents through the university year.[7] Although I hadn't moved to the city for hedgehogs, it should have been no surprise that there were hogs nearby. Not only was the region among the first in Aotearoa/New Zealand in which hedgehogs were successfully introduced, but both the planning of the city and its unplanned relative lack of growth were well-suited to hogs. Early town planning in the 1850s protected large areas of green space, including an extensive green belt. The financial decline of Dunedin following the end of the 1860s gold boom may have contributed to the retention of those spaces, as there was never high demand for development. Today, Dunedin's limited conservation funds have been largely used for trapping predators around the nesting grounds of endangered coastal birds such as the royal albatross and the yellow eyed penguin. Without funds for trapping, the greenbelt above our house was a good place to be a hedgehog (although not a ground-nesting bird or flightless insect). High numbers of renters along with the lack of contemporary wealth of this university town also seem likely to have influenced the state of fencing around

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

private property, which tended to be ramshackle and full of gaps, allowing hogs easy passage.

Prior to meeting these hedgehogs in my own backyard, my fondness for hogs themselves had initially involved little curiosity for the lifeways of the actual spiny critters named *Erinaceus europaeus* in binomial nomenclature. Like other kiwis (and, as I would later discover, many British people), I had understood little about their dietary needs. While the reading materials of children tend to now be shaped by content more reflective of native flora and fauna—my early literary diet was strongly influenced by British and European authors. As a kid, the lens through which I first met hedgehogs was the deeply English Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, whose gentle and somewhat odd charms were a major factor in my view of hedgehogs. I had also been charmed by more shadowy portrayals of hedgehogs, such as the haunting tragic-beauty of Jim Henson and Anthony Minghella's retelling of the Germanic Grimms' fairy tale of the half-man, half-hedgehog Hans My Hedgehog.

Some of my fondness had more personal roots. I remember the excitement of being quietly outside in the cool night after a hot day, the air scented by introduced Australian Eucalyptus trees, as my maternal grandmother and I watched a visiting hog munch through the offerings we had left out. That we'd supplied the hogs with the then-standard meal of milk and bread suggests we (like the 1983 *Wildtrack Book*) may have paid more attention to imagery and stories framing hedgehogs as gentle and polite little creatures than to the actual needs of the small insectivores in front of us (Morris 2014, 187). Yet, for the upset our offerings might have caused to the tummies of the hedgehogs we fed, my memory of being so close to these curious wild creatures was one of magic.

Despite hedgehogs being a relatively common sight in Aotearoa/New Zealand, like most kiwis, I knew a few very basic facts about them: they are a nocturnal little being, very spiky, and prone to curling up into balls. It took some research on my part to discover that hedgehogs have about 5,000 spikes and that their famous tendency to ball up in the face of danger is analogous to a human frown. This frowning motion, I would later learn, pulls their spikes down from the posture of a relaxed hedgehog (figure 1.2a) to that of slight caution, in which spikes come down to cover the hedgehog's forehead

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

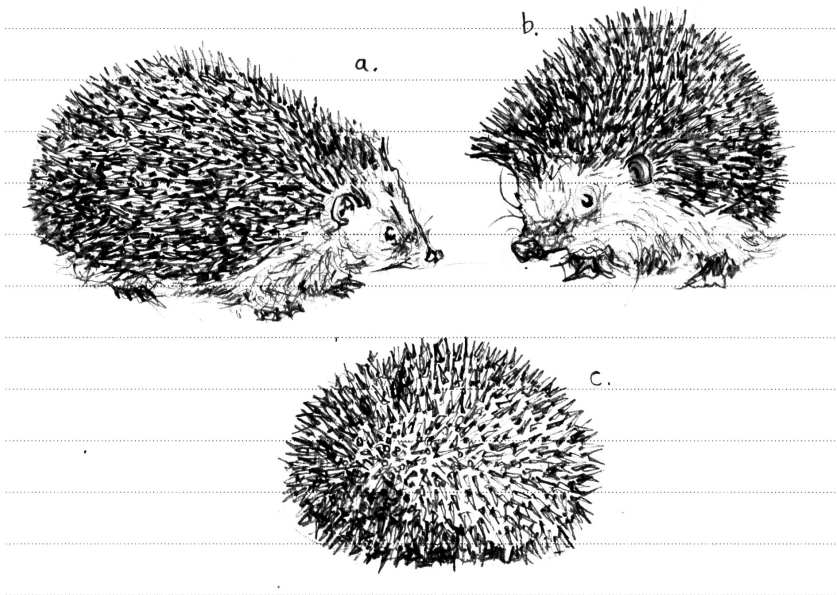


Figure 1.2
Hedgehog moods.

(figure 1.2b), through to a full, startled frown that will roll a hedgehog into a spike-armored ball. Of those other-than-human beings who will eat hedgehogs, typically only badgers (a species never introduced to Aotearoa/New Zealand) can pry a fully-balled-up hedgehog apart. While hedgehogs at times stay balled-up for just a moment or two, they can stay in such a posture for hours, as they will do if unconvinced that danger has passed (figure 1.2c).

My awareness of precisely what is going on for hedgehogs, however, remains greatly limited by our physical differences. *Umwelt*—a German term literally meaning "environment" but used by Jakob von Uexküll to refer to the meaningful worlds our bodies perceive, are affected by, and can affect—is a useful concept for thinking about the many challenges in hedgehog–human relations (von Uexküll 2010 [1934]). Differences in our *umwelten* have immense effects in terms of how we each interact with and experience our environments, with smell and hearing guiding much of hedgehogs'

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

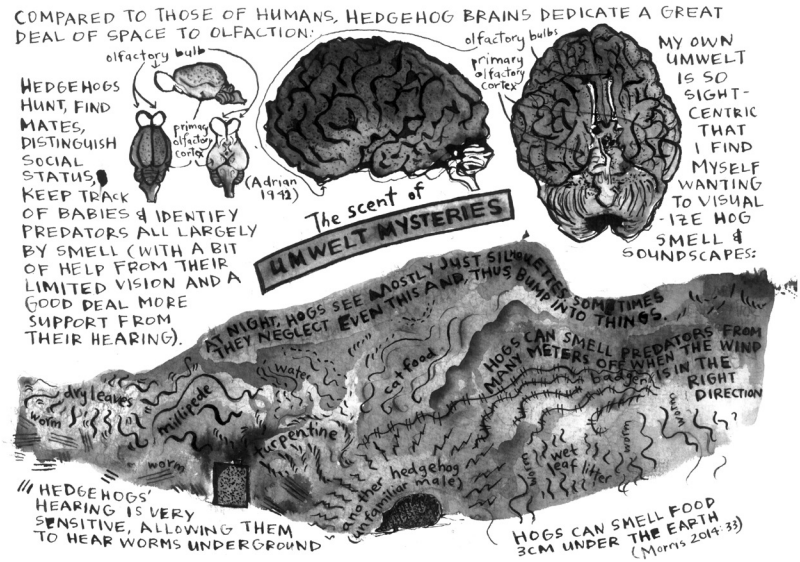

COMPARED TO THOSE OF HUMANS, HEDGEHOG BRAINS DEDICATE A GREAT DEAL OF SPACE TO OLFACTION:
olfactory bulb
primary olfactory cortex
HEDGEHOGS HUNT, FIND MATES, DISTINGUISH SOCIAL STATUS, KEEP TRACK OF BABIES & IDENTIFY PREDATORS ALL LARGELY BY SMELL (WITH A BIT OF HELP FROM THEIR LIMITED VISION AND A GOOD DEAL MORE SUPPORT FROM THEIR HEARING).
(Adrian 1942)
olfactory bulbs
primary olfactory cortex
MY OWN UMWELT IS SO SIGHT-CENTRIC THAT I FIND MYSELF WANTING TO VISUAL-IZE HOG SMELL & SOUNDSCAPES:
The scent of
UMWELT MYSTERIES
AT NIGHT, HOGS SEE MOSTLY JUST SILHOUETTES SOMETIMES THEY NEGLECT EVEN THIS AND THUS BUMP INTO THINGS.
HOGS CAN SMELL PREDATORS FROM MANY METERS OFF WHEN THEY'RE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION
dry leaves
worm
millipede
water
cat food
turpentine
worm
another hedgehog (unfamiliar male)
wet leaf litter
HEDGEHOGS' HEARING IS VERY SENSITIVE, ALLOWING THEM TO HEAR WORMS UNDERGROUND
HOGS CAN SMELL FOOD 3CM UNDER THE EARTH (Morris 2014: 33)

Figure 1.3
Umwelt mysteries: hog and human senses.

navigation of the world in ways difficult to comprehend for those of us who are visually oriented (figure 1.3). Differences in our *umwelten* hugely shape our interactions and the many slippages between us (von Uexküll 2010 [1934]).

Our many phyiscal differences also make it hard to know how hedgehogs might see their worlds, including how they might have experienced their arrival into a new country. Hedgehogs' own experiences of these histories remain mysterious: What had the first hedgehogs to arrive in Aotearoa/New Zealand experienced? How had subsequent generations experienced the growth of cities around them? In his 1997 "Fort Ross meditation," Jim Clifford asks what he calls the "absurd question" of how the industrialization-related changes in the area might be experienced by the generations of sea otters who have lived there (1997, 325). He wonders about the rhythms that might shape sea otter consciousness, considering as candidates: "Days and nights? Tides? Seasons and currents? The life cycles of kelp and other food? Reproduction? Birth and death?" (1997, 326). What of the experiences of the newly released British hedgehogs as they—or at least those who survived the journey—came

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

out into an entirely new climate and into a landscape of which they had no experience? While hogs' large range in Europe shows their adaptability as a species, I wonder about the immense shift of the particular hogs who arrived in Aotearoa/New Zealand and who stopped hibernating, instead remaining conscious for up to an extra four months in the year (Brockie 1990; Parkes 1975)—whether it was first hogs who did this or later generations, I have not been able to discover from my research.

Embodying Stories

It had felt odd to attempt to get to know these spiky creatures. While holding a large degree of fondness toward hedgehogs, I was also used to holding physical distance from them for several reasons. Alongside not wanting to scare them off, I was particularly conscious of a fear of disease as well as of wanting to enact the sort of "good science" that I imagined to be carried out at a (physical and emotional) distance.

Throughout my childhood, hedgehogs were known to be worryingly, and a little mysteriously, "diseased." Even in the earlier 1983, hedgehog-positive *Wildtrack Book*, children are warned not to pick hedgehogs up, because of the possibility that they carry ticks, lice, and potentially ringworm. Such framings have parallels to the labeling by dominant societal groups of foreigners as disease carrying—an association used as justification of stigma and exclusion (Chalhoub 1993). The importance of power in such framings is apparent in the ways in which colonizing peoples—despite frequently carrying disease causing widespread death to Indigenous peoples—do not get tarred with the brush of being "diseased." Increasingly, in Aotearoa/New Zealand, introduced mammals recognized as doing damage to economic and environmental interests, such as possums, rats, and hedgehogs, have been identified as "disease carrying" in ways that economically valuable and wanted introduced mammals—such as dogs, cows, and sheep (Potts, Armstrong and Brown 2013) or, for that matter, humans—have not.

Notions of hedgehogs as diseased play out in their interactions with humans. While British people show little fear of picking up hedgehogs, Aotearoa/New Zealanders are warned of such behavior from a young age. I have early memories of my father gently lifting sick, out-in-the-daytime hedgehogs using a shovel and laying them carefully under the shelter of a shady bush. Although

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

he wished them well and expressed fondness toward them, he was careful to not touch them directly. The reality of the diseases hedgehogs can carry are, in many ways, unremarkable. While hedgehogs do often get mange, it is species specific. Unlike their British relations, Aotearoa/New Zealand hedgehogs do not have fleas (Brockie 1990). However, hedgehogs are able to contract ringworm as well as, very rarely, tuberculosis. I asked a New Zealand hedgehog carer whether I should be concerned. She had never met a hedgehog with TB, but confirmed that hedgehogs *can* carry ringworm, but no more so than cats, and she had never contracted it, despite having cared for hundreds of hedgehogs.[8] Despite having similar disease profiles, British hogs do not have a reputation as disease carrying.

Alongside disease as one reason for not getting too close, I had also wanted to be a "good scientist," not overly influencing my subjects. Initially, in an attempt to keep my distance from the hogs who had emerged from under my house, I had enrolled my house as a "hide," spying out the windows at the movements of the hedgehogs outside. However, such viewing turned out to be extremely limited, allowing me to only capture glimpses of hogs as they crossed in front of windows.

My first bodily moves outside of my hide-home were inspired by tales of primatologists who forewent being rocks to attempt to become part of primate communities (Haraway 2008, 24; Smuts 1985; Strum 1987). Barbara Smuts, in particular, found that her attempts to remain a peripheral observer of baboon society largely only succeeded in making baboons suspicious of her. Rather than attempting to be a rock, as the ethological ideals of the time would have had her become, she found that putting the baboons at ease required something like good baboon manners: particularly, learning to groom and to make appropriate gestures of submission (Smuts 1985).

In my desire to understand more of what hedgehogs did at night time and, impressed by Smuts' experiences, I became curious about whether there might be hedgehog-friendly manners I could adopt to help me to potter about with hedgehogs through the night without interrupting their evenings too much. I waited each night until, at about 10 pm, I would hear the rustling of a hedgehog (usually Biggie) and head outside. Although I didn't attempt to mimic hedgehog behaviors precisely (leaving insect hunting and eating to the spiky professionals), I did try to move as they did, pottering quietly through

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the evening. However, while Smut's baboons prevented her from pretending to be a rock, I found that the hedgehogs urged me to become something more like one—or, at least, to become something calm and relatively still. Trying to act like a hedgehog caused many disturbances. When a hedgehog realized I was following, she or he would typically freeze, or, if I had been more startling, would either curl up slightly or make a dash under a nearby bush. The hedgehogs would then stay frozen/curled/hidden until (it seemed to me) the world became sufficiently still and quiet again, and they would move off.

There was something physically distressing in causing these little beings to curl up or freeze or run off. A range of feelings would run through me in these moments. One was something like shame at not being skilled enough to observe with sufficient stealth, as well as having hurt a being who is vulnerable. There was also at times a curious sense of sadness—even a feeling of rejection—of having my intentions misconstrued. But, stronger perhaps than all of these, was a feeling of also being startled, almost as if my body was mimicking the hedgehog's movements, also wanting to quickly find a place to hide away, to likewise become a spiky ball or scoot off.

Attuning with another being, as Vinciane Despret writes, is the work of sensitizing, of getting a feel for the ways of someone else (2013, 71). Such relationships are shaped both by one's interest in coming into rhythm—acting *with*—with another body, but also by the physicalities of the bodies in question (Despret 2013, 71). While, as noted, there are many gaps in the possible connections between hogs and humans, there is something curiously familiar about a hedgehog's tendency to ball up. If you tightly shut your eyes as if to hide from a threat, you will feel something like what happens to a hedgehog curling into a ball in fright. Indeed, some of the same muscles are being used (see figure 1.2).

After a week or two of the quiet distress of startling hedgehogs, I resolved to stop following hedgehogs and, instead, to sit and wait, attending to them only if they happened by.[9] The first night of this approach, I set myself up in my back-neighbor's garden, keeping myself occupied by drawing the scene (figure 1.1). Initially, I sat on the small flight of stairs leading down into the courtyard. Upon sitting down, however, I had the unsettled feeling that the stairs would be a likely hedgehog thoroughfare—the surrounding concrete garden walls were low, but still too high for a hedgehog to get down, so the stairs seemed to be a likely hedgehog path-of-choice. I left the stairs and sat

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

instead on the edge of an overgrown side-garden tucked at the edge of the house but looking toward the courtyard and main garden. With my pencil and paper, and feeling calmer at the thought I wasn't in the way of any hedgehog's preferred path, I waited. Within an hour or so, to my delight, a hedgehog came along—a little hog I didn't recognize. She or he plopped down the stairs and wandered around the little courtyard and garden, snuffling and paying me no heed other than what seemed to me to be a small sniff in my direction. I kept on quietly sketching, enthralled. And, for the next couple of hours, the hedgehog attended to his or her business of hunting out insects and I sketched.

My desire to not frighten the backyard hedgehogs seemed to allow my body to learn from theirs how to move in a way that didn't disturb them. I soon found that, when I needed to shift positions for a better view, or because of discomfort, I could move quietly in ways that didn't elicit startle responses from hogs. I wanted a particular sort of relationship with hedgehogs—one in which I might both come to develop some feel for hog lifeways (requiring some degree of closeness) while at the same time maintaining sufficient distance so as to not frighten them off or to be privy to any diseases that I still quietly worried about. Although I would never become perfect at this—at times startling hedgehogs by accident—it seemed that over time my body improved at this particular mode of relating. While some of this was planned and obvious (don't move suddenly, don't make loud noises), some aspects were not, and never became conscious. All I could say is that I got better at not scaring hogs. While simple and small, I still find it both strange and remarkable that one might learn to be affected by others in ways one can not necessarily explain or register in any conscious way.

Such attunements are, as Despret notes, always the expression of a particular relationship (2013, 71). As I will note throughout this book, in coming into rhythm with one another, our bodies are not attuning to one another simply as body to body—as if our bodies could meet out of cultural time and space—but are also responding to and incorporating particular values, desires, and histories already existing within bodies as well as shaping the interactions between them. In order to maintain a sort of balanced avoidant-nearness, hedgehog bodies seemed to demand of mine something like "inter-patience" (Candea 2010, 244), a term that makes visible the work often required to form

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

and maintain respectfully detached, and—in this way—attuned, relationships. Matei Candea coined this term to describe the relationships that emerged between meerkats and volunteers on the Kalahari Meerkat Project (KMP) where the apparent nonrelationship of meerkats ignoring human volunteers was actually the result of a long a process of mutual modification (2010, 249). Unlike Candea's meerkats, however, the hedgehogs did not seem to need to *learn* to ignore me. Even baby hedgehogs seemed to have the knack of it. From the first time we shared backyard space, Biggie's three babies (whom Paul's cousin Mickey named "the Smalls") took no apparent notice of me as I sat on the back step of the cottage while they snuffled about in the side garden of our house, digging through freshly laid compost, or trying out foods we left out for them. They did not even sniff in my direction.

Affected by Connection

However, while the hedgehogs typically did not obviously react to my presence, I find it difficult to think that they did not register my presence at all. Hedgehogs are known to have poor night vision for nocturnal animals, but hedgehog olfaction is so keen that it is difficult, as a human, to comprehend the sorts of smell-scapes a hedgehog can sense (Jones and Sanders 2005). And, indeed, on occasion, I (or my smells) apparently became curiously interesting to hedgehogs as they attended to things I usually would not—even could not—notice. One night in my backyard, I found a place to kneel in the grass while Biggie went about her business of eating snails in the nasturtium patch. There was space either side of me for Biggie to move and, to my right in particular, the shelter of rhubarb leaves and forget-me-nots overhanging the low garden wall. I felt the now-familiar calm of sitting in a spot that would not leave Biggie trapped by my presence. I had on an old blue dress that I had been wearing for the last three days (a result of both distraction and convenience). Just before midnight, Biggie emerged out of the nasturtium patch. About a meter away from me, she raised her nose up into the air and sniffed. I caught my breath as she moved straight toward me—I assumed that, at any moment, she would veer off to her left to walk alongside the sheltered wall. She didn't. Rather, she continued straight toward me and came to stand beside my right knee, sniffing the material of my dress and nudging her nose under my thigh.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

She kept this up for thirty seconds or so, pushing as if she was somehow trying to burrow under me. She then stopped and bit my dress, chewing on it for about a minute. I was stunned and amused and stayed very still. Her chewing was enthusiastic and I wondered if she might bite my skin, but she didn't. Next, to my astonishment, she stopped chewing and leaned over and spread white frothy saliva onto the quills on her right shoulder. I held my breath, disbelieving that this curious practice was happening right here, in my backyard, with a wild hedgehog. She then went back to chewing my dress before spreading more saliva onto the quills on her left shoulder. My final sight of her that night was when she moved out into the middle of the lawn, sniffed toward me a few times, and then headed off, under a rambunctious pelargonium bush near the compost bin, where she snuffled about for a minute or so before setting off down the path along the side of the cottage.

There is currently no conclusive answer as to why hedgehogs self-anoint, but it is acknowledged to be a response that they sometimes have to new smells. The main theories are that it could be a way for baby hedgehogs (hoglets) to make themselves easily identifiable to their mothers through scent and that, for adult hedgehogs, it might be a way to attract mates (Jones and Sanders 2005). Other arguments have suggested it might be a form of defense in which the hedgehog creates a poison with which to lace his or her spines (Brockie 1976, 88; Jones and Sanders 2005). Regardless of theory, smell seems to play a large part in the activity. Here, however, the limits to my olfaction are plain. I couldn't smell anything from her self-anointing. Furthermore, I assumed from Biggie's enthusiastic sniffing that it was the smell of something on my dress that appealed to her. After she headed off down the path, continuing on her night, I sniffed the material—still damp from her chewing—but could not smell anything in particular. Nor could I smell anything on the dry-ish area of material surrounding the chew-zone.

Acknowledgment (and even celebration) of the partiality of these just-barely-possible affinities and connections is vital to avoid slipping into territories of appropriation or claiming to know or feel as the other (Haraway 1991, 61). As Despret argues, we are frequently unaware of the many ways in which other animals come to be aware of and engage with our bodies, or ours with them (2004). Our stories of other creatures are necessarily partial. Mysterious chewing would happen once more when, on a later occasion in

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the same garden, one of the Smalls chewed on my shoelaces and socks. He or she did not self-anoint but, like Biggie, chewed heartily. Again, I am aware of just how partial my perspective is: Was this a missed opportunity for play or were we already playing and I just did not realize?[10] Or did some mysterious substance on my shoes simply smell like something good for chewing? This was the first night I had worn those particular sneakers, so I suspected that might have had something to do with it. But was it the smell or the material that interested the Small? I wore the sneakers again on subsequent nights, but no one tried to chew on them again.

In the face of the impossibility of so many of these questions, my work of attempting to take into consideration the intentions and wants of hedgehogs is deeply limited (cf. Nagel 1974; von Uexküll 2010 [1934]). However, as Despret argues, becoming responsible to other-than-human beings—that is, both being able to respond to them, and to respond with consideration for their needs and intentions—is fundamentally a question of embodied relationships (2013, 71; see also, Haraway 2008). Although always a work in progress, consideration of another emerges as not just thinking of what another might need, but also the work of "making the body available for the response of another being" (Despret 2013, 71). New modes of bodily listening emerge in me as my body starts to orient to hedgehogs, starting to learn what it might be to move in ways that don't disturb them.

My attunement was also partial in that I was oriented toward some forms of life and not others. Peripherally, however, I became aware of other beings sharing the night. The rat whom I often heard chewing would stop each time I stepped nearer, or even when I slowly turned my head to look in the direction of the sounds. I saw the rat, my almost nightly garden companion, only once. Or, perhaps it was that I saw *a* rat only once. There likely were many such ratty companions, highly social mammals that they are, with my imagining of there being only one an attempt to avoid acknowledging just how much of this backyard space I don't have control of (cf. Fudge 2011). The rat and I caught one another's eye as she stepped into a pool of light from the bathroom window. She held still for a moment and then shot off back into the night. The two cats whom I bumped into occasionally were both young and new to me; the local cat scene, following human owners as it does, was in almost constant flux in our neighborhood as people moved

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

in and out of rental properties. The cats eyed me, an oddly still person, and often seemed to take wary, hesitant steps in my presence. The cats, like Smut's baboons, were apparently disturbed at my stillness. Attempting to be considerate to hedgehogs, it seems, means being rude (or at least weird) to cats. But my commitment was to consideration of hedgehogs. Or, at least, to not freaking out hedgehogs. So, I stayed quiet and still, and the cats slunk back out of the garden. As Maria Puig de la Bellacasa notes, one cannot care for everything, but instead, one's cares make cuts, aligning oneself with some ways of life rather than others (2011, 204). Aligning myself with one creature may mean distancing from another.

Although, from my perspective, the hedgehogs and I were, to return to Candea's phrasing (2010), largely inter-passive, inter-patiently ignoring one another, I was changed by my interactions with the hedgehogs. To my surprise, my body emerged as an active player in hedgehogs' olfactory worlds; Biggie and the Smalls introduced me to my body as a carrier of active smell and taste. I found myself wondering about the ways in which our bodies were somehow otherly-acting together, giving messages through smell without my otherwise knowing it, the hedgehogs perceiving aspects of me I could not perceive myself.

In spending time with hedgehogs, I became differently oriented to the nighttime. I began, in tiny ways, to take my cues from them as to how to respond in the urban evening and pre-dawn darkness. When they were about, I no longer startled at the sounds of rats or loud nighttime humans. Along with the hedgehogs, I became skittish and shy on windy nights when it was hard to be sure who was out there. To a small extent, I imagined myself also becoming oriented to what it might be for me to become a polite human among hedgehogs. Calmness was important. But just how truly "still" this calmness was, I'm not really sure—I'm not sure how far my smell might travel, even when I am apparently stationary. Although the hedgehogs seemed to ignore me in ways that the cats and rats who traveled through and found sustenance in our shared backyard did not, they also met me in ways that those other creatures didn't, so that I found parts of me being addressed in ways I was not used to (nor even particularly prepared for). I was introduced to myself as a being of smells: a carrier of stains and stink, wearer of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

tuggable clothes and laces of perhaps unusual chemical composition. Even as their lives in Aotearoa/New Zealand were becoming increasingly precarious, for me, the nights became full of hedgehog stories.

CHANGING HEDGEHOG WORLDS

Becoming partially attuned to hedgehog lifeways would also shift my relations with other humans. Although others around me typically expressed some degree of fondness for hedgehogs, several people did ask why I wasn't studying a native animal. My subject matter seemed odd, although—in these early days—not yet overly problematic. It was during this time of semi-nocturnality and increased involvement in hedgehog lives that a public debate broke out, highlighting the shifting position of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand from a critter held with increasing suspicion although still with some fondness, to one officially categorized as a "pest" alongside certain other introduced mammals such as rats, mustelids, and possums.

In April 2014, in an attempt to get students involved in the emerging predator free movement—a movement that would later be adopted as official policy by the New Zealand government, led by several private and public conservation organizations—Wellingtonian economist and self-styled conservationist Gareth Morgan[11] advertised that he would give a free beer in exchange for each dead rat brought to a Wellington student pub. This promotion was part of Morgan's *Enhancing the Halo*, a campaign that aimed to transform Wellington into a world-leading conservation city, free of introduced predators, in which native birds could flourish.[12] The story had been picked up by *The Paul Henry Show*, a 10:30 pm weeknight news program hosted by "outspoken" right-wing presenter Paul Henry. Henry's shock-jock style often plays along social fault lines in Aotearoa/New Zealand and has previously involved sexist, homophobic and anti–asylum seeker comments.

The segment began with footage of the young interviewer, Jesse Peach, surrounded by four students who each looked to be in their mid-twenties. Each student held one or two rat carcasses. Periodically, the students jiggled the rats for the camera and one held a dead rat over Jesse's head. Jesse was attracted by something out of shot:

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

[Jessie]: And excuse me for asking, but what on earth is this?

[John, the head student conservationist]: This is a little pet hedgehog—he's not really a pet—he's a temporary pet called Hodge and you can have a little look there [the camera zooms in on Hodge who is being held facing the camera. Hodge slightly curls up]. He came in on the live trap, we've got a live trap for a related project—

[Jessie]: Hold on, wait wait, what are you going to do with him?

[John]: Well unfortunately he's gotta be culled because they're predators as well. They do almost more damage than rats—they eat pretty much everything that's native.

[Jessie]: Okay? Bu- w- that's outrageous! I mean, do you really have to kill him?

[John]: Well, this is part of conservation in New Zealand. We've made a decision, really, that we have to control these introduced predators in order to protect our native wildlife (Peach 2014b).

A *Paul Henry Show* follow-up revealed that, despite viewer protests, Hodge had been killed. Returning to the news segment, the program cut to Kevin Hackwell from Forest and Bird, Aotearoa/New Zealand's largest independent conservation organization. Kevin was shown standing on a forest track with his arms folded.

[Jesse in voice-over]: So, how bad are these spiny creatures? Conservationist Kevin Hackwell says they're absolutely catastrophic. He concedes hedgehogs are killers, impacting on native insects and ground nesting birds.

[Jesse]: Are they really that bad?

[Kevin]: Actually, surprisingly, yes. They actually eat an awful lot of insects, any eggs from any ground-nesting birds, chicks, and the insects—they're eating the food of things like kiwis.

[Jesse]: Narelle and Jacqui [two local hedgehog carers] argue that hedgehogs are fine in urban areas, and that's where they release them. Hackwell says that, while it's not as bad as the bush, unfortunately, hedgehogs need to be eradicated everywhere.[13]

As the discussion went back to the studio, Jesse—in perhaps something of a breach of journalistic confidence—reported a conversation that took place after the filming, in which Hackwell told him about a hedgehog who used to live in the garden of his family home. It lived there for years and Hackwell,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

along with his family, fed it nightly. Jesse had asked Hackwell whether he shouldn't have just "eradicated it," but Hackwell replied that he couldn't, as his family had all loved it too much. Here, although Hackwell cared deeply about the survival of endangered native species that hedgehogs will, indeed, eat, he could not bring himself to kill his backyard hedgehog. At the end of the television segment, Jesse concluded that "there's a lot of people loving and hating hedgehogs." "Mixed messages," Paul Henry said a cutaway. "Mixed messages," Jesse agreed (Peach 2014a). And, indeed, cares for hogs *are* mixed. While hedgehogs are recognized as a problem for many indigenous species, for those older Aotearoa/New Zealanders who, like me, grew up with pro-hedgehog framings, such cares can be remarkably stubborn. However, while Jesse and Paul discuss this interaction—and the emerging status of hedgehogs—as somehow surprisingly contradictory, in reality, as will be returned to throughout this book, many of our relationships with other creatures—and their relationships with their environments—reveal deep ambiguities and inconsistencies (Davé 2017; 2023).

Returning to the story of Hodge, Paul Henry finished the interview by saying to Jesse, who was holding a hedgehog: "Ring worm. Riddled with ringworm, Jesse you better go have inoculations and God knows what else—and launder the suit" (Peach 2014a). I was quietly impressed by Henry's disease-specificity. Unlike my childhood experience in which hedgehogs were considered "diseased" in a somewhat-vague manner, here, Henry directly named the threat hogs potentially carry: "ringworm." With this as a new final word on hedgehogs—at least as offered in the story of Hodge—no conclusion was made about whether Hodge's killing was justified or humane, or of the status of hedgehogs as either "pest" or harmless introduction. Instead, however, a particular story was both reinforced and updated: not only are hedgehogs "diseased," but here the disease is specifically named to be ringworm—an important force encouraging affective and physical and distancing, conjuring up imagery of poverty, irresponsibility, and the threat of contagion.

More broadly, although official government policy categorizes hedgehogs as a pest, for some in Aotearoa/New Zealand, the killing of hedgehogs was contested and regretted. This contrasts to the deaths of stoats, weasels, ferrets, rats, and possums, those similarly introduced species who tend to be more "disliked and actively vilified" and may, as Deborah Bird Rose and Thom van

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Dooren note, be disregarded and "be specifically targeted for death" (2011, 1). There are exceptions to such disregard. In education programs such as at the Māori-led Ruawai kindergarten environmental program, children are actively supported to hold the complexities of killing while holding kind identification with the attractions and vulnerabilities of such creatures; to honor the bodies of killed animals, such as rats, offering karakia (prayers) and holding burials for them; to not kill without active need; to use the best humane technologies available; and to refuse the use of poisons (Ruawai Kindergarten 2020). Such interventions honoring the lives of those killed also have implications for living members of such species, but were not common in dominant conservation practice.

While, within the news segment, the nameless rats' deaths were unquestioningly celebrated—in line with dominant approaches to valuing species—the ethics of Hodge's death were discussed and considered at a national level. In this way, hedgehogs also contrast greatly with possums. In the news segment, there was no dispute to the framing of possums as being "pests." Jesse reports that local hedgehog carer Narelle, who frames Hodge's death as a murder, "hates possums." In the clip of her she confirms that, to her, possums *are* a problem: "I do believe a possum is a pest, that's my personal opinion." In this move, Narelle is aligned with not only official policy (in which possums are identified both as a "pest" and one of the "top three" most damaging introduced predators (DoC 2020), but also with a dominant view in Aotearoa/New Zealand more generally, in which possums are frequently cast as killable (Potts at al. 2013).

This "loving and hating" hedgehogs, however, may be starting to tip more decisively toward hate, or at least solid dislike. In a discussion with Aotearoa/New Zealand hedgehog expert Dr. Bob Brockie, who has been studying the species since the 1950s, he noted that things are changing for the hedgehog.[14] During his time working for the ecology division of a now-dissolved governmental research agency, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, Bob received many letters from householders wondering about how to attract hedgehogs to their gardens, or how to best look out for those already visiting. Recently, however, he has noted markedly less hedgehog enthusiasm amongst younger Aotearoa/New Zealanders.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

For those of us, however, who are attached to various introduced nonhuman beings, such cares can be difficult to budge. Dr. Chris Jones, a biologist with Landcare Aotearoa/New Zealand (a government research institute for environmental sustainability and biodiversity) has spoken out publicly several times about the hedgehog situation in Aotearoa/New Zealand, noting, that the "endearing" Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle image created of hedgehogs has stopped Aotearoa/New Zealanders from getting behind hedgehog eradication (Jones 2014). Jones has said that stoats, ferrets, and possums are "like the bad guys in balaclavas during a bank heist," while "hedgehogs are the guys in the background, quietly opening the safe" (Jones cited in Rilkoff 2011). In such framings, as I will return to in chapter 6, the possibility that hedgehogs might be both lovable and problematic, appreciated and yet perhaps still at times killed, is foreclosed.

However, despite acknowledging the damage that hedgehogs do to many native critter populations, Chris Jones warned against attacking "any hedgehog snuffling around your garden at the first opportunity" (2014). He expressed both pragmatism about the financial constraints on conservation in Aotearoa/New Zealand and concern for killing well. Jones acknowledges that hedgehogs "are remarkably difficult to dispatch quickly and humanely and the death of an individual hedgehog is likely to achieve negligible conservation benefit" (Jones 2014). As outlined in chapter 5, this would later start to shift, as emerging trapping technologies—and concomitant social shifts—made urban culling of hedgehogs increasingly seem possible. The views of hedgehog carers Jacqui and Narelle—as expressed in the Paul Henry segment—that that the city is an acceptable space for hedgehogs was in line with agreed best-practice for Aotearoa/New Zealand hedgehog carers (Loague 2011). Another Aotearoa/New Zealand-based hedgehog carer told me that assuring the Department of Conservation (DoC) that rehabilitated hedgehogs would only be re-released in urban areas largely kept DoC happy. For some people, the urban was still an acceptable home for hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand; for this moment, at least, it was a place in which some humans would turn a blind eye to their presence.

In this shifted mood, things are precarious for hedgehog rehabilitators. Unlike in the UK there are few Aotearoa/New Zealanders offering assistance

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to wounded or sick hedgehogs. In conversation with a handful of Aotearoa/New Zealanders who were engaged in hedgehog rehabilitation, there was a sense of needing to not draw attention or "cause trouble". While several carers noted their private dismay at the killing of Hodge, they also expressed a sense that staging too public or too aggressive a protest might draw unwanted attention to their work and perhaps cause a backlash—either from DoC or from conservation-minded members of the public—and that it was therefore better to stay relatively quiet (personal communication, March 29, 2014).

INVASIVE CARES

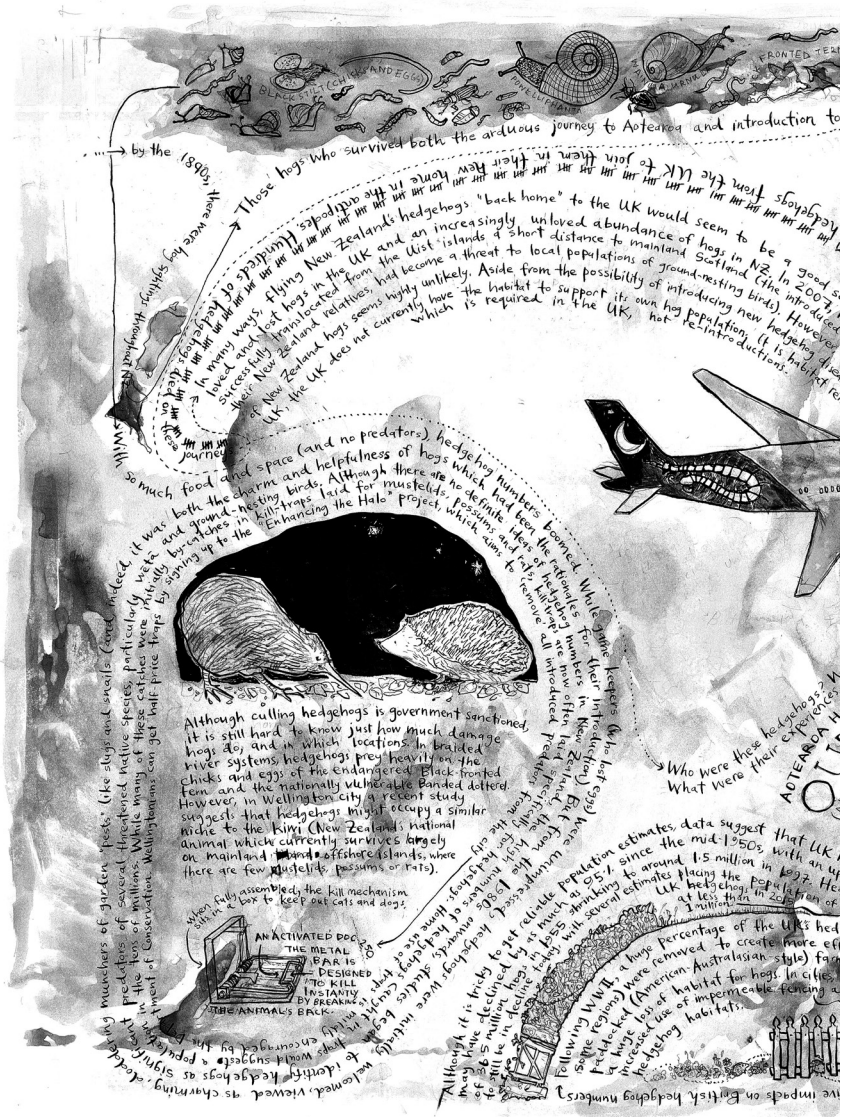
Through this physical attunement with and growing sense of attachment to hogs in my backyard, I was becoming increasingly strange for an Aotearoa/New Zealander—particularly for a pākehā moving largely in middle-class, left-wing circles. While other similarly positioned pākehā were seemingly out bush walking and connecting with native birds, my body was becoming responsive, and *responsible*, to hedgehogs (Haraway 2008). My last few weeks of nighttime with the backyard hogs before I left for the UK were precious and fraught. I started buying cat biscuits to help the hoglets put on weight. Although I'd previously refrained out of concern for critters in the cans, my concerns were backgrounded by my worries for the hedgehogs. The Smalls weren't yet of the grapefruit size that promises survival through the winter and I worried. Who would rent the cottage after us? Should I leave a note out for them, or might the hoglets fare better if they went unnoticed by the new owners? For the first time, I wished they weren't quite so noisy in their entry and exit from under the house and rustlings through the garden. For the first time, too, I didn't want to leave Aotearoa/New Zealand and the backyard hedgehog-oriented world to which I'd become sensitized. My body had become comfortable in the presence of hogs, used to their presence. Having begun to become aware of the richness and charm of this nighttime hog world, it was particularly worrying to see it threatened. Although there was no coordinated trapping campaign in Dunedin, I worried for these little animals and how they would fare in a world in which the stories and materialities around them were seemingly shifting them out of favor so rapidly.

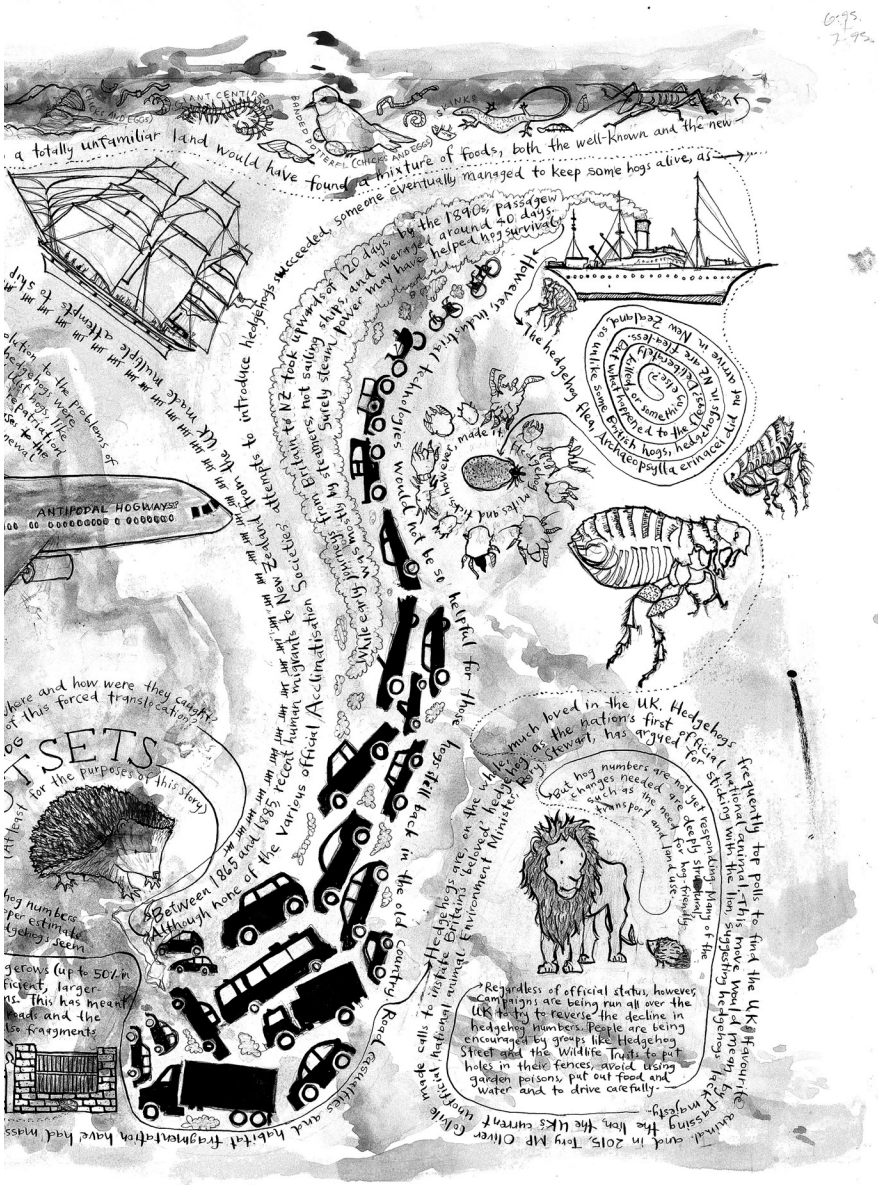
Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

And changes did seem to be coming to Dunedin. Before I left for the UK, I went to visit a friend of a friend who had recently moved to the city with his wife. They were both conservationists in their mid-thirties. I arrived after dinner to share a cup of tea. Their dinner bowls still sat on the solid wooden table, containing the leftovers of a simple and healthy-looking meal: I spotted watercress, mizuna, toasted pumpkin and sunflower seeds, and brown rice. We chatted about standard Dunedin matters: Otago university students, the need for good, warm jerseys in this part of the country, and the low cost of living in Dunedin. However, it wasn't long before our conversation turned to hedgehogs, and he paused. He and his wife had been working with DoC long enough to know the damage they caused. "I can understand they're cute," he said, gently but seriously, "but they really do a great amount of damage." Shamefaced, I said that I knew. He went on, detailing the eggs and chicks that hedgehogs eat and as well as the avidity of their wētā-eating. Being reminded of the deep vulnerability of these native critters left me feeling disturbed and somewhat chastened. What was I doing? My cares for wētā—that odd, ugly-yet-charming insect I learned to love as a kid—left me with conflicted cares that would stay with me throughout this project. It was through such conversations that I began to experience myself differently—I haven't experienced myself as "good" in any easy way since.

Later that evening, back at the cottage sitting outside watching the hedgehogs in the twilight shadows and hoping that the little ones were big enough to make it through the winter that we would be abandoning them to, I had the feeling of supporting something illicit, monstrous even. Both they and I were killers. But my worry about the death present in their cat food, and the deaths they would cause if they survived, as well as the potential killings, perhaps even the extirpations of beloved native species that their offspring might participate in, would disappear as I found myself in easy rhythm with them, my body comfortable in hedgehog presence as they pottered through the night around me. I had found myself quietly yet deeply entangled with a creature that others around me were learning to detach from, or even hate. And I was about to travel halfway around the world to learn how to actively care for other members of their species.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024


BLACK-FRONTED TERN (CHICK AND EGGS)
PUKEKO (AND EGGS)
BANDED DOTTEREL
Those hogs who survived both the arduous journey to Aotearoa and introduction to
by the 1890s
Hedgehogs from the UK to Aotearoa/New Zealand
Hedgehogs were key agitators throughout NZ
Hundreds of Hedgehogs released
In many ways, flying New Zealand's hedgehogs "back home" to the UK would seem to be a good s
loved and lost hogs in the UK and an increasingly unloved abundance of hogs in NZ. In 2007,
successfully translocated from the West Islands a short distance to mainland Scotland (the introduced
their New Zealand relatives, had become a threat to local populations of ground-nesting birds.) However
UK, the UK does not currently have the habitat to support its own hog population, (it is habitat re
which is required in the UK, not re-introductions.
journey
So much food and space (and no predators) hedgehog numbers boomed. While some keepers (the last Predictions Essay)
both the charm and helpfulness of hogs which had been the rationales for their introduction
Although there are no definite figures, hedgehog numbers are now often
laid for mustelids, possums and rats as part of the "Enhancing the Halo" project, which aims to remove all introduced predators
Although culling hedgehogs is government sanctioned,
it is still hard to know just how much damage
hogs do, and in which locations. In braided
river systems hedgehogs prey heavily on the
chicks and eggs of the endangered Black-fronted
tern and the nationally vulnerable Banded dotterel.
However, in Wellington city a recent study
suggests that hedgehogs might occupy a similar
niche to the kiwi (New Zealand's national
animal) which currently survives largely
on mainland offshore islands, where
there are few mustelids, possums or rats).
Who were these hedgehogs?
What were their experiences?
AOTEAROA
When fully assembled, the kill mechanism sits in a box to keep out cats and dogs.
AN ACTIVATED DOG
THE METAL BAR IS DESIGNED TO KILL INSTANTLY BY BREAKING THE ANIMAL'S BACK.
Although it is tricky to get reliable population estimates, data suggest that UK
may have declined by as much as 25% since the mid-1950s, with an u
of 36 million hedgehogs in 1995 shrinking to around 1.5 million in 2017. He
UK hedgehogs, in
at less than
1 million
Following WWII, a huge percentage of the UK's hed
some regions) were removed to create more ef
paddocked (American-Australasian-style) fa
a huge loss of habitat for hogs. In cities,
increased use of impermeable fencing a
hedgehog habitats.
Welcomed, viewed as charming, clockwork
Hedgehogs as iconic Old World symbol
Hedgehogs as popular
Hedgehogs as
Hedgehogs as
Hedgehogs as


a totally unfamiliar land would have found a mixture of foods, both the well-known and the new
CENTIPEDES (CHILLIES AND EGGS)
SNAKES
BEETLES (CHILLIES AND EGGS)
However, unlike some British hogs, hedgehogs in NZ are flealess. Why this is, or what happened to the fleas, is a mystery.
The hedgehog flea, Archaeopsylla erinacei PTF native in New Zealand.
Hedgehogs would not be so helpful for those trying to introduce hedgehogs to New Zealand. Between 1865 and 1895 recent human migrants to New Zealand from the UK made at least eight attempts to introduce hedgehogs to the country. Although hedgehogs were successfully introduced to Britain by stewards not sailing ships, and were, at around 40 days, by the 1890s, passage time from Britain to NZ took upwards of 120 days. Surely steam power may have helped hog survival?
ANTIPODAL HOGWAYS
Hedgehogs are on the whole much loved in the UK. Hedgehogs frequently top polls to find the UK's favourite animal, and in 2015 Tory MP Oliver Colvile made calls to install a national hedgehog crossing the likes of which currently only exist in Australia.
Good hog numbers are not yet responding. Many of the changes needed are deeply structural, such as the need for hog-friendly transport and land use.
Regardless of official status, however, campaigns are being run all over the UK to try to reverse the decline in hedgehog numbers. People are being encouraged by groups like Hedgehog Street and the Wildlife Trusts to put holes in their fences, avoid using garden poisons, put out food and water and to drive carefully.
Hedgehogs are on the whole much loved in the UK. Hedgehogs frequently top polls to find the UK's favourite animal, and in 2015 Tory MP Oliver Colvile made calls to install a national hedgehog crossing the likes of which currently only exist in Australia.
Good hog numbers are not yet responding. Many of the changes needed are deeply structural, such as the need for hog-friendly transport and land use.
Regardless of official status, however, campaigns are being run all over the UK to try to reverse the decline in hedgehog numbers. People are being encouraged by groups like Hedgehog Street and the Wildlife Trusts to put holes in their fences, avoid using garden poisons, put out food and water and to drive carefully.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

TRANSITIONS: WELCOME CARES

In contrast to the discomfort of caring about hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand, in many spaces of the UK, my attachments would prove to make my movements through the world smoother. My arrival in the UK was marked from the outset by the depth of concern some humans expressed for hedgehogs. Even my initial arrival in the country was assisted by my welcomed cares for hogs. Excited to have arrived, I gushed to the customs officer when she inquired about my purpose for entering the country that I was arriving to do fieldwork for my PhD. She stiffened and, with a suddenly formal tone, informed me that I was on the wrong visa for such work.

"What are you studying?" she asked with a frown, her eyes fixed on me.

"Aah, hedgehogs . . ." I said, going suddenly numb as I realized I might not be allowed in the country, that my first period of fieldwork might be over before it had begun. Mindlessly, I kept talking, ". . . umm, you know, I'm just here for a first round of research, on hedgehogs and conservation, and sort of, um, how it all works and the challenges and things."

To my amazement, she visibly softened as I rambled, her eyebrows raising as she leaned in. "Hedgehogs! Oh, I love hedgehogs!" She looked wistful and concerned all at once. "They're in decline, aren't they?"

"Yeah, around 95% since the 1950s."

"You shouldn't really be here on that visa. Just make sure you don't leave and try to re-enter on it—you might not get back in. And if do return for more research, make sure you've got your paperwork in order." She pointed through the customs blockade and into the main body of the airport. "Now go, get in there and save some hedgehogs!"

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

I thanked her and, feeling a great wave of relief, walked through the blockade. Lifting my eyes, apparently to the great hedgehog in the sky, I whispered, "Thanks."

I had landed in a country in which my research subject was widely adored. This would make much of my UK fieldwork, from which the following three chapters are drawn, remarkably smooth and welcoming. However, despite this fierce and relatively widespread (although not universal) British love of hogs, hedgehogs themselves were struggling. In this, I had moved from the relative flourishing of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand—a flourishing that continued despite emerging societal opposition to the presence of these spiky critters—to a country in which hogs are much loved yet in which people had—as yet—been unable to forge the sorts of landscapes these creatures seem to need.

There is a certain ease—a happiness, to use Sara Ahmed's framing—of having one's cares align with those of the other humans with whom one spends time. Ahmed recalls that the root of "happiness" is the Middle English "hap" or chance (2010, 22). Happiness, she notes, is shaped by our various alignments with structures of oppression and advantage, be they of race, gender, class, or nationality. "The world," Ahmed notes, "'houses' some bodies more than others, such that some bodies do not experience the world as resistant" (2010, 11). Alongside—and entangled with—the influences of race, gender, class, and nationality, I wonder about the ways in which ones' cares might also influence one's hap in powerful—even border surmounting—ways.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

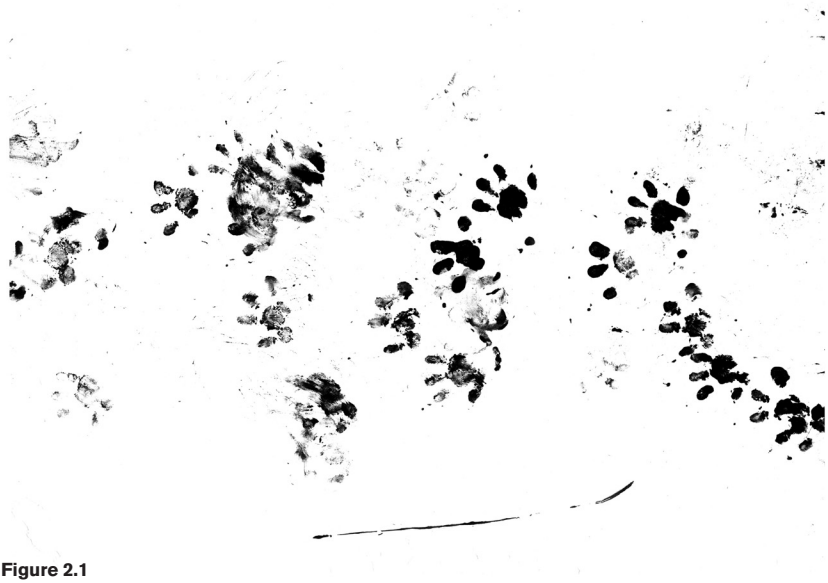


Figure 2.1
Hedgehog footprints from Redcliffe, Bristol City.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

2 WILD CARES: TINKERING AND EMBODIED EXPERTISE

In contrast to the flourishing of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand—a flourishing largely undesired by humans—across the United Kingdom, people have been noticing the lack of hedgehogs for some time now, with many people seeking to reverse this trend. Based in Bristol, in the southwest of the United Kingdom, this chapter follows the uncertain, attentive cares of humans attempting to create hog-friendly urban (or back garden, in UK parlance) landscapes. In particular, I follow the ways in which the concept of wildness played a vital role in *how* people learn to care for hedgehogs. In contrast to other definitions of wildness, this wildness of hedgehogs was not marked by the need for separation from humans, but rather by the necessity of loving and letting go, as well as encouraging a sense of humility about what it is that hedgehogs might need. In coming to care wildly, hedgehog champions came to know their gardens and neighborhoods differently—learning to cooperate with other forces in their gardens and coming to care for their larger neighborhoods. But wild caring, as I would find out, holds particular challenges, requiring responsive modes of care with much in common with that which Annemarie Mol refers to as tinkering (2010). However, in public discussions, these embodied and attentive aspects of the work of hedgehog championing—what I argue to be an instance of the vital work of translating maps into territories—were rarely able to be communicated. In this chapter, I consider the difficultly for dominant science to acknowledge the importance of embodied knowledge within the responsive work of wild caring, and consider possibilities otherwise.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

URCHINS OF INFRASTRUCTURE

Hedgehogs do not seem to need complete separation from humans in order to live well. In fact, hogs will often actively seek out particular human-built aspects of their surroundings such as quiet sheds, chicken coops, compost heaps, wood piles and, as their name suggests, hedges. Far from acting as a barrier for hedgehogs, hedges mimic the sorts of woodland edge habitat for which they are best adapted, providing not only shelter and nesting material, but also the possibility of safe travel under cover from their main predator, badgers (Hof et al. 2012; Warwick 2014, 185–186). In the Tudor period, hedges were planted across the British Isles as part of the extensive enclosure of what had been commonly held grazing land into smaller, privately owned paddocks, leading to the dispossession of thousands of poor farmers (Beresford 1998, 28; Coulthard 2020, 202). The success of *Erinaceus europaeus* in this humanmade land feature was so great that it would lead to a name shift, from largely being referred to as "urchins" to today's "hedgehog" (Hoad 2003).

However, since the end of World War II, agricultural industrialization has rendered the British countryside a relatively inhospitable landscape for hogs, with almost half of Britain's hedges removed to create larger, more efficient paddocks (Roberts et al. 1998). While small hedge resurgences are taking place across the country (with hedging currently subsidized by a range of national funds) hedge-laying and maintenance is labor intensive, and the total length of hedges in the UK is just holding even (RSPB 2023). Since the 1950s, combined with increases in pesticide use, mono-cropping, and the destruction of over 90 percent of the UK's wildflower meadows—a vital source of larvae and beetles—the infrastructural paradigms of industrial farming have left hedgehogs struggling in much of the contemporary rural UK, even more than in suburbs and villages (Warwick 2014, 186–187). In light of the lack of hog-sustenance provided by farmland, it is human dwellings that provide the greatest hopes for hog survival in the UK and where the majority of hedgehog conservation campaigns have been based. However, even with their more substantial offerings of food and shelter, contemporary human-infrastructural paradigms in urban spaces are causing difficulties for hedgehogs.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Susan Leigh Star coined the phrase "orphans of infrastructure" to refer to those who "fit uneasily or not at all within [an] emerging infrastructural paradigm" (cited in Carusi and Jirotka 2010, 293). Hogs are, in many ways, orphaned by the infrastructure of both rural and urban environments. The particularities of hedgehog bodies make them particularly unsuited to navigating modern human infrastructure. Their predilection for falling into almost any available cattle grid or open drain is influenced by their poor eyesight and may also be partially due to hogs' relative lack of concern about falling, as their spikes are reasonably good shock absorbers for minor tumbles (Morris 2014, 156). Hedgehogs' habit of curling into a ball when frightened is also famously unhelpful when contending with cars, and their combination of short legs and wide nightly range make brick and concrete walls particularly problematic. While hedgehogs can scrabble through gaps of about five square inches and haul themselves up steps (and sometimes stone walls), they are not nimble like foxes or deer, nor as forceful as badgers. It also means that many of the emerging urban architectural interventions that provide homes and feeding stations for more mobile critters such as bees and birds are impossible for hogs, who need ground-level access to such offerings (see Campkin 2010). They need gaps in fences, rot, and quiet roads (or, better yet, no roads). Hogs need a world that yields to them in particular ways; it is this challenge that urban hedgehog conservation takes on.

BRISTOL, GREEN CAPITAL: URBAN WILDLIFE ACCOMMODATIONS

Bristol, where my UK fieldwork was largely based, was home to a range of local campaigns targeting carbon emissions, encouraging cycling, increasing the energy efficiency of homes, and attempting to increase biodiversity. Many of these environmental strategies also made use of Bristolian tendencies toward creativity and community mindedness. In recognition of this, it was voted European Green Capital in 2015. During this year of both celebration of the good work that had been done and reflection on what might be possible, signs of biodiversity conservation efforts were apparent throughout the city. New building designs and nesting boxes had encouraged swifts back to Bristol and

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

people regularly pointed out sparrowhawks, a bird of prey whose return to the city reflected an overall increase in bird numbers. Throughout Bristol, people offered a lush range of food to wild birds, with the seeds and freeze-dried larvae shipped into the city from farms dedicated to growing them.

In 2000, after much work, local campaigners secured abandoned railway land as a new "urban commons," a space that now flourishes with a mixture of native plants and some plant species that have blown in or spread across from surrounding allotments and gardens. "Bio blitzes" are held around the city where people are asked to count all the species in an area in a 48-hour period, celebrating and documenting the diversity of critters in the area, and making plans for how to welcome more. Schools encourage kids to think of "minibeasts" (an inclusive term covering insects, arachnids, worms, and mollusks) in their daily worlds, and bat and hedgehog experts are welcomed guests in classrooms. Citywide, various folks have planted flowering species in their gardens in response to serious warnings about the decline in many pollinator species. Regardless of a lack of funding, groups of volunteers fiercely defend and improve local parks for wildlife.

Despite this growing vibrancy, hedgehogs continue to struggle. While it's hard to pin down the precise elements causing this, one vital aspect is hedgehogs' need for habitat connection on the ground. While fences in Dunedin (Aotearoa/New Zealand), for example, were often rotten, gappy, or absent—making the city easy for hogs to navigate—in Bristol, fencing tends to be concrete and solid. Much modern infrastructure in the UK is impermeable or ungenerous to hedgehog bodies in just such ways. The greater density of human habitation and construction also seems to make the UK more hazardous for hogs than in Aotearoa/New Zealand, where, although hedgehogs are regularly killed on the roads (and are increasingly caught deliberately in traps), they seem to get caught unintentionally in human infrastructure less frequently.

Leading the work of making more hopeful conditions for hedgehogs—both nationally and in Bristol—were a range of hedgehog-supporting organizations, including Hedgehog Street (a program created by the British Hedgehog Preservation Society and the People's Trust for Endangered Species); the nationwide network of Wildlife Trusts; the Royal Horticultural

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

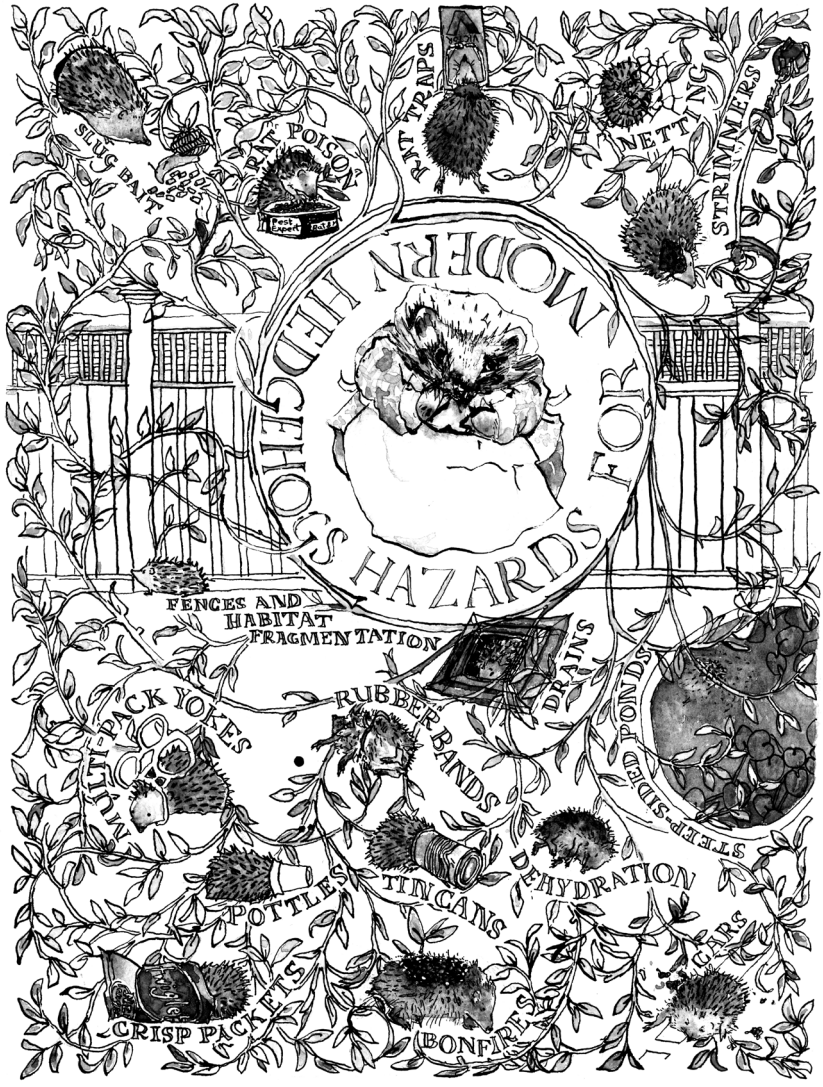


Figure 2.2

Hazards for modern hedgehogs: some of the many dangers that hedgehogs face when living near humans.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Society; and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB). There was generally good alignment of advice given by the organizations, with tips typically encouraging people to think about broader habitat: the drains, fences, roads, litter, paving, and poisons that hinder and, at times, preclude or end hedgehog lives. Some of these common elements included:

- Leaving leaf and wood piles that hedgehogs can use for shelter
- Growing a wide range of plants that attract insects that hedgehogs eat
- Linking gardens by putting holes in fences
- Increasing the safety of ponds through adding ramps
- Offering food and water (with water in shallow dishes to prevent drowning)
- Refraining from using garden chemicals and pesticides/slug pellets
- Being mindful with litter
- Keeping drains covered
- Being careful lighting bonfires (checking that no hedgehogs are sheltering in woodpiles)
- Checking before either strimming or forking compost heaps or mowing lawns

CARING FOR WILDNESS: LOVING AND LETTING GO

The term "hedgehog champions," relates specifically to the Hedgehog Street program, and is a title given to anyone who has made a pledge to undertake actions that "will make a real difference for hedgehogs," such as placing a hole in a garden wall, or learning about what hedgehogs need through Hedgehog Street literature and putting it into action in one's own back garden (Hedgehog Street 2022). As of March 2023, Hedgehog Street—the largest of the hedgehog-focused conservation campaigns—had signed up over 120,000 "champions." Although the term "champion" originates with Hedgehog Street, in this book, I use it to refer to anyone who undertook volunteer actions for hedgehogs, regardless of whether they operated independently or were aligned with one of the organizations (and, in practice, most champions used resources from several organizations). I met hedgehog champions through several different avenues, some via Hedgehog Street, who kindly sent out invitations

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

inviting members to participate in this project; as well as through an ad that I placed in a local newsletter; and through getting involved with local park groups and volunteering as a hedgehog carer at several centers in and around Bristol. Along with many spontaneous conversations about hedgehogs with people from all around the Bristol region, I undertook 32 in-depth interviews, several of which led to friendships and ongoing learning.

I met hedgehog rehabilitator, Yvonne Cox, Founder of Yate Hedgehog Rescue, through her website and offering to volunteer. It was from Yvonne that I first learned the importance of the notion of "wildness" in championing hedgehogs. To support her rehabilitation work as well as to encourage others to do the right thing by hogs, Yvonne regularly held stalls as part of larger conservation education days or neighborhood events. Yvonne's stalls sold hedgehog soft toys and other hog-related merchandise, supplied free information pamphlets on hedgehog conservation supplied by the British Hedgehog Preservation Society, and also offered free clay hedgehog making and coloring of cute pictures of hedgehogs. Yvonne would spend much of her time at the stall answering people's hedgehog-related queries. Accompanying Yvonne at such events once a month or so, I quickly became familiar with one particular question:

"How do I get a hedgehog?"

Tirelessly, warmly, Yvonne would explain: "You can't *get* a hedgehog. They are wild."

Sometimes, there wouldn't be a question but, instead, a demand or plead—such as when a child, charmed by the sight of a hedgehog, would turn to their parent to say they wanted one, or to beg, puppy-eyed, "please, can I *have* one?" Such instances would take Yvonne's (and later, as I learned the ropes, also my) active intervention, interrupting parent–child moments to explain to the young person that hedgehogs aren't pets, they are wild, they must be free to come and go as they please.

This desire to *keep* hogs has gotten worse, Yvonne told me, since the African Pygmy Hedgehog *Atelerix albiventris* came on the scene. Unlike their wild cousins, such hedgehogs are legal to hold as pets in the UK. I've never met a member of this admittedly very cute species. However, their seeming acceptance of captivity still surprises me, when European hogs are such

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

ramblers, commonly traveling more than 2 km a night in search of food and habitat and mates.

I came to love the notion of wildness as used by carers and champions, for the ways in which it redirected people's assumptions about hedgehogs, encouraging people to give hogs space. The "wildness" of hedgehogs contrasts with a number of dominant understandings of "wild." As many scholars have noted, ideas of "wildness" are often conflated with that of the "wilderness" (Prior and Brady 2017). Such wilderness discourse can contain highly problematic and colonial ideas of an idealized "wild" area untouched by or separate from humans, and has been a core driver in the sorts of "fortress conservation" approaches that have actively displaced Indigenous peoples around the world (Anderson 1997; Baker 2000; Cronon 1996; Lorimer 2015; Marris 2011, 17; Thorpe 2012). For conservationists using such understandings of "wild" Ursula Heise argues that our present times can give a sense of the death of the wild, that "Nature has been brought too close to us to be 'wild' anymore" (2016, 132).

The "wild" of hedgehogs, however, fits with an understanding of wild that does not assume complete physical separation, a lack of human intervention or care. Indeed, these wild creatures typically have a great deal of contact with humans and human-built infrastructure, including moving through people's back gardens[1]; potentially making homes in wooden or plastic hedgehog boxes supplied by humans; consuming offerings of water and commercial hedgehog or cat food left out especially for them; and, if required, even occasionally being taken into care. Thus, rather than being about separation, such wildness was instead about autonomy. An increasing number of academic theorists have also begun to define "wild" in such a way, including Rosemary Collard who uses the term "wild life" to refer to lives that are "uncaptive," that is, to beings still "fundamentally entangled" in the lives of others (including potentially humans), yet that are able to move about, relate to others, and find food and shelter of their own accord (2014, 154). Also working in the UK, but within a gardening context, Franklin Ginn's use of the term "domestic wild" shares many similarities with the wild of hedgehog champions, with the term gesturing toward the uncertainty, and even mystery, of plants even as they live and grow in gardens tended closely by humans (2016).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

For hedgehog champions, a relationship with such a "wild" animal even contained room for a degree of friendship. While free to come and go, and not for capture or patting, fond feelings toward wild hogs were common. Indeed, wild hedgehogs were commonly referred to as a "somebody" rather than a "something" in a way that initially threw me off. Champions often pointed out the presence of a hedgehog with comments along the lines of "someone is in the garden." It took several weeks before I stopped assuming the presence of a human intruder. Happily, I was used to the framing by the time Laura Batt, an active and community-connecting champion based in a small Somerset town told me about the time that she had been woken by "the chuntering of everyone having sex in the garden." I did still have to confirm, however, that she was talking about hedgehogs. The assertion, then, that hedgehogs are "wild" is not a stipulation of where they might or should be found, how they might properly eke out a living, or whether they might also be thought of as a "someone" but is, rather, a fierce statement of refusal to contain or control.

This idea of wildness as a refusal to capture even in the face of attachment and care is perhaps additionally important because of the delight that hedgehogs bring. As British freelance ecologist and hedgehog expert Hugh Warwick has noted, one of the greatest joys is getting down face to face with a hedgehog—something that is possible because hedgehogs are "by nature defensive" and that this tendency, to neither run nor attack, "allows initial contact between themselves and other species" (2014, 178). A poem by Denise Levertov called "Come into Animal Presence" mentions her "joy" at the insouciance of an armadillo—an animal that also carries its shielding on its back—who crosses a path in front her without changing his stride. I have felt what I imagine to be a similar joy at being apparently ignored by hedgehogs as they went about their evenings around me in my Dunedin backyard. Such traits lead to the remarkable way in which hedgehogs allow the close approach of humans. However, this ability to get up close can make it tempting to attempt to contain those little spiky bodies, to have them, to keep them locked up "safely" in one's own property.

While it is hard to watch hedgehogs go, there are technologies that, for some champions, helped. Wildlife cameras—cameras activated by movement and able to record short videos of the critters in their sights—enabled both the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 2.3
A hog is captured on Steffi's wildlife camera as he or she squeezes under the back fence.

intimacy and the distance of wild caring. Steffi, a warm and vibrant Bristol-based hedgehog champion in her early sixties, whom I met through Hedgehog Street, and with whom I would learn a great deal about championing, would check her wildlife cameras each morning to see who had been visiting, the camera allowing her to follow hog movements and check on their well-being without interrupting their evenings. Another simple but effective technology for allowing both intimacy and distance well-used by Steffi and other champions was the window, quickly turning a house into an effective hide. Such intimacy at a distance supported the work of sustaining cares in the face of necessary distances of wildness (Metcalf 2008).

With beloved hedgehogs remaining "wild," it is hard not to start thinking about the broader environments that hogs meet as they roam. I sat one night with Steffi as hedgehogs came and went from her garden in the suburbs of Bristol. As we imagined where they were off to, the whole neighborhood became part of our cares. Back in Aotearoa/New Zealand I had worried alone about similar questions in Dunedin as I watched hogs wander off into the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

night. Steffi, too, said she'd long worried about these questions. And, for now, we worried together, "where might there be poisons or good nesting sites or a lush patch of rot and insects?" In the face of the discipline of not containing hogs, in the worry of it, it seemed that our love—like that of so many other hedgehog champions—likewise rambled out into neighboring properties. Such care about how poisoned or healthy one's neighbor's garden might be or what the traffic in the neighborhood was like, were common concerns for those who love wildly rambling hedgehogs.

In this way, both worries and joys seemed to ramble and spread as champions' cares followed after wild hedgehogs. As Stacy Alaimo argues, the possibility for transforming urban spaces into flourishing homes for wildlife rests on biophilic pleasures, on humans delighting in the presence of various critters enlivening the urban (2016, 33). The work of hedgehog champions suggests that what matters is not just the fact of love and delight (both of which certainly do matter), but the question of *how* to love or feel delight. It matters, as Donna Haraway—thinking with Marilyn Strathern—notes, what thoughts we think with (2014). Here, the concept of wildness matters for how champions think about and enact championing. In quiet evenings in back gardens with champions watching hogs, I came to be enthralled by the rustling of leaves as hogs emerged, coming to be curious about differences between the sounds of oak leaf and hawthorn and ivy as hogs pushed through hedges or over leaf litter. The odd pipistrelle bat would flit through the sky darting after a moth and, occasionally, the nights would be interrupted by the churr of a nightjar. In this way, when directed by concepts such as this notion of wildness, connection with a hedgehog can, as Hugh Warwick notes, become a path to falling in love with the natural world more generally (2014, xv–xvi).

MAKING TOGETHER AND THINKING LIKE A HEDGEHOG: WILD GARDENING

Champions' assertion of the "wildness" of hedgehogs—that is, their need for autonomy—was often underpinned by the assertion that one could not presume to know exactly what it was that hedgehogs needed. Alongside giving

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hogs space to wander in order to find what they needed, however, champions—often living in urban ecosystems that were somewhat desolate for hogs—also needed to actively supply some of the raw materials that hedgehogs might need. Thus, a vital craft of hedgehog championing was wild gardening—an activity that involves supplying a diversity of habitat and resources that seem to be supportive to hedgehogs, and then letting hogs make use of what they need. In this central activity of hedgehog championing, human gardeners are (in an apparent oxymoron for anyone with a concept of "wild" based on an assumption of distance from humans) encouraged to *make* "wild" gardens. Such gardeners are encouraged to leave overgrown corners, to grow hog-nest construction materials—such as hawthorn, apple, and cherry trees—and to leave piles of pruning for hedgehogs to use (Wild About Gardens 2016, 13). In practice, wild gardening meant following the guidelines of conservation organizations while also giving space for hedgehogs to rearrange things as they needed, and a good deal of the building and rearranging was done by hedgehogs themselves. Hogs would nudge open and scratch out holes where necessary (although they seem to prefer their holes pre-formed, whether by humans, badgers, or rot), and, as champions pointed out to me, many back gardens quietly contained hog constructions—although to my untrained eye, they looked like piles of leaves.

In champions' gardens, sleeping sites were often co-created, with hogs filling human-supplied nesting boxes with apparently very particular items, including prunings and leaves from all over a neighborhood, such as in the abandoned hibernaculum of figure 2.4. In such homes, hedgehogs wove livable spaces from the forces and materials around them, marrying together garden offerings within the containment of a box (Ingold 2013, 42). While, in summer, hogs will often just sleep in long grass or under a bush, hedgehogs' winter homes—their hibernacula—are (usually) carefully constructed. Hedgehogs craft a hibernaculum by piling leaves, twigs, and sometimes paper and other materials into a relatively enclosed space (where the enclosure holds the material together). Entering into the pile, the hedgehog turns in circles, the hog's spikes combing the materials into an orb with a hedgehog-sized cavity in the middle. Successful hibernacula have up to 10 cm of insulation, protecting hibernating hedgehogs from both the cold and potentially disruptive sharp

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 2.4
An abandoned hibernaculum built inside a hedgehog house from the back garden of hedgehog champion, Kay.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

rises in temperature (Morris 2014, 134). Hibernaculum failures do happen, though. In spending six winters with West London hogs, hedgehog ecologist Pat Morris comments in his famous *Hedgehog Book* that some hibernacula may fall apart during the winter, requiring the hogs to wake up and build a new nest: "building good nests needs practice" (Morris 2014, 133). Having never witnessed the process, I find myself wondering about how hedgehogs learn to select and knit together the various elements of their nests. As these are skills that hogs don't learn from their parents, I imagine that they, like many human weavers, learn from engagement with and growing responsiveness to their materials (cf. Ingold 2000, 354).

These small garden havens offered to hedgehogs evince many humble reorientations in champions' ways of making use of space. Welcoming hogs often meant learning to use space differently, taking one's cues from the hedgehogs themselves. In an inner-city Bristol suburb, backing onto expansive allotment gardens, a young bus driver, Jonas*, allowed me to spend several evenings hanging out with the hedgehogs who visited his well-kept back garden. He explained to me that, in many ways, hedgehogs were very convenient, noting that they are tidy and unobtrusive and require very little care. However, in coming to share space with hedgehogs, Jonas, who was not signed up with any formal campaigns, began changing his back garden. Worried about the hogs, he stopped using slug bait and began making nightly offerings of water and hedgehog food (there are several brands available in Bristol, but Jonas used a mixture of sunflower hearts and mealworms, sold by Tesco as "The Right Food for Hedgehogs").[2] Making a welcoming space for hogs also meant moving quietly in his back garden, leaving it still at nighttime as he came to think of this space as belonging to the hedgehogs after dark. Many other champions similarly avoided using their gardens at night, lest they disturb the hogs and their curious nighttime business. Hedgehogs' apparent preferences also reshaped other aspects of champions' gardens. One Bristolian champion left a hedge she described as "scraggly," but which she felt her hogs made good use of; another left a broken piece of fencing that hedgehogs seemed to prefer as a thoroughfare over her carefully cut hedgehog-hole. Duncan, a hedgehog champion based in Keynsham, left a disliked bamboo patch that previous owners had planted because it seemed to be a favorite sleeping spot of some

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

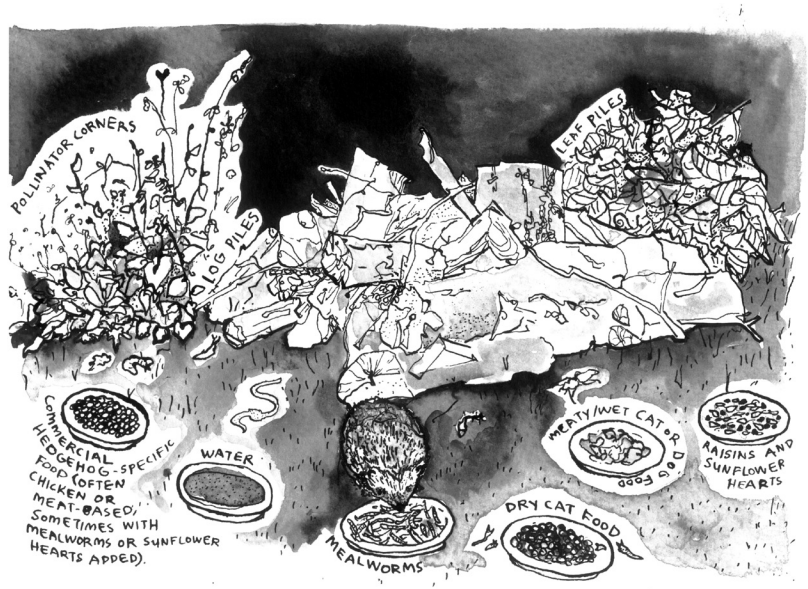


Figure 2.5

Common garden hedgehog food sources: pollinator corners, log and leaf piles (all encouraging beetles and caterpillars), as well as commercial animal foods.

of the hogs who visited his garden. Like Jonas, presence of hogs also at times shaped his use of the space, with Duncan remembering an instance of being out in his garden, chopping wood with an axe. Each time he began chopping, grunting noises arose from the bamboo patch—noises that stopped as soon as he stopped chopping. This pattern of chopping, grunting, stopping, and silence went on for a while, until Duncan realized he must have been disturbing a hedgehog who likely wished to be left to sleep in peace. Leaving the hog to her or his sleep, he left the chopping for another day. For many champions, living well with hogs required at times being willing to let one's own first preferences go—a willingness to accommodate the other that required considerate use of space recognized as being shared.

While champions tended to be responsive and experimental in finding out what worked for the hogs that they shared space with, living alongside hogs, and trying to do the best by them, was not a matter of free-wheeling experimentation or self-satisfied uncertainty at play. This uncertainty of what

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to do about and for the hogs who might visit one's garden was not a case of Keatsian celebratory "negative capability," a dwelling in uncertainty "without any irritable reaching after fact and reason" (Serpell 2014, 131). Instead, the practices of hedgehog championing that I witnessed were marked by a deep respect for scientific ways of knowing, and knowing as much and as well as possible was a deeply desired goal for most. Steffi kept up with advice from the British Hedgehog Preservation Society and Hedgehog Street. Duncan's accommodation of hogs and general sense of looking out for them was greatly informed by Les Stocker's classic text, *The Complete Hedgehog* (1987), a reference text he regularly used to think-through the behaviors and needs of hogs visiting his garden.

This responsiveness was not about projecting a (solely) human perspective onto hogs—instead, it required both learning about species-typical behavior and watching actual hogs. As Maria Puig de la Bellacasa notes, adequate care requires knowledge and curiosity regarding the needs of an "other"—human or not—and these become possible through relating, through refusing objectification (2011, 98). And, operating as we do, from human bodies, it is our own experiences that provide the basis for insight into others. As Frans de Waal argues, anthropomorphism—the use of human experience to understand the experience of another—can be a vital aspect of coming to get a sense of other species' lifeways (1999). However, he notes, sharp distinctions need to be made between *anthropocentric* anthropomorphism, or the "naïve projection of human experience onto other species," and *animalcentric* anthropomorphism, the attempt to "understand animals on their own terms through intimate familiarity with their behaviour and Umwelt" (1999, 273). Such animalcentric anthropomorphism, he argues, has an heuristic quality, in which, through one's own experience as an embodied being, it is possible to get a hunch about what might be going on for the other animal through what is happening in one's own body (1999, 262). Rather than a conclusion, however, such hunches are testable ideas, the beginning of an exploration. It was this kind of anthropomorphism—a combination of an educated hunch and then observation—that was vital to championing.

Despite the importance of *animalcentric* anthropomorphism for the development of hypotheses vital to animal studies (de Waal 1999), champions at

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

times expressed embarrassment about the work of "thinking like a hedgehog." Steffi noted recent changes she'd made to her garden, including adding a large pile of tree clippings. She explained that, although she hadn't been sure, she imagined what a hedgehog's point of view of the garden might be: "I thought, if I was a hedgehog, I wouldn't want to live there, I would want much more greenery. So I added in the compost and that big pile of tree cuttings down the back." Steffi punctuated this recollection with a laugh and noted, "I am mad, honestly. I am so stupid." While, on this occasion, Steffi dismissed her ways of getting a feel for what hedgehogs might need, such attunement-based and species-informed hunches are vital for making leaps between the "maps" of hedgehog championing—such as the species-level tips and advice offered by organizations—and what to do on the ground. And, in Steffi's garden, the hogs did, indeed, seem to love the greenness she had supplied.

As James Scott has argued, the sorts of practical skills needed in the world—variously referred to as savoir faire, know-how, "knack," or *mētis* in ancient Greece, are commonly denigrated in "modern" states (1988, 311). Without public acknowledgment, thinking like a hedgehog can become something to apologize for, rather than celebrate as an achievement. As Scott notes, "[o]ne major reason why *mētis* is denigrated, particularly in the hegemonic imperium of scientific knowledge, is that its findings are practical, opportune, and contextual, rather than integrated into the general conventions of scientific discourse" (1998, 320). Yet the sorts of "acquired intelligence" and "practical skills" of *mētis* make it a valuable collaborator with formal knowledge (Scott 1998, 313). In partnership with valued tips from conservation organizations, it might be that hedgehog-centric acquired and responsive know-how is just what a hedgehog needs from a champion.

Even without public celebration of their expertise, wild gardeners seemed to do just this sort of embodied work of both responding to the tips of conservation organizations while also learning to cooperate differently with forces in their gardens—including, at times, those forces they might not have learned to love previously. Many human gardeners, for example, gave space for the liveliness of rot, appreciative of the curiously vital worlds that decay creates. Some champions left old logs to rot down, coming to accept and even enjoy the sorts of gardening they had previously considered "unsightly" as they admired these

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

piles' ability to encourage beetles and woodlice for hedgehogs to eat. Rot was actively encouraged in wildlife gardening, where mulching garden beds with compost was noted by a collective of conservation organizations to encourage "plenty of earthworms, woodlice and beetles as it begins to rot down!" (Wild About Gardens 2016, 13). Just as fermentation helps us to see "that the chef may not always be human" (Radin 2015), attending to rot in built worlds allows us to see that architects, like-wise, needn't be human—or even have a spine or brain. Encouraging rot shares much with composting practices in which, to compost well, one must learn to collaborate with "[c]reatures lurking in the cosmos beyond the narrow purview of our understanding" (Kirksey 2015, 201). It is such collaborations, partnership in creations that we may only be partly aware of, which is the very stuff of life (Tsing 2015, 26).

Despite the potential awkwardness of rot and uncertainty and "mess," many champions came to find great joy in working with the mystery of wild gardens. While, at times, champions laughed to me about the mess or worried about their human neighbors' perspectives on their urban wilds, many people also spoke about the delight they took in the surprises offered by their wildlife gardens. During the thirtieth anniversary celebrations of Bristol's Avon Wildlife Trust, representatives spoke about how, initially, there had been complaints as local parks began to embrace wildlife gardening principles. Thirty years on, the messiness is generally seen as a sign of vibrancy, something to celebrate.

This potential for discomfort around the "messiness" and social acceptability of wild gardening was addressed in a practical way by Hedgehog Street in a garden they commissioned for the 2014 Hampton Court Flower Show from designer Tracy Foster. Sections of wildflowers were bounded by concrete, giving a tidy edge to the corners of more unruly growth. In other areas, small "insect hotels" or piles of logs were tidily incorporated into the garden's elegant design. In this thoughtful approach, the garden took seriously the concerns that some people held about "mess" and showed how wildness might be something to live with. The garden was highly popular—so that getting close enough to take photographs required pushing through a crowd of admirers—and would be awarded both a gold medal and the People's Choice Award. While the wild patches in the design were contained, I suspect that some gardeners might come

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

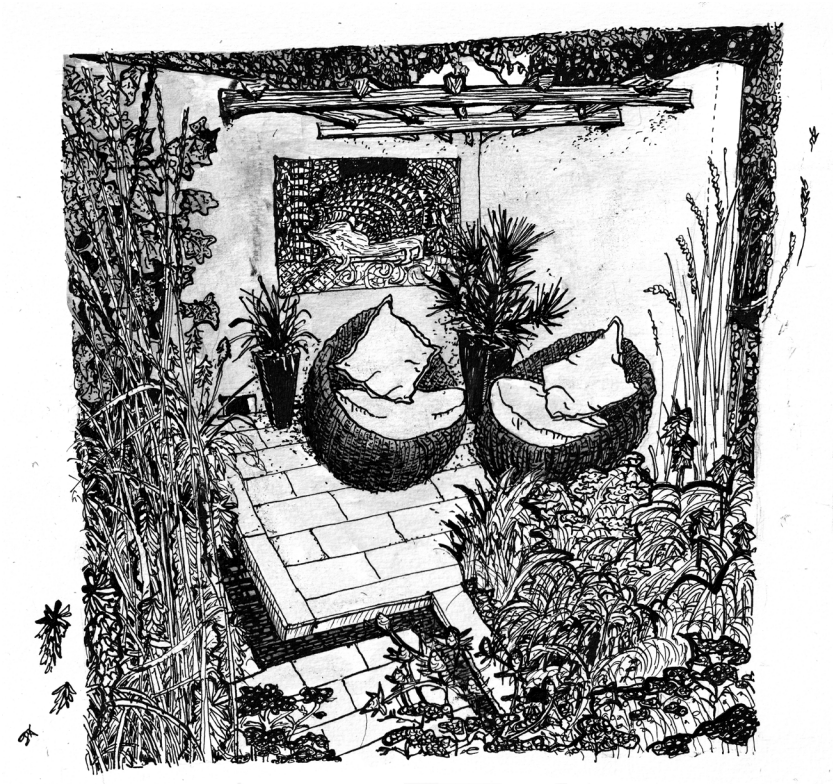


Figure 2.6
One view of the Royal Horticultural Society's "Hedgehog Street" garden: showing how wild aspects of gardens could look tidy.

to desire their spread; champions frequently seemed to fall in love more broadly with wildness in their gardens, coming to find delight in the many species of insects living in the wild patches of their gardens, and to recognize such unruliness as supporting the hogs they love. Certainly, in a Bristolian context, and with encouragement from conservation organizations to engage in new "arts of noticing" (Tsing 2011) and appreciation of what such wild patches could offer, many gardeners had let their wild corners become more than corners.

Wild Caring: Pharmakon Realities and the Need to Tinker

There are different ways to work with wildness. Without some intervention guided by care for hedgehogs, even actions that would seem broadly to

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

follow the recommended guidelines could work out poorly for hogs as a species. When the Narroways nature reserve was created in 2000 (becoming an official Local Nature Reserve in 2016), for example, observers were puzzled when local hedgehog numbers began to decline. Although the reserve wasn't created with hedgehogs in mind, one of the founding drives for the ex-railway land to be converted into a reserve was to offer a flourishing wild space for wildlife, including to hedgehogs. As the space was opened up and volunteers improved it as a wildlife habitat, an increasing range and number of human and other-than-human animals did indeed start to access the site. The tangled remnants of chainlink fencing were removed, and new fencing alongside the active railway lines were added, with sections of post and wire fencing or hedging to both improve the view for humans and to enable easier passage for other-than-human animals. Quite soon after, Harry McPhillimy, one of the head campaigners for the creation of the reserve, and who had been recording sightings of many species in the area for more than twenty years, got his first sightings of badgers. Delighted to have had badgers move in the area, he was concerned to then note an decline of hedgehogs (who are still very rarely, if ever, seen in the area). Although no causal link was established, there was suspicion that hogs were dispersed by the presence of badgers, a suspicion in accord with several studies (Trewby et al. 2014; van de Poel et al. 2015; Young et al. 2006).

In this instance, although Harry felt regret at the loss of hogs, the Narroways reserve trust's greater commitment was to it being a generally flourishing and diverse wild space. The work of champions was a different sort of challenge: that of both embracing wildness while also attempting to keep a particular species in mind. While wild gardeners often expressed gratitude for the tips and guidelines given by conservation organizations, at times the realities of actioning these tips raised concern: foods such as slugs and snails have the potential to introduce pathogens; beetles can be vectors for poison; and with too much access to a property potentially welcoming badgers. Steffi told me about her shock when, one morning, she saw a badger on her wildlife camera footage. Panicked, she flicked through the rest of the night's footage expecting to see carnage but, a couple of hours after the badger's appearance, hogs returned again, apparently as nonchalant as usual. She went outside to

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

double-check that a murder hadn't happened off camera, but there was no sign of any damage. Somehow, it seemed it had worked out okay, with the badgers and hedgehogs both eating the mealworms offered by Steffi. Additional questions emerged. Might offering food keep badgers from eating the hogs? Or might it attract more badgers? Steffi decided she would keep watch and see how it played out.

After two years of apparently harmonious hog–badger cohabitation, however, the hog–badger relationship suddenly changed. I got an email from Steffi saying that she'd had the grisly finding of a hollowed-out hedgehog in her back garden, a sure sign, she knew, of a badger kill, with badgers being the only British animals strong enough to pry open a curled-up hedgehog. With some regret, for she was also fond of the badgers, Steffi and her husband John proceeded to attempt to block up the entrance holes that the badgers had been using to get into her garden, aiming to leave just enough of a gap under the fence that the hogs could squeeze through. While her efforts have helped somewhat, on occasion badgers do still get in, even after John attempted to block up the gaps with a garden statue. Somehow, there have been no more deaths—although there have been fewer hedgehogs visiting (using her camera less over time, Steffi now tracks their presence by the little pellets of hedgehog poo left in her garden). To date, hedgehogs, along with foxes and badgers, all continue to visit her small but luscious garden, and Steffi continues to do the careful experimental tinkering of keeping the space, where possible, tipped in hedgehogs' favor.

For Steffi and Harry and others I met, this was never the question of badgers *versus* hedgehogs: while some, typically farming-based, groups have tried to conjure the idea of the necessity wiping out badgers in order to save hedgehogs, champions tend to have a pretty universal appreciation of wild animals, even if they are particularly supportive of hedgehogs. Studies have shown that the presence of badgers reduces the numbers of hedgehogs in an area, particularly female hedgehogs (Dowding et al. 2010). Other studies have found that, in badger-rich areas, hogs are more present in areas with dense foliage coverage, such as hedges (Hof et al. 2012), suggesting that the garden additions offered by champions—both due to following the explicit instructions of hedgehog conservation organizations as well as

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to getting a sense of what a hedgehog would want—may play a role in allowing hogs to still access these gardens, even in the presence of badgers. The ongoing research conducted by groups like Hedgehog Street on urban conservation—and the role of gardening interventions in this—is likely to bear useful information.

Throughout the work of championing, people worked with what Isabelle Stengers refers to as the "pharmakon"—those substances that can become cures or curses in different moments in different moods, in different measures (Stengers 2010, 29). Surprising qualities can become harmful to those whom one would like to thrive. Indeed, even something like wild space—something broadly encouraged as an obvious boon for wildlife in the UK—can turn out to have negative consequences or, at least, to require the sorts of engaged, experimental care that Annemarie Mol refers to as "doctoring" (2008). In her 2008 book, *The Logic of Care* Mol charts the careful and attentive forms of experimentation that are part of the everyday of living with diabetes, detailing the ways in which treatment is not a simple matter of applying a "cure"—rather, exercise, insulin, food, and unexpected reactions must be somehow held together, in an ever-shifting experiment of living. Nurses, doctors, and patients, Mol argues, know there are a myriad of tiny adjustments to make because, in practice, treatments are not as confident as labels on bottles. In diabetes care, Mol argues, "[e]ven idealised practice is not ideal. It is a matter of trying things out and of being willing to revisit what has been done before. There is always something that fails" (2008, 56). In responding to the ever-emergent nature of being alive, experimentation is a necessity. However, in such experiments, the experimental subject is non-expendable (the continued existence of the subject is, indeed, the very objective of this experiment). This is where doctoring comes in, as a grounded, attentive, everyday sort of experimentation where lives matter, and it is this sort of doctoring that seems to be the reality of hedgehog championing. In championing, even the best, most useful guidelines aren't recipes. Instead, one must apply the best knowledge that one has while also knowing that sometimes things are simply more complex than this. One must "[t]ry, be attentive to what happens, adapt this, that or the other, and try again" (Mol 2008, 53).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

WILD UNCERTAINTY AND EXPERTISE

Before I started interviewing professional UK hedgehog conservationists, meeting them only through their public pronouncements via internet sites, news segments, and newspaper articles, I found myself intimidated by the authoritative certainty suggested in their quotes on such platforms—their clear bold statements of what hedgehogs needed seemed so markedly different from the everyday experiences of the champions I'd been working with. However, in line with the importance of ethnography with conservationists as argued by Laur Kiik (2019), in meeting actually existing hedgehog conservationists, I would come to see that, behind the scenes, a good deal of the work of these professionals was marked by their skill in navigating complex interrelationships and contingencies. At times, however, this complexity was hard to express publicly.

I met Liam*, who was working for a multispecies conservation organization in a nearby county in a hedgehog-oriented role. He had a background in ecological research and enthusiastically described to me the intensely interconnected webs of interaction in which hedgehog lives play out. Such relationality, however, was not often part of public discussion. It was Liam who had introduced me to the trouble with factors, noting that, in public discussions, relationships are commonly reduced to a set of discrete "factors" impacting hedgehogs, or a list of actions, such as avoiding poisons, putting holes in fences, and encouraging bugs. While this can be helpful by offering people discrete things that they can do or avoid doing, in reality—as Liam noted, almost as if to himself, while tweaking a PowerPoint presentation due to be given the next day—it is impossible to ever identify precise, independent, bounded "factors." I could see now why he'd brought this up—on his computer was a slide listing a number of "factors" influencing hog numbers. He pointed out three: habitat loss, lack of food, and poisons. "We treat them separately here because the abstractions, the factors, do help us to explain what's going on, and people want that—a clear answer, and then something particular to *do*. But, in reality, these 'factors' overlap and they all affect each other. Habitat loss often means less food," he explained, "which means hogs are in worse condition, which means poisons

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

affect them more, but poisons can also mean less food, and so on and so on, so that the 'factors' we identify aren't really separable at all."

He stopped to answer the phone, which turned out to be a member of the public reporting a hedgehog sighting. His organization was running a survey, trying to get an idea of hedgehog numbers. "But it's always so hard," he noted, when he got off the phone, "in that, in populated areas you tend to get higher estimates simply because there are more people around to see the hedgehogs. Making good maps is tricky." He recorded the sighting onto a spreadsheet on his computer, then returned to discussing the problems with factors. "Ecology is all about interactions," he noted, "and actually nothing is disconnected." He explained that it was these connectivities that are so vital for us to attempt to understand, but that ultimately it's also that the immensity of interconnection means that sometimes things just don't play out the way you'd think, and you don't know why. He explained this immense complexity without a sense sadness or frustration but, rather, almost of wonder.

In talking about his conservation organization's local plans for creating hedgehog-friendly landscapes, he noted the difficulty of extrapolating from particular studies into different terrains where there were always other variables—not least, the very complicated effects of local humans and their ways. Despite the particularities of studies, they can be translated to new sites, although always with little gaps in surety. I found myself recalling Polish American philosopher and engineer Alfred Korzybski's observation that "a map is not the territory" (1958, 58)—that is, while models and guidelines work to represent things, they are never identical to what they represent. There are always little leaps to be made. Although it seems that mapping and evaluating in hedgehog-oriented ways can give a better—and embodied—sense of the territory for hogs; Liam noted that through his work of mapping and having people tell him which species were where, he did have some sense of what might work, which kinds of spaces might support hedgehogs. Later, as I would volunteer with a local organization attempting to map where hogs were in the city through putting out hedgehog footprint tunnels (figure 2.1), I, too, would start to get an imperfect feel for where hedgehogs might be. This was not always in the most obviously lush area—some of the tunnels

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

I put out that had the most hogs were in and around a vast area of carparks with relatively scraggly vegetation. Although I would still be surprised by the areas that did and didn't have hogs, increasingly it seemed, through mapping with hogs in mind, I was getting a better sense of hedgehog territory.

Liam seemed to hold the world with great attentiveness. I've felt something similar around other ecologists and conservation biologists since, particularly in private conversations without pressure to mobilize or convince or convey authority: a slight sense of isolation, which I imagine as part of the reality of attending to connections that the rest of us don't often think of. At the time, I'd thought to myself that it seemed something like being a vicar in a not very religious parish, him holding a vital theology of connection, a sense of the greater complexity that must get simplified and made somehow reassuring or, at least, easily digestible.

It may be that the specifics of Liam's office had contributed to this parsonical image. Piled with books and activities for children, set in the middle of a park and with people phoning in every now and again to ask for advice, it was easy to see this as the work of pastoral care. Emboldened by leaving, toward the end of my time with Liam, I asked about my analogy. He laughed and said he could almost see what I meant. But—unlike a vicar—he noted, he generally didn't tell people how he saw the world. He said that to point out the ways in which litter impacts on other lives just seemed too heavy for most people. Out of care, then, this radical connectivity—a sense of the fundamental relationality of life—went unshared.

At times, a sense of certainty seemed to be directly demanded by members of the public. In a talk one morning, Liam addressed a group of people living in a retirement community about what they could perhaps do to halt the hedgehog decline. A man asked, "Isn't there something we are missing?"—his almost-aggressive tone suggesting that there must be *a* something that could be done. In this case, the gentleman in the audience had preempted the main point of Liam's talk and, moving smoothly to the following slides in his presentation, Liam explained about the need for holes in fences, for wild areas of gardens, and for putting out water in dry times. He did, however, add that these factors are actually interconnected and that, for example, if there was sufficient habitat, and hogs were sufficiently well-nourished, poisons wouldn't

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

have quite the same effect. After the meeting, I asked about the man's question. Liam noted it was a common one—people feeling that there must be a single thing we can pin down, or a few things, and really wanting that. Although, on this occasion, he did manage to emphasize the entangled nature of the problem, I wondered what was lost in this necessarily brief translation, with the man desperate to find a "something" that could be the cure. I still find myself wondering what might have happened had he been able to talk about how radical the realities of interconnection are—and how they include us, too.

A similar interaction played out some weeks earlier, when, Josh*, an urban conservation officer working for a multispecies-focused organization in Bristol, was undertaking a media interview. We'd been on our way to visit Beryl, an experienced rehabilitator in Portishead, to get a better understanding of possible local release sites, when the BBC had called, so we arranged to meet the tv crew at Beryl's. One of the first things that the local BBC journalist asked was "Why should we care about declines in hedgehog numbers?" Josh answered that the reason we need to care and try to do something about hedgehog declines was that they were a like a canary in a mine, their decline a sign of larger problems and that improving things for them would be good for urban ecosystems generally. A quick nod from the journalist and she continued, "Give me a couple of things that people at home can do," and Josh encouraged the imagined audience to stop using poisons and explained about cutting holes in fences, so that hedgehogs could move through back gardens. Here, again, were the discrete and satisfying factors of doing that had by now become familiar. We spent the rest of the afternoon in Beryl's back garden, trying to secure charming footage of hoglets for the segment.

A year or so later, I met up with Josh, in Wellington, as he took a sabbatical tour around Aotearoa/New Zealand conservation and eco-tourist sites. We chatted on a street corner, me now at the end of my fieldwork, starting to get obsessive about uncertainty, and the ways that it doesn't get expressed publicly, the ways he had been made to say things so concretely. "What I said was all true," he said. "If we make things good for hogs we *do* make things good for other species, too. And there is a lot we know about what makes good hedgehog habitat." I agreed. However, he acknowledged, it wasn't the full truth of it, it didn't capture the reality of the ways in which you never quite know, the ways

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

that, even when you have the best studies to work from, every site is different and you need to get a sense of your particular site. "But," he finished, "people are looking for that assurance. They look to you for some sort of authority."

Valuing Tinkering and Embodied Expertise

As Sheila Jasanoff argues, scientific knowledge is necessarily partial, so that skills in working with ambiguity, complexity, and indeterminacy are needed to translate data into action (2007). However, notions of expertise frequently exclude the sorts of radical uncertainty that expertise actually tends to bring. While, in broad strokes, a good deal is known about what makes a suitable hedgehog habitat, experienced rehabilitators—conservationists themselves—tended to be deeply attentive to the subtleties of their work, aware that their findings were valid for particular times and places. However, public communication often seemed to demand clear-cut answers, simple, discrete universalizable "factors." At times, complexity was held back so as not to panic the public about the immensity of interconnection; at other times, members of the public themselves seemed to demand the certainty of discrete "doable" things; and, sometimes, the limitations of norms of communication via mainstream media seems to be at play: the particular expertise of conservationists in moving between maps and territories is not one that can be easily passed on in a sound bite.

Modes of embodied expertise—*the practices*—which both conservationists and champions come to develop, however, are also undervalued in our current practices of dominant science. Within dominant understandings of science, the embodied and locally-attentive skills that allow conservationists to move between maps and territories can become something that is simply not seen or that people apologize for, rather than celebrate as an achievement. Fikret and Mina Kislalioglu Berkes have argued that a sense of "reading the environment" is a core element of Indigenous practices of ecological care, requiring the development of a sense of a broad suite of multicausal, interconnected indicators, rather than a limited number of discrete factors (2009). This embodied knowing, that of attuning one's body to others, of getting "a feeling for the organism" is also a vital aspect of dominant science, yet is one that often goes unacknowledged (McClintock 1978 and 1979 in Keller 1982, 599).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Even without public celebration of the skills of adaptive and embodied modes of applying the best available knowledge within dominant science practice, champions do still seem to develop it—even if, at times, they worried they were doing it wrong. But often they would do it right, although in ways they couldn't always explain—such as Steffi somehow having both hedgehogs and badgers visiting her garden, or other experienced wild gardeners developing a sense of what might matter to hogs. Of course, such practices are difficult to verify—the localized and particular lacks replicability and falsifiability. Without such checks, there is the risk of delusion in thinking that one has the ability to "know" what hedgehogs might need in absolute terms. As Bruno Latour has argued, "learning to be affected" by another being is a process of becoming, a process of sensitizing to another being, which is difficult to conceptualize within "modern" Western tendencies to see distinct separations of subject/body and world/objects (2004a, 206–208). And yet such sensitizing matters, as Alan Smart notes, is vital to "acknowledge that things that humans do not understand have impacts on humans" (2014, 4). In his consideration of the ways in which conservationists learn to be affected by corncrakes, Lorimer notes the importance of approaching such practices of knowing in nonrepresentational ways, of taking seriously the "precognitive sensory mechanisms, perceptual energies, and feelings that link bodies in encounters" (2015, 9). Learning between bodies matters, even if it is hard to speak about.

Without such a bodily sense of what might matter to hedgehogs—a knowing that seems to develop in concert with actual wild hedgehogs—I wonder about the challenges of remaking neighborhoods in order to support them. In the hedgehog open days, after explaining about hedgehogs being wild, Yvonne would encourage those who were disappointed at not being able to just "get" a hedgehog to just do all the right things: put holes in your fences, get a log pile, make a good compost, stop using poisons, and encourage your neighbors to do all of the same—and wait. Sometimes, I would add the joke, "If you build it, they will come," but few laughed—many had already been waiting for some time and, even with their best efforts and offerings of fence gaps and food and shelter, no hedgehog had arrived. In spontaneous hedgehog conversations while variously waiting for coffee, looking for rental

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

accommodation, going to drawing classes, or catching public transport, people told me about having attempted to attract hedgehogs but giving up when no hogs arrived. Sometimes, people conceded that there was something obvious, such as blocks from roadways or housing developments. At other times, they noted that they couldn't figure out why there weren't hogs visiting: they'd followed all the points on the guide—put holes in fences, grown gardens, put out food—but nothing. When I had first arrived in the UK, I had been shocked at the number of quiet and leafy suburbs in which I was sure there would be hogs but which turned out to be oddly hedgehog-less. Over my eighteen months of conservationists, rehabilitators, and champions pointing out to me what good hog habitat was—as well as in my own work of putting out footprint tunnels—I would find myself less and less surprised by green but hedgehog-less suburbs, or by villages that may not have been obviously leafy or beautiful but that were hedgehog-filled. Some of the elements that mattered could be identified by simply studying the lists of recommendations given by hog-supporting organizations: is there good and broad connection? Are there any blockages from fences or too-busy roads? Is there good ground cover? But at times it seemed there was something else, something I can't describe except for somewhere being "hedgehoggy." In instances of champions having back gardens able to host both badgers and hedgehogs, I can't help but wonder if, after learning to "think like a hedgehog," such champions have some sort of feel for what might help hogs to feel and be somewhat safe in the presence of badgers.

Playfully, perhaps, I find myself wondering about apprenticeships. *Mētis* knowledge is, as James Scott notes, "often so implicit and automatic that its bearer is at a loss to explain it" (2008, 329). Thus, learning in a physical, connected relationship between master and apprentice is vital. It is tricky, though, when the masters—in this case, little spiky insectivores—are inclined to ramble away, and are not to be captured. I wonder what it might be like to have people learning not only the general guidelines of what it is that hogs need to survive, but spending time in a back garden with another champion, getting a feel for the rhythms of these wild critters, and of the expansiveness of their roaming, for their love of hugging to sheltered edges and starting to get a felt sense, perhaps, of what matters to hogs.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

THE DISCIPLINES AND COLLABORATIONS OF CARING FOR WILDNESS

Through caring for another being, with all of the surprises and uncertainties that entails, hedgehog champions seemed to become differently attuned to the world. Certainly, in spending time with champions and hedgehogs, I came to see the city differently, becoming unsettled by cars and oddly anxious in the face of gapless brick fencing. As champions directed me to what seemed to matter to hogs, and as I also got a sense for it, streets without leaf litter came to feel a little desolate even with an abundance of vibrant human community and street art that Bristol is famous for. And new joys emerged, too: a dry patch under a shed, or a heavy-bottomed shallow water bowl. Log piles became full of possibility. The Bristol that I cared about became something largely under 20 cm tall.

Within our current structures in which the embodied aspects of coming to care and translating (and making) science are undervalued, there is little room to publicly acknowledge the learned bodily skills of attention and interpretation involved in shifting scientific data into local best practice. I can't help but think that this plays a role in champions coming to frame themselves as "silly" in their work of "thinking like hedgehogs," in their work of translating guidelines into hedgehog-supporting worlds, as if such arts of careful tinkering weren't those of living itself.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

REPRESENTATIONS

My home in Bristol was the inner-city suburb of St Pauls, a diverse and largely working-class suburb with a strong history of African-Caribbean leadership as well as significant numbers of white, Somali and Pakistani British residents. In those pre-Brexit days, there were also a number of young Spanish migrants in the area. For all the liveliness of the suburb's human community, however, it was decidedly hedgehog-less. While I delighted in the foxes who emerged after dark and in the multispecies street art surrounding the suburb, like many streets in the country, the terraced houses in my street sported paved front and back gardens almost entirely closed-in by hog-impenetrable concrete walls (Low and Heyden 2015). An informal survey of my home street revealed that, apart from one Welsh couple who were self-described "animal nuts," my other neighbors were not excited about having hedgehogs in the neighborhood, variously valuing neighborhood tidiness, safety for children, or expressing concern about what landlords might think about holes being put in fences. At times, I wondered whether—in order to be the most diligent fieldworker I could be—I shouldn't move to a more hedgehoggy suburb in Bristol or one of the villages I was regularly cycling to. However, I found myself looking forward to coming home each day to the vibrancy of the neighborhood and the warm welcome home of my terraced street. While a group of girls would become encouraging supporters of my hedgehog project, in conversations with adults, hedgehogs weren't the conservation starter they were in other parts of the city; instead, chats were about other things: upcoming street festivals, what we were making for dinner, and just generally, how we were doing. Hedgehogs rarely came up.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

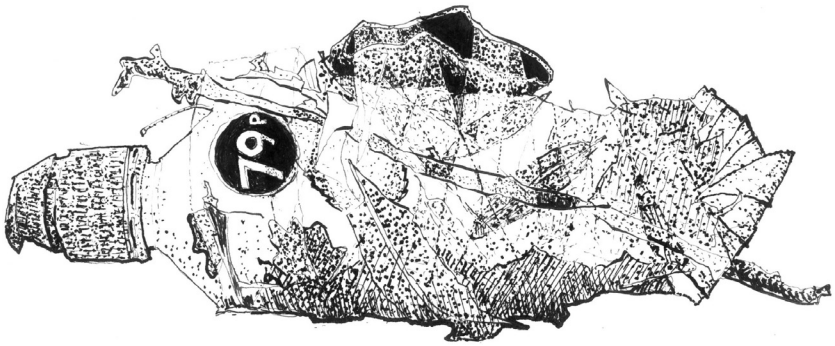


Figure R.1
The St Pauls hedgehog.

The conservationists and rehabilitators I met when I went to work each day were almost all white and only two of my Bristolian interviews were with people who identified as people of color. While diversity in mainstream conservation in the UK is very low, and dominant approaches to conservation have been shown to have a host of exclusionary elements, including the lack of focus on justice, and the use of framings such as "invasive species" and "exotic" (NUS 2018; Peretti 1998), there is a wealth of Black, Asian, and Minority Ethnic environmental leadership in Bristol. Starting in 2011, a local Black-led community station, Ujima Radio, led a program of environmental social activism, including charting and addressing the air and noise pollution introduced by the M32 motorway that divides Easton and St Pauls (Griffith and Bevan 2021). Noting that both the 2014 Bristol Green Capital year and the dominant Bristolian environmental agenda generally had been greatly lacking in Black Asian and Minority Ethnic group representation, Ujima representatives formed a partnership with the Bristol City Council to set up the Bristol "Green and Black" initiative in November of 2015. Now referred to as "Black and Green," the initiative aimed to ensure that "key questions about diversity, inclusion, and working in communities, were included alongside the main issues on the environmental agenda such as climate change" (Griffith 2016, 3). After I had left Bristol, the initiative would set up the "Green and Black Ambassadors" program, in which Black, Asian, and Minority Ethnic environmental ambassadors ran community workshops and events, hosting

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

radio programs, leading public conversations, and running projects on a range of issues, including improving air quality, understanding and improving access to green space by disabled people and Black and Brown and Minority Ethnic communities, and better understanding the relationships between cultural heritage and sustainability (Green and Black 2022). The primary aim of the program is to "challenge, disrupt and support existing institutions to change their behavior; to address unconscious biases; to discard practices that are implicitly exclusive; and to proactively think about how to create structures that are more inclusive" (Ketibuah-Foley and Mckenzie 2018). In choosing to follow hedgehogs—a decision I would come to realize reflected my own whiteness and particular cultural background—my project leaves out a wealth of environmental efforts happening all around me.

One interaction on my street, however, did focus on a hedgehog. It has stayed with me in a way I haven't been able to put words to. Not long after I'd moved in—and before I'd talked with anyone on the street about my hedgehog project—I was working in my room when I heard the group of girls yell "Hedgehog! Look, a hedgehog!" Elated that maybe there was an *Erinaceus* presence in the street, I flew down the stairs. By the time I'd reached the street, they were laughing, having realized that their hog was next door's bristly shoe cleaner. From both Somali and Caribbean backgrounds, the primary school–aged girls told me they'd not yet seen one in real life, but they had learned about them in school. "So cute!!" they had said when I asked what they thought of hedgehogs and they had skipped around, making little snuffling sounds and gently bumping into each other with hedgehog-like cute clumsiness. They told me that in school they'd learned all about what hedgehogs need and explained to me in a matter-of-fact way that all the cars around our neighborhood and the lack of bushes and growing things in our street meant there probably wouldn't be any hedgehogs around. However, they still expressed longing—one I shared—that one day, they might encounter one in our neighborhood.

Although a hedgehog never did arrive, from time-to-time, the little team of girls would leave offerings of hedgehog nesting material at my front door, and once, nestled inside such a nest, they left a little gift, a plastic-bottle hedgehog covered in leaves and twigs secured by sticky tape (figure R.1). I was grateful and I remain so. It was the only hedgehog I met in St Pauls.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 3.1
Street art by Herakut in Bedminster, South Bristol.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

3 SADNESS AND DISTRIBUTED AGENCY IN URBAN HEDGEHOG CONSERVATION

Bus stops and shops in and around Bristol were sites of warm banter, often marked by enthusiastic chatter about the latest Bristolian cultural festival, good-humored complaints about public transport, and gentle teasing of my kiwi accent. The lighthearted tone of these chats would typically hit a lull after people asked what had brought me here. As the topic of hedgehogs was brought up, people would often grow serious, noting how many hogs there *used* to be, or how long it had been since they'd seen one. Many would ask what I thought was causing the decline. Explaining that I didn't really know, we would typically find ourselves swapping suggestions of culprits: badgers, foxes, cars, the new developments happening over there, other peoples' fences. In imagining the cause of hedgehog decline to be something "out there," these conversations regained a tone of playfulness as we puzzled the problem, casting suspects while leaving ourselves safely out of the line-up. I found myself feeling like a bungling detective in a village murder mystery, where the tone was one of intrigue, even amusement. These conversations were warmly lined with the reassurance that, eventually, a killer would be caught, and we might all return to the meandering joy and challenge of daily life.

At times, we would actively manufacture a blamelessness, even when it was clear that we were part of the problem. In my first weeks in Bristol, I met a vicar who loved hedgehogs but also loved the stone wall around his garden. I nodded and, with downcast eyes, told him of my failure to seriously suggest to my neighbor in St Pauls that we allow the hole in our shared brick wall—partially crumbled and, as yet unrepaired by our shared landlord—to remain.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 3.2
Badgers are a contentious suspect in the line-up of who-or-what-is-to-blame-for-the-decline-in-hedgehog-numbers.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

In theory, the pre-crumbled state of the wall made my task easy: rather than needing to ask my neighbor to allow me to create a hole for hogs to pass through, I merely had to ask him if we could retain this state of boundary collapse. But even so, I'd found myself embarrassed. Suggesting we keep open this one gap in the middle of an entire block of concreted back gardens had felt unsettlingly vulnerable: for this hole to make difference for hedgehogs, I'd need to convince the whole street to join us. It had seemed highly improbable, so why try? I suddenly lost my sense of the importance of making habitat for hedgehogs: this man had kids to look after, a job, rent to pay. My concerns for hogs felt frivolous in the light of his many responsibilities. So I'd made a joke of it, dropping it into our conversation as a breezy aside as I bumped into him in our back gardens, pointing to the crumbled wall, mentioning something about hedgehog habitat, and garbling something along the lines of, ". . . perhaps we could just leave it like that, and then maybe hedgehogs would be able to move through the gap?" My neighbor paused, and with a serious tone, replied simply that he needed the wall to be fixed. He was worried about the crumbling wall falling on his kids. The wall was patched up the following week and I never again suggested we make a gap for hogs.

Having confessed my failure to the vicar, I raised my eyes again. He nodded sympathetically. After a pause that seemed weighed down with guilt and sadness (or, at least, in which I found myself feeling both guilt and sadness), the vicar lightened the mood by noting the damage caused by the new housing developments. These, he noted, were surely a much greater threat to hedgehogs than anything that we were—or were not—doing. Curiously relieved, I agreed, and our chat continued with a tone of mutual-absolution and outrage at the greed that was so damaging for hogs.

And yet, even if it is difficult—and sad—to see, we are part of the trouble. Although both gardens were so tiny it seemed unfair to think of us as the problem, my and the vicar's closed gardens were part of the greatest threats to hedgehog survival in the UK. As I argue in this chapter, acknowledging this culpability is vital if we are to become part of more life-giving collectives. Yet such conversations are difficult when there are taboos around expressing sadness. Hope and positivity are frequently encouraged in conservation work, at times to the extent that less upbeat moods, such as sadness and

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

doubt, are exorcised from both private and public conservation discourse. And yet, recognition of our inability to extricate ourselves from the world—a recognition that in our present times seems likely to be accompanied by, and that may even *require*, less pleasant feelings—can be a powerful position from which to become part of more life-giving actions. While noting that the disturbing reality of participating in greater harms is part of everyday life for many of us, I also follow some modest collective actions happening in aid of hedgehogs, in which it is possible to see that it is not only in creating damage that we participate in larger forces, but that, with structural supports, more life-giving actions are possible and can, as Rosi Braidotti notes, also feel surprisingly light (2006).

NEIGHBORLY DEATHS AND ISOLATED CARES

For the first few months after I arrived in Bristol, it seemed that all I was hearing were hedgehog death tales. People waiting at pedestrian crossings told me stories of hedgehogs found dead or dying on the road or of small outdoors-in-the-daytime hogs that no one knew how to respond to. One day, as I was walking along Ashley Road, a lively street leading back from the city to my home suburb of St Pauls, a woman I'd met while searching for a rental property spotted me as she cycled by. She stopped to tell me that, after we'd met, she'd remembered a story about a hedgehog she'd tried to save from drowning in a gutter; she'd gone to get some tools to fish it out but, by the time she returned, the hedgehog was dead. Another day, after attending a meeting of the Friends of St Andrew's Park, the group's wildlife officer told me about the hedgehog who used to live in the park but whom he had found dead and in shreds one morning. He suspected a French breed of terrier, a dog apparently bred specifically to kill hedgehogs. "Who would breed a dog for such a thing?" we both wondered. Iain*, another member of the group, later told me a story from a couple of years back when, one evening, his sister had heard a rat-like rustle in her compost pile and had put down rat poison. On checking the next morning, however, she found a dead hedgehog lying in the heap. She had wept over the hedgehog's death, as did Iain himself when he found out.[1] Dozens of people living in and around Bristol noted that they'd never seen a live hedgehog, only

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

The Prevention of Damage by Pests Act 1949 requires people to keep properties rodent-free or to report infestations.
The same log pile which provides homes for insects and hedgehogs is potentially also attractive to rats.
A U.K.-wide study found traces of rodenticide in two-thirds of hedgehogs sampled (Dowding et al 2010). The authors argue that this is most likely due to consumption of contaminated soil & insects by hedgehogs, rather than due to widespread direct consumption of rat poison.
The British Pest Control Association recommend that one avoids a rat infestation by removing "potential nesting sites by keeping yards and gardens clean and tidy, by cutting back overgrown areas and clearing any piles of wood/debris." (www.bpca.org.uk 18 Oct 2015).

Figure 3.3

Some champions had stopped using rat poison—either to avoid hurting rats themselves or to avoid harming hedgehogs. Several champions who had stopped using poison experimented with the foods they put out for hogs, hoping to not attract too many rats.

dead ones on the road. And many of these folks noted that they'd not even seen a roadkill hedgehog for some years. At times, the city started to look like a hedgehog deathtrap, at others, a wasteland.

Amidst all this death and absence, there were still spaces of hedgehog sanctuary. Some habitats created by champions were doing well, with several homes having multiple hogs visiting each night. Contact with Steffi helped keep me buoyed, as she regularly sent me charming pictures of the hedgehogs snuffling about her feeding station in her quiet Bristolian street, squeezing through gaps in fencing and generally living lives that seemed a celebration of the project of hogs living near humans. Living well together might take constant tinkering and care, but is possible, her back garden seemed to show me.

And yet, providing a welcoming and safe back garden sanctuary is not enough—hedgehogs need a neighborhood. Studies set the minimum area required to support a viable hedgehog population to be 90 hectares, or three 18-hole golf courses, of unfragmented habitat (Warwick 2014). Urban

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hogs need to forage in many gardens each night, thus all of the dangers in one's neighborhood matter. There were a host of things champions were regularly concerned about: even if one's neighbor wasn't using poisons, what about one's neighbor's neighbor? What about the cars? Other champions worried too about deliberate violence to hedgehogs, something that isn't common in the UK, but which does occasionally occur. People reported strange new diseases. June, a committed hedgehog rehabilitator and retired nurse trainer, told me about hedgehogs in Frome with signs of osteomyelitis, even at a young age, and hogs being born without bones in their legs. I wondered aloud about whether such illness could also be linked to the poisons around. Studies suggest that such poisons do indeed build up in hogs, with two thirds of hedgehogs in one study showing some trace of rat poison in their blood (Dowding et al. 2010). "Could be," June had responded, in a manner I'd come to know as typical of her humility and refusal to jump to conclusions. "It's hard to know."

Cars are particularly a threat in more urban zones, and champions in built-up areas such as Bishopston and Horfield regularly expressed concern about traffic. However, even places that once offered something of a traffic safe-haven seem to have become less so. Duncan lived in Keynsham—once a quiet market town between Bristol and Bath. His back garden had for a long time been a regular site for visiting hedgehogs and, as a lover of hogs since he was a child, he had learned to recognize several of them as individuals. This ability to recognize particular hogs led to additional sadness when, among the increasing number of hedgehogs that Duncan had been seeing dead on the side of the road, he was able to recognize the body of a large dead hog as that of a long-time and much-loved regular visitor.

In one perhaps extreme case, a champion had personally witnessed the death of all the hogs she had known to have visited her garden. Tracey* had responded to an ad that I had put in the *Bishopston Matters*, a local newsletter serving an area that another resident referred to as "muesli mountain," reflecting the residents' stereotyped fondness for organics and natural health products. Living up near Horfield Common, a small suburban park, Tracey told me that a small hog had visited for a few months before she found him drowned in her[2] pond (a pond that had gently sloped sides as recommended by all the hedgehog conse;rvation groups). Some months after that, a large

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hedgehog who had visited her garden for many years suddenly stopped visiting. Tracey worried about him for a couple of days until she spotted a large dead hedgehog in the gutter around the corner from her house. She asked her husband whether he knew anything about it, and he said that he had spotted the dead hog in the middle of the road a couple of nights before and, to get her or him out of the traffic, had rolled the large, deceased hog off to the side of the road with his foot. The last hedgehog she had seen was about a year ago, a little hedgehog out in the daytime. She had put food out for her or him, but found them dead on the back lawn a few nights later.

While Tracey's experience was perhaps extreme, hedgehogs living near humans do have a high mortality rate. Several hedgehog champions have expressed similar tales of hogs drowning in ponds or being killed by humans

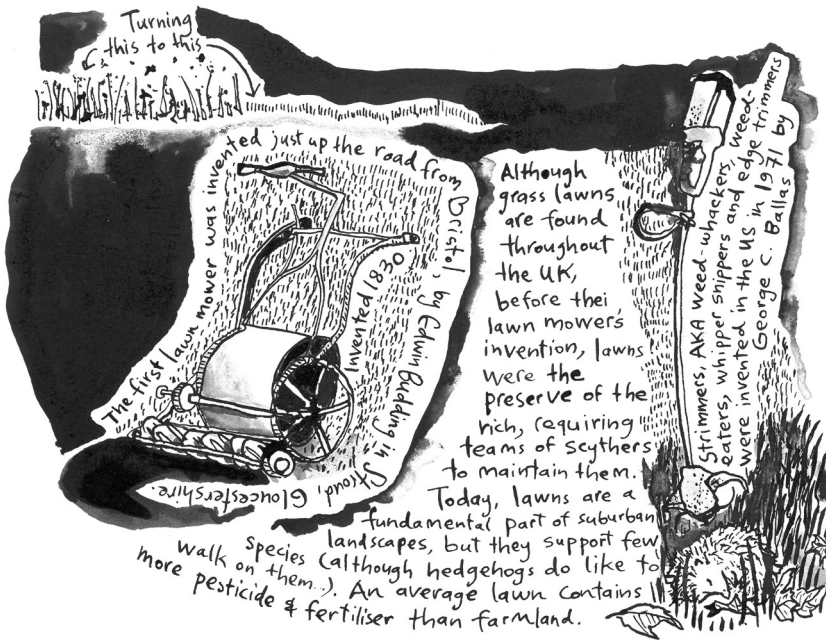

Turning this to this
The first lawn mower was invented just up the road from Bristol, by Edwin Budding in Stroud, Gloucestershire. Invented 1830
Although grass lawns are found throughout the UK, before thei lawn mowers invention, lawns were the preserve of the rich, requiring teams of scythers to maintain them. Today, lawns are a fundamental part of suburban landscapes, but they support few species (although hedgehogs do like to walk on them.). An average lawn contains more pesticide & fertiliser than farmland.
Strimmers, AKA weed-whackers, eaters, whipper snippers and edge trimmers were invented in the US in 1971 by George C. Ballas

Figure 3.4

I found myself surprised to learn that the lawn mower was only invented in 1830. The widespread popularity of lawns followed this invention. I find it almost impossible to imagine the world without a vast coverage of lawn, particularly in the suburbs. I suspect that hedgehogs would quite like a world without lawn mowers.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

bearing strimmers[3] and mowers. A hedgehog carer in Brighton told me that the local university had radio-tracked three of his hedgehogs. One survived over the fortnight they were followed, one lost its receiver, and the third hog needed to be rescued twice: first from a ditch, then a drain. The third time he was found, he was dead on the road. The carer said that, after this experience, he preferred not to know what happened to the hogs he looked after, as he worried that he would just give up. A study of hedgehogs conducted by Nigel Reeve found that of 10 re-released hedgehogs who retained their tracking devices, only three were alive at fifteen weeks. While one seemed to have just failed to thrive, the other six deaths were all human-related accidents: four road deaths, one drowned in a pond, and the other killed by a domestic dog (Reeve 1998).

This is of course not to idealize an idea of a nonurban life for hedgehogs. Hedgehogs get stuck in bushes without the help of humans, badgers can't always be avoided, and wild-gathering one's food has its lean times. As noted in chapter 2, there's currently not much of a choice for such lifeways, with farmland increasingly becoming "an ecological desert" as Hugh Warwick often pointed out in his highly popular hedgehog talks given to groups around the country. Certainly, hedgehog numbers in rural areas have plummeted (Warwick 2014). Thus, despite the inherent dangers of cohabiting with humans in urban and semi-urban areas, it seems that making a living near humans is hedgehogs' best chance of survival in the UK.

THE SADNESS OF (DIS)CONNECTION

The ubiquity of roads and impermeable fencing makes overcoming such urban splintering difficult. While many urban critters are relatively successful in permeating property boundaries, hedgehogs, lacking the ninja talents of foxes or the brute tunneling force of badgers, are often forced to respect human claims to private property. Hogs need holes in fences. And such holes need to be widespread in order for them to make a difference to hedgehogs—even just one blocked fence in a row of houses can stop a hedgehog from accessing any of the potentially lush gardens beyond the impasse. Giving hedgehogs the space to roam requires human connection.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

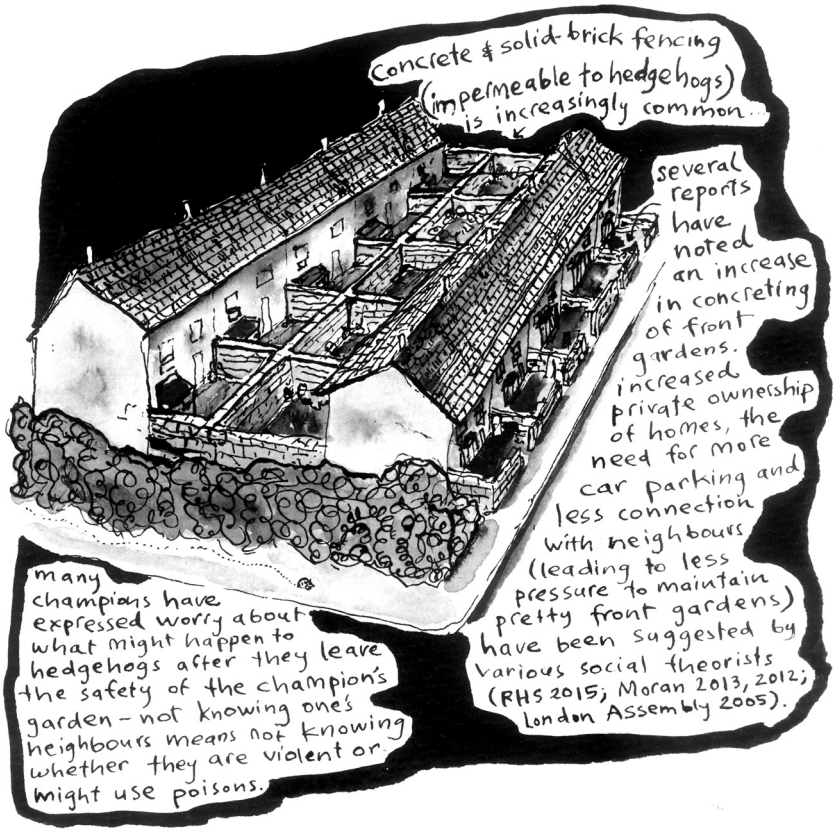

Concrete & solid brick fencing (impermeable to hedgehogs) is increasingly common...
several reports have noted an increase in concreting of front gardens. increased private ownership of homes, the need for more car parking and less connection with neighbours (leading to less pressure to maintain pretty front gardens) have been suggested by various social theorists (RHS 2015; Moran 2013, 2012; London Assembly 2005).
many champions have expressed worry about what might happen to hedgehogs after they leave the safety of the champion's garden – not knowing one's neighbours means not knowing whether they are violent or might use poisons.

Figure 3.5

Linking properties through putting holes in fences is a major emphasis of all hedgehog conservation campaigns. However, social disconnection between neighbors makes breaking down these physical barriers very difficult.

Other aspects of making safe spaces for hedgehogs also require wide-scale coordination. Due to hedgehogs' penchant for chewing on the oddly scented, hogs are particularly likely to find poisons and ingest them. The cushioned layer under their spikes makes tumbling a reasonable way for a hedgehog to get down slopes, but it also makes hogs less avoidant of urban hazards: as noted in chapter 2, it seems that if there is a drain, a hedgehog will get stuck in it. Hedgehogs' spikiness also renders even apparently innocuous rubbish deadly. An empty crisp[4] packet can fatally entrap a hedgehog as their spikes

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

stick fast in these commonplace foil pockets, stopping the hogs from moving backward. In a case from Weston-Super-Mare, a town two hours southwest of Bristol by bike, it famously took six people to extract a hedgehog from a crisp packet (SWNS Reporter 2012).[5] Despite the charm of such tales of bumbling hogs and human willingness to go to extremes to assist them, hedgehogs do regularly die and suffer greatly from contact with rubbish. This is a matter to which rehabilitators, who often end up treating litter-wounded hogs, readily attest. Common rubbish-induced deaths involve suffocation, starvation, or strangulation in various forms of plastics—cups, bottles, netting, and six-pack rings. Becoming entangled in such rubbish can also cause the loss of limbs or the gradual wearing away of flesh, leading to the formation of open wounds, which can lead to death by fly strike.

In addressing these problems, many hedgehog champions are only too aware that collective responses are required. Without a broader mobilization, hog-friendly offerings such as a hole in a fence, a pesticide-free garden, or a back garden without litter remain lonely and of limited benefit to hedgehog survival. There are, however, taboos against speaking of the political and economic structures that make life difficult for hogs. Hugh Warwick told me about a TV interview in which he let such fundamental concerns slip:

> And [the interviewer] said, "so, you've explained about the holes in your fences, your compost heap, all this garden stuff. But seriously, if we seriously want to save the hedgehog in this country, what do we need to do?"
>
> And I did that thing which you're not supposed to do. I just answered it without thinking. I said, "oh, we need to dismantle industrial capitalism."
>
> And—you know—the blood drained from her face. But it was a pre-record so it was edited out. But it was that moment of, I nearly said that thing you're not allowed to say.

Although Hugh continues working fiercely and charismatically to encourage people to make the individual changes that can help hedgehogs, he told me that, in his "more depressed, melancholy state," he worried that, without addressing the systemic problems, this work might not be enough: "We're tinkering with the problem because we can't deal with the real issue, and maybe it's that if we keep tinkering long enough we might keep things from going down,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

but it's unlikely." Here, while the accumulation of our individual micro-actions makes us culpable in the demise of hogs, without collectives or other forms of structural amplification, our actions are unable to change things.

As I got to know people, a sense of hopelessness became increasingly apparent in instances where people did not have the support of broader collectives. In one interview, Xuela, a hedgehog champion who, like Tracey, was a resident of "muesli mountain," regaled me with hilarious tales of hedgehog antics (including one story of a partially-sighted hedgehog who could climb vertically by squashing himself between a pot and wall and shunting upward, spider-man style). At the end of an hour or so of enthusiastic hedgehog chat interspersed with tales of trees being cut down and seas polluted, I asked Xuela what her hopes were for the future. She replied: "Does it surprise you that I have a rather apocalyptic view?" She continued:

> I see it with every tiny little planning permission thing. And it's like, please don't do that because newts live there. And people will laugh at the newt campaign lobby people, and they'll go, oh no, but we need housing, or we need this, or we need that, or we need jobs. Every single time anybody tries to stand up for anybody else, their needs are over-written by *our* needs.[6]

While noting the importance of the needs of struggling humans, Xuela lamented the tendency to let other species do the suffering in order to keep our world going according to the status quo. This was a violence that Xuela longed to be challenging, but identified herself as being a part of:

> It's this world domination that we have, it's somebody else—you know, some little mollusc somewhere, or the Great Barrier Reef is paying for us to do it. It's not good. But in the meantime, obviously, I'm still buying stuff, still drinking coffee, still purchasing. Still living my life. Not guilt free at all—I'm not living off grid. I'm fairly opted into standard life.

The Uses of Sadness

Xuela apologized to me for bringing the tone of our interview down. Certainly, the tone had shifted and—as we finished our coffees in the small vegetarian café in which we did the interview—I had felt a strong urge to say something to cheer things up. Pointing out the realities of one's participation in systemic

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

violence from which there is no obvious escape is a definite downer. Hugh, too, had apologized for being "depressing." Other champions, on noting the immensity of the change needed had either apologized for the drop in mood or, like myself and my vicar friend, had attempted to cheer ourselves up by shifting the blame to a more obvious baddie, like developers.

And yet, while the sadness is awkward, it may be just the feeling needed to deal with such structural problems. As Sara Ahmed notes, rather than leading toward despair, or inaction, the sadness of recognizing the hopelessness of the path one is on may instead lead to one being "prepared to be undone" (2010, 246). In this, sadness and other "negative" emotions might be key for changing direction. Bonanno argues that, as painful and vulnerable as sadness can be, it has a vital role to play in helping us to orient attentively to our lives through "turning our attention inward so that we can take stock, reflect and adjust" (2019, 31). Rather than leading to inaction or despair, sadness seems to bring sufficiently clear and brave awareness that one might recognize, however reluctantly, what it is that one needs to farewell in order that other treasured things might have a chance to survive.

A number of studies of subjects in industrialized Western nations suggest that sadness is also oddly bold and clear-thinking for a mood often framed as weak.[7] Unlike the regime-strengthening nature of compulsory optimism (Ehrenreich 2010), sadness and other "negative" emotions might be key for changing direction, even leading to increased creativity in problem-solving strategies (Gerrards-Hesse et al. 1994). Several clinical psychological studies have suggested that "with sadness comes accuracy" (Storbeck and Clore 2005). For example, people who have become sad through being exposed to sad films or music tend to become more detail-oriented and make fewer mistakes in remembering things (Bonanno 2009). People induced to feel sad in a clinical setting also put greater time and effort into tasks (Melton 1995, 792) were more resistant to stereotypes about others than people reporting anger or happiness (Storbeck and Clore 2005); and less likely than people who were angry to blame other people for ambiguous events, and more likely to identify structural causes (Keltner et al. 1993).

It may be that sadness is also an important mood for countering disconnection and isolation. Psychologist Per Espen Stoknes has responded to the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

growing ecological sadness among his patients by wondering what it might do to lean into such feelings of hurt and vulnerability without falling into the temptation to avoid the hurt by transforming it into blame or attempting to ignore it entirely (2015). Stoknes argues that sadness might help to forge community amongst those touched by the grief, suggesting that "Contact with the pain of the world, however, does not only bring grief but can also open the heart to reach out to all things still living" (2015 np). John Riker argues that this sadness lets us "know how much another person or thing has meant to us" while also "signalling to others that we are not well and are in need of compensating bonding" (1991, 98). Sadness draws others to us and tends to bring out others' caring responses (Riker 1991, 30). In this way, the powerful pull of another's sadness can, at times, feel almost manipulative. Yet such a power to draw others is also part of the radical vulnerability of sadness, its potential to encourage connection.

Sadness does seem to require particular social support to be effective. In one study, observers ascribed lower status to sad than angry subjects (Tiedens 2001). Studies of sadness among children variously suggest that having an audience receptive to the emotion is vital for children being willing to express it (Zeman and Garber 1996), and that willingness to express sadness was also associated with greater parental support and household stability than "externalizing" feelings such as anger (Prout et al. 2019). Such "externalizing" feelings may, however, at times be vital for social change (Carter 2013; Kulkarni 2023; Lehr 1995). In systems without mutual recognition, indignance, anger, and rage are likely to be more effective than sadness for making change (Cherry 2021). As Dalia Rodriquez and Afua Boahene note, rage is "a necessary part of achieving critical consciousness," particularly in climates marked by racism (2012, 450). I am convinced that sadness can be powerful, but it only has the possibility of encouraging solidarity and connection when all people involved are already recognized as mattering.

Sadness in/of the Margins

While sadness was present in nearly all my interviews—emerging in quiet moments of wondering how on earth things could possibly be made okay for hedgehogs—such sadness was often discouraged in conservation worlds.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Indeed, making space for sadness is deeply awkward and can lead to alienation. Thinking with the figure of the feminist "killjoy," Sara Ahmed writes that those who expose the hidden bad feelings, who raise consciousness about the structures which cause unhappiness, can be viewed as the cause of the unhappiness (2010, 66).

Within interactions in my various field sites, sadness and the mobilization it would demand of us was often swept up into hope or, more simply, avoided. One day while I was working at Prickles Hedgehog Rescue, a couple came in to pick up five hedgehogs they'd dropped off and who were now big and well enough to be released. One of the other volunteers asked whether they would paint little marks on their backs to make the hogs recognizable and thus possible to keep track of. "Oh no," they replied, "we never do that, there's just too much worry involved. You just never know what your neighbors are up to." We all went quiet for a moment. Another volunteer picked up on the rising, quiet sadness in the room and jumped in to take us back to the positive—"well, amazing that all these five made it—that's the whole litter that survived then, isn't it?" It was, and we congratulated each other on a job well done.

Another day, over coffee, Mike (a driver who picked up and dropped off hedgehogs from all over the county), Kay (a fellow carer), and myself, were considering an instance in which a woman had been resistant to taking back a hedgehog that had come in from her property. As the story went, although she loved hedgehogs and had brought this wild hog in for treatment, she didn't want the hog back due to her concern about all the roads that surrounded her property. "Tell me somewhere that doesn't have roads," Mike had replied, and managed to convince her to take the hog back. Kay and I nodded and looked at Mike. "It's everywhere, isn't it?" Kay said, referring to the general sense of threat that faced hedgehogs. We wondered how on earth they could make it within the crisscross of roads we found ourselves in, surrounded by poisons and pesticides and litter. Kay's eyes and mine welled up and we did the thing the two of us have often done, gently batting our hands downward toward our eyes, as if fanning away pesky flies of sadness while smiling warm, apologetic smiles. "Puppies," I said. "Let's talk about puppies, they're nice." Kay laughed and the conversation drifted into cheerier realms of upcoming visits from

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

friends. For fear of making others sad, these concerns, these cares in trouble are dismissed. Sad is awkward and gets tidied away. Revolution forestalled.

Public conservation messages also tended to end on upbeat notes, with audiences urged to keep our chins up. In the final lecture of the 2015 Bristol Coleridge Lectures, a series with the theme "Radical Green," Melissa Harrison followed the wildlife thriving in an imagined British any-city. Within this, Harrison specifically addressed the decline of hedgehogs, and warned the audience against giving up:

> So when you glance at the news websites, as you do while eating your lunch, and you see something about hedgehogs perhaps becoming extinct within your lifetime, and it brings you up short for a moment because you remember them from childhood and surely they can't just go like that, can they? But you try to think when you last saw one, but you can't, and that familiar sadness comes over you, mixed with guilt and helplessness at everything we're losing. When that happens, think of those urban nature reserves, and think of your sparrow hawk, because the greatest threat to living things—*by far*—is believing that their loss is inevitable (Harrison 2015).

In her engaging talk, Harrison urged that, instead, we celebrate the sparrowhawks, which recently returned to Bristol city, as a model for future hedgehog success. Yet sparrowhawks and their prey move between individual gardens in a way that hedgehogs cannot.

Here, and elsewhere in conservation discourse, there is a need to carefully distinguish sadness from passivity, resignation, or giving up. Mark Hersgaard has argued that while fear is both an understandable, and perhaps even useful, response to climate change, despair is paralyzing. He argues that it is thus an active practice of hope that is needed (Herzgaard 2013, 8). However, sadness is not despair. Indeed, sadness might have a role to play in well-functioning hope. Ben Anderson argues that, in contrast with optimism, hope is based in critical evaluation of the here and now and the commitment to work toward something better (2006b, 705). Also working to decouple hope and optimism, Leslie Head argues for rethinking hope as practical action, a gritty keeping-on-going, a continuing to work for the futures one wants even when things are bleak, a practice rather than an affect (2016, 22). With such a framing of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hope as useful action, sadness, and the clear evaluations it offers, may be a vital part of the work of sustaining practical hope.

A feeling closely related to sadness, grief also seems to have an important place in ecological care. However, there are important differences between these feelings. Demanding that one assume a new orientation to the world after deep loss, grief is a potentially vital emotion for our current times (Attig 1996). Riker writes that, in grief, sadness is mixed with anger, urging us to rail against the beloved lost thing (1991, 109). Some psychologists have argued that this element of anger is vital for escaping the stuckness of melancholia, through pulling one's energies back from the lost object and reintegrating them into one's self (Deutscher 1999). Per Espen Stoknes (2005) similarly argues that, by moving through grief, we are able to become open to change.

While all of these feelings—rising and moving and sometimes getting stuck during the course of environmental work—have their place, sadness, I have become convinced, offers something particular. While closely related to grief, mourning and sorrow, without the tones of anger that these feelings of movement and change necessarily contain, the very stillness of sadness seems to offer something else. It holds a curious tension: the acceptance of what is while simultaneously regretting that it is so. A sense of "I don't like this" held at the same time as "and yet, for now, it is so." Within nonviolent communication frameworks, sadness is considered to be the pain of regret or mourning when freed from either guilt or blame: an almost-sweet pain of being with and accepting what is (Rosenberg 2005, 62–4). Timothy Morton has argued that sadness is the psychic space needed to accept the very great troubles facing our planet—and the reality of our own participation in them—without sliding off into denial and self-protection, blame, shame, or guilt (2012, 18). Perhaps that is why sadness is linked to slow, thoughtful creativity—that, in sadness, without the (albeit sometimes useful) reductions that can come with anger or blame, possible solutions must hold a greater complexity.

Increasingly, I wonder whether it is this radical potential of sadness—the ways in which it seems able to support the reality of one's implication in our times and to encourage responsibility—that makes it such an uncomfortable feeling. It seems to me that sitting with sadness about the situation of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hedgehogs takes me out of too-easy blaming of others and into the painful awareness that, if we love creatures like the hedgehog, and we want them to stay around, then something will have to shift, perhaps the very ways of life that we are part of and also deeply attached to. In this way, sadness, far from being weak, seems to offer a powerful challenge to the order of things as they are.

And yet, despite my increasing appreciation of the potential of sadness, I repeatedly found myself getting swept up into upbeat conservation messaging. At public engagement events with Yate-based hedgehog rehabilitator Yvonne Cox, as discussed in chapter 2, we largely spent our days giving out pamphlets from the British Hedgehog Preservation Society and Hedgehog Street, telling people about the little things they could do for hogs, how they could stop using rat and slug poisons, and how letting a corner of one's garden go wild really helps. When people asked about how to attract hogs to their gardens, we pointed out the necessity of one's neighbor also connecting to their neighbor, and so on, down the street. But if people's faces dropped at the realization of the extent of connectivity required, or at the threats offered by problem neighbors on their block, I would quickly backtrack on the necessity of connection, adding: "Only if you can." I might suggest that a leaflet drop could help persuade neighbors, but I rarely mentioned the three 18-hole golf courses of contiguous land that hog populations require. We worked hard to keep people feeling positive but, returning home, I would feel desolate about hedgehogs' increasingly meagre, often impossible, lives.

ANTHROPOCENE SADNESS

It's hard to escape our entanglements. Indeed, even for those who care the most, extraction from that which harms hedgehogs seemed impossible. Yvonne was often asked to give talks to children in primary schools about what could be done to help hedgehogs. I saw Yvonne's engaging performance several times—a talk that never failed to hold children spellbound as she explained about the habits of hogs, what they need, and why they're struggling. Using small soft toy hogs to demonstrate, Yvonne would explain many

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 3.6

Something of the entanglements of hedgehog care worlds—the cares that kill but also deliver supplies and transport needy hogs; the rubbish and chemicals that poison and clean; and the industrial farming that both feeds and starves hedgehogs.

of the ways that we accidentally kill and harm hedgehogs, a part of the talk that at times got a little confronting. Once, two seven-year-old children grabbed each another's arms, clinging to one another as Yvonne told stories of how hedgehogs get stuck and stabbed and squashed in our worlds. Continuing, Yvonne would explain everything that needed to be done to one's rubbish in order to make it hedgehog friendly. Yogurt containers need to be cut in half—crisp packets, too. Cans need to be washed and crushed so that

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 3.7
Props for Yvonne's talk on threats for hedgehogs.

hogs can't get in and get stuck. Drink cans are never okay, as hedgehogs will push their noses into them and get cut. And recycling or putting things in bins doesn't mean that hedgehogs won't find them—hogs go to the dump and can clamber into recycling crates, too. In Bristol, they even get stuck in the netting used to cover such crates. Yvonne had been petitioning the Bristol City Council on just this matter but, as yet, to no avail.

One day, back at Yvonne's house after just such a talk, she was as busy as ever with the work of rehabilitating poisoned, injured, and emaciated hogs. As usual, there were hogs' cages to clean out, medications to administer, releases to organize, funds to raise, and twice-daily feedings to oversee. And there was rubbish to process. As Yvonne and I carried her recycling bins out to the curb, she acknowledged sadly that, at times, she just couldn't keep up with all of the processing needed to make rubbish safe for hogs—although, when she

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

could, she still crushed cans and cut crisp packets and yogurt containers in half. Yvonne explained that it was just impossible to always do all of this in addition to looking after all the hedgehogs in her care as well as her business and family responsibilities; sometimes, something's got to give. Together, we put the recycling out, but rubbish remained on our minds. Musing on the amount of plastic everywhere, not only injuring the hedgehogs who got caught up in it, but also getting into waterways and becoming part of all sorts of aquatic life (and death), Yvonne added, "I just wonder how they will ever survive."

Indeed, it seemed that, despite the micro-nature of our individual guilts in such massively distributed problems, extracting ourselves from implication in hedgehog deaths was almost impossible. To avoid using plastics, cans, crisp packets, elastic bands, to not eat anything that has involved laying down poisons, to live without daily contact with roads and drains seemed almost unimaginable, as much as we might wish to not be implicated in the demise of hogs. Systems geared toward disposability are remarkably difficult to avoid (Liboiron 2021). In a similar mode to the tendency of many human hospitals to generate high levels of plastic waste (along with other pollutants), within hedgehog rehabilitation, the prioritization of the immediate needs of suffering hogs led to potential environmental harm for other hedgehogs. Although I was cognizant of these potential harms during my fieldwork as a rehabilitation assistant, the needs of hedgehogs in front of me always called most strongly, and I would find myself throwing a syringe into a bin or adding yet another plastic bag of waste to go to the tip. In this way, hedgehog rehabilitation finds itself deeply tied into sustaining the infrastructures that harm hedgehogs. Rehabilitation work as it currently stands relies on the use of the cars that kill but also deliver supplies and transport needy hogs, makes use of products that clean and heal but also poison and pollute, and participates in the broader ecology of industrial farming that both feeds and starves hedgehogs (figure 3.6). Even as we did our best to solve and cure the troubles that hedgehogs face, our actions were part of the broader world that harms them.

In his article, "The Unbearable Lightness of Green," Greg Garrard riffs on novelist Milan Kundera's consideration of the insignificance of individual lives in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (1984). Through considering the troubles

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

of apparent insignificance and the need to find weight, Garrard wonders at the challenges of climate change, in which one faces both "the communal weight and individual insignificance" of one's actions (2013). Yet, Garrard notes that this lightness is simultaneously overwhelming, in that everything one does, "switching lights off, eating air-freighted green beans and accepting a pay rise," becomes both heavily morally weighted and yet apparently insignificant due to both the scale of the problem and its unpredictability (2013, 185). Simultaneously, one's every act matters and none of one's acts matter.

Urges to imagine oneself as "pure" and blameless may be understandable attempts to avoid the guilt of culpability. My own purity tendencies emerged most strongly in the puffed-up self-righteousness I feel when able to lay blame on Thatcherite economics for the troubles of hedgehogs. During my interview with Hugh Warwick, for example, he commented that, even though people everywhere are saying "I haven't seen a hedgehog in the past two years," new hedgehog research shows it's not two years ago that we need to look for the culprit, it's twenty years ago, thirty years ago, when the minimum viable habitats were broken up. Studies are showing, Hugh told me, that it can take decades for the population decline caused by these splinterings to become apparent. "Twenty, thirty years?" I thought while listening to the interview again—"perfect!" I skipped home to tell Paul, who straight away jumped on the same possibility: namely, that the trouble that arose in the UK twenty or thirty years ago was neoliberal economics. We reasoned that while Thatcher got into power in 1979, it probably took a while for her scare-mongering policies to be enacted on the urban landscape. We imagined writing *Guardian* articles,[8] exposing the *true* hedgehog murderer—not the badgers, not the foxes, but neoliberal reforms. It felt oddly nice to blame neoliberal reforms from a position of imagining oneself as entirely separate from them.

Certainly, neoliberal reforms *do* seem to have increased both the numbers of impermeable walls protecting private property and the tendency to concrete over one's front garden to make space for second cars (Low and Heyden 2015). But if I can drop the armor of imagining neoliberal capitalism as a bounded entity from which I can stand separate, I settle from the high of my rage into the uncomfortable, sad truth that—as much as I might desire otherwise—I am part of this economic system. Myself and those I love live in homes with

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

paved-over front lawns, eat the produce of the "ecological desert" farms, and enjoy cheap goods enabled through environmental harm. Even the hedgehog-friendly slug pellets swearing not to harm anyone except for slugs come from the organic store down the road that pays rates to the council which, in turn, has plans to extend a road through known hedgehog territories to make a new bus lane. We are part of the trouble even if we are *Guardian* readers who give money to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Yet, despite these realities, the lure of purity lingers, the image of ourselves as pure and fundamentally separate from the bad we would fight. Being able to be with sadness—to hold reality without getting stuck in either blame or guilt—may be vital to being with the reality of our times.

THE BEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BECOMING

Yet, the impossibility of extraction from connection only becomes a hopelessness if what one is looking for is a heroic solution. We cannot—as the individualistic, hero-actors we are encouraged to be—make what needs to happen, happen (Lee 2013, 10; Summers-Effler 2010). Responding to our large-scale troubles requires that one instead operate with—as O'Sullivan and Taylor argue—"a systemic awareness and the courage to engage wholeheartedly as some of many participants" (2004, 2). And, as this section will suggest, coming together to act for environmental healing may at times feel surprisingly light—perhaps just as light as the damages that we participate in.

Making connected change however, can be hard. While champions commonly collaborate with a wild range of more-than-human beings—including plants, insects, and rot—to make hog-friendly back gardens, collaborating with other humans can be more of a challenge. A 2014 survey of champions run by Hedgehog Street showed that, of the 4,000 who responded, fewer than 50 had managed to connect more than two gardens in a row. In 2023, there were over 120,000 champions and around 18,500 holes currently logged on Hedgehog Street's Big Hedgehog Map. As I had found with my own neighbor, connecting sufficiently to even one other person to make such a change is difficult work.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Yet a number of collectivizing moves were taking place. Actions making small yet hopeful shifts included the work of Laura Batt, whose long-term work of championing seemed to be a source of delight (both for her and those around her). Her educational hedgehog-themed neighborhood coffee and cake parties not only raised money for Prickles Hedgehog Rescue, but through such afternoons, she was also doing the transformative work of both educating neighbors about hedgehogs' needs as well as, perhaps even more transformatively, helping to connect people to one another.

But there are other ways of thinking about collectives that don't require cultural shifts to neighborhood party levels of gregariousness. One small success in the world of British hedgehog conservation was based on remarkably nonspectacular yet effective collective action. The McFlurry—a sweet frozen dessert—comes in a plastic cup with a fitted lid. A regular McFlurry lid has a wide opening to accommodate a large spoon—a size that was also just the right size to trap the head of a hedgehog (British Hedgehog Preservation Society 2006). Smelling the sweet leftovers in discarded McFlurry containers, hogs would squeeze their heads through the lids only to find that, due to their spikes, they could not pull their heads back out. Such hogs often died of dehydration. In the face of this, the British Hedgehog Preservation Society quietly mobilized. The organization's newsletter and supporting website sent out instructions to the 12,000-strong group: they were encouraged to write letters to McDonalds en masse, complaining politely, "without foul language, threats, or sarcasm" (Lean 2006). The campaign wasn't particularly fast: letters were sent over a period of five years. However, finally, in 2006, McDonald's relented, invested an undisclosed sum in design tests, and soon released the new McFlurry container, designed with a reduced hole in the lid that meant that the majority of hedgehogs would not be able to push their heads into the cup.

Such a happening is by no stretch spectacular: all that occurred was that a small change was made to the lid of a disposable ice cream container. Furthermore, that change has not been perfect. The cups are still plastic and many are, presumably, still thrown into landfill. Small hogs do still get caught: McFlurry lids need to have a hole big enough for a spoon, which means that, even with

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the smallest hole possible, the gap is still big enough for baby hedgehogs to get stuck. However, many hedgehogs have been saved through this quiet mobilization of British Hedgehog Preservation Society members, in what Geoffrey Lean, environment writer for *The Independent*, called "one of the most genteel campaigns in conservation history." A small but life-saving change emerged from this mass letter-writing campaign (2006).

How such actions come together successfully, however, is difficult to chart. As Jane Bennett notes, the question of precisely what agency is—whether human or otherwise—is deeply mysterious (2010, 34). It is also hard to know precisely how such things come about, with stories of success and change commonly told backward from the event to the potentials one imagines may have mattered, rather than the other way around (Bennett 2010, 33–34). All the same, a range of affective, human, and infrastructural conditions allowing for mobilization can be identified (Ahmed 2010; Lee 2013). In this, returning to the original French term *agencement* in place of the typical translation of "assemblage," is potentially helpful: an *agencement* is not just a collective of things but, rather, a moment of arrangement that creates a particular agency (Müller 2015, 28).

In joining with others in such ways, one can find oneself yet again within a distributed agency. However, in stark contrast to the everyday harms that we find ourselves part of—where one's action seems too small to possibly hurt, yet it participates in a greater harm—here, one's contribution can seem too small to have ever been a help. And yet such acts participate in a small change that matters. Within such coordinated action, the action of one person can seem almost impossibly light: who knows which letter or which telephone call over those five years finally led McDonalds to relent and change their packaging? And, indeed, in such an action, it makes little sense to think about individual acts. Such agency is not that of the heroic in which an individual is "the" agent of change. Rather, it is the power of being one of many ants, working separately but together to make a remarkable something, the magic of being a nail in a bed of so many nails that the bed can somehow be stood on.

Of course, this is nothing new. Joining a union is a tried-and-trued way of bringing about change. Such ideas of collective power, though, tend to focus

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

on our collaborations with other humans, rather than the more than human forces—animal, mineral, and vegetal—with whom we make our lives, for better or for worse. A key part of this particular *agencement* was the infrastructure that supported it. The McDonalds McFlurry action rested on a community of humans and hogs and infrastructure that had already been brought together, creating a potential for such action. And creating such conditions of possibility is by no means light work: an immense amount of work was done to set up the infrastructure that enabled this mobilization. The Society itself was set up in 1982 to encourage respect for hogs, to support research and education about hedgehogs and their needs, as well as to offer support and guidance to hog rehabilitators. This organization—and its potential for supporting mobilization—was supported through the work of volunteers and employees maintaining the mailing lists, fundraising, and planning of events to keep people connected. For anyone who has been at the apparent helm of organizing an action, there is the immense frustration of realizing that one is not in control in an easy way. Although huge amounts of individual time and effort are invested in creating the potential for such mobilizations, one ultimately acts in concert with many other forces, human and more-than-human.

Learning to participate differently in the structures one is part of may require learning to feel differently about agency. Just as our contribution to the massive forces we would rather not be part of is both impossibly light and heavy, so too is our potential "positive" participation in diffuse and multiagential forms of power difficult to comprehend. In contrast to Kundera's use of Nietzsche's eternal return to lament the insignificance of being, in attending to the desire and realities of connection, Rosi Braidotti celebrates "the bearable lightness of becoming" (2006, 191). In this, Braidotti argues that the challenge of the ethical is to transform negative into positive passions "through encounters and minglings with other bodies, entities, beings and forces" (2006, 163). One cannot be "the" hero but, rather, can take a more active part in recognizing the larger collectives of which one is a part (Shotwell 2016, 203). While one cannot, oneself, will such collective happenings, one can connect with other agents in order to create new potentials for action.

Timothy Morton suggests that the implicated nature of our times means that "[d]epression is the most accurate way of experiencing the current

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

ecological disaster. It's better than wishful thinking" (Morton 2010, 171–172). While depression is surely understandable, I neither wish to encourage such unrelenting sadness, nor do I think it is as Morton states. My time with hedgehog champions has led me to think of sadness as a vital juncture for the move toward affirmative, collective action. Spinozist-toned scholars including Braidotti emphasize joy as the affect that supports generativity (Braidotti et al. 2018). I suspect that recognizing the sadness of certain actions, and moving toward actions that feel good, even if limited and small, can be a useful path toward affirmative ethics and collective action. And perhaps even joy. Seeing that we are inherently implicated—for apparent good or ill—destroys fantasies that we might ever be able to extract ourselves from what is emerging around us. However, it might just be that in seeing oneself as being part of the trouble, one can begin to get to work in more helpful ways (Haraway 2016).

Ideologies of purism are, ultimately, Alexis Shotwell argues, "a decollectivizing, de-mobilizing, paradoxical politics of despair" (2016, 9). Acting within implication—which is, indeed, the only way we can act (or be)—we find ourselves necessarily compromised and making compromises (2016, 9). Recognizing and reworking the connections that one is already part of has the possibility for new mobilizations with both more-than-human and human others, while also having implications for the sad loneliness that some have argued to be the mood of our times (Franklin 2009; Victor and Yang 2012). Despite apparent dislocation and disconnection, we are always working in concert with others. Even when we are not a member of official organizations like the British Hedgehog Preservation Society, we are still participating in broader collaborations, caring for infrastructures and particular lifeways, even when we would rather not. While the logics of neoliberal capitalism would have us thinking that we act as individuals, in reality, immense political and material structures have us acting in collectively consumerist ways: policies, architectures, and economic structures pull us into particular collectives. But other, more life-giving, collectives are also possible. Rather than a question of individualism versus collectives, it is thus one of attending to which others we are joining with, and how. And, since my fieldwork, new

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

potentials have been created. Hedgehog Street, for example, has produced guidelines for developers, encouraging them to put holes in fences when they build. A new letter-writing campaign launched in 2023, one focused on getting fencing companies to manufacture fencing with hedgehog holes already cut in—an apparently simple "upstream" move that could have important impacts on urban landscape permeability for hogs. Among a range of new environmental protections, the 2021 Environment Act passed by the UK Government requires developers to actively assess impacts on hedgehogs and to avoid damaging foraging resources, nesting sites, and commuting routes. All of these possibilities are deeply implicated, yet they do offer a move out of the deep sadness of acting alone.

Although none of these actions seek to bring down capitalism, forming cycle collectives, campaigns for car-less streets, hosting hedgehog-friendly tea parties, and lobbying local councils and governments for hedgehog-friendly building design, all offer possible reconfigurations of relationships that could have benefits for hedgehogs. All such collaborations also mean subtle changes in ourselves as we become-together in new relationships with others. There are, of course, never any guarantees—with which actants (Human? Other-than-human animal? Architectures? Forces unknown?) might we come to work, and to what ends? As Shotwell argues, in operating collectively in the space of the ordinary and local, "one might allow the kind of joy in daunting circumstances that allow[s] us to work on changing the world" (2016, 201). Such joys to me are the promise of sadness taken seriously—of sadness listened to and acted upon and transformed through turning from the lonely actions to finding collective movement, however impure it might be.

CARE FORMATIONS AND IMPLICATED CARES

Without dismissing the importance of other feelings—with outrage being vital for system change, grief needed for processing all the loss of our current times, and joy and delight for somehow keeping on going in our current times—my time with hedgehog champions has made me consider the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

possible wisdom and strength in sadness. While guilt is an understandable response to the recognition of our role in the current ecological crisis, it also renders one curiously passive within the unfolding plot. Anger and related feelings, make sense, and seem to be particularly vital when one is faced with a lack of safety or of recognition. However, as sometimes-necessary modes of orienting to the world, they also tend to shrink one's sense of openness to context. Sadness, however, may offer a potential change of script, offering vulnerability and openness to connect and to change. Although sadness has little public platform in conservation, or in change-making more generally, its warm vulnerability and awareness of our interconnection quietly animates hedgehog championing. There is something mysterious in these strange melting connections, some promise of a radical but as-yet-undetermined reorientation to the world, the curious potential of a shared sigh. This openness to vital dissolution and change seems to be the alchemy that sadness offers. It is the reluctant acknowledgment that announces, "We can't go on as we are," "I can't fix this alone," and then waits, open, in the space where perhaps an open-hearted, "neither can I" might join. And who knows what could happen if such a feeling might catch.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was filling in at Prickles, Helen* came in to pick up her daughter. Helen's daughter was helping with hog care, and we had gone slightly past our planned finish time. Helen was tall and elegant and warm and we started chatting as I was loading the dishwasher with the hogs' dirty dishes. Three or four of the forty hogs in care still needed their crates cleaned, but there were three other carers about so, feeling drawn to Helen, I allowed myself to linger with her, abandoning the other humans to the practical work of caring. Helen told me about several hogs who visited her back garden, and together we enthused about the many surprises of living near hedgehogs. She told me that, despite what the textbooks say, the hogs who visit her really aren't all that solitary, and that she often finds hers sharing nests, a habit that challenges what experts say about hedgehog lives. It was, she said, a true privilege to have them visiting, a delight to be learning about them. She said that, at night, she and her daughter, and sometimes her husband, all keep an eye out for them. "It's just magic having them visit," she said. Helen went quiet for a moment and then, softly and warmly, said that if there weren't any

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

foxes or birds or hedgehogs, no animals about to fill the world with such wonder, she wouldn't want to live. She paused. "Life would just be too empty." I felt my heart catch and our eyes both brimmed with tears. I slowly nodded my agreement, and found myself smiling a small sad smile that I forced down at the corners. Helen sadly smiled back. I wiped my eyes. My heart had gone to liquid, and it felt like anything could happen.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 4.1
A sketch based on Yuriy Norshteyn's 1975 film *Hedgehog-in-the-Fog*. This is the sort of pensive little hedgehog who helps keep my cares together.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

4 CAUTERIZING CARE AND SUSTAINING REHABILITATION

Each year in the UK, several thousand hedgehogs will spend some time in a hedgehog or wildlife rescue center, the majority receiving treatment for wounds and parasites. Orphaned hogs are fed until they are large and old enough to survive on their own and the odd pregnant hog, whose being out in the daytime (at times a symptom of pregnancy) can be mistaken for illness, will give birth in care. For some UK-based ecologists, the work of hedgehog rehabilitators raises concerns that some hogs may become captive to the needs of lonely and less-than-rigorous humans. Initially sharing such worries, I planned to avoid studying care centers. However, in focusing on hedgehog champions and the free-roaming hogs moving through their back gardens, it became clear that the skills and labors of rehabilitators were a significant aspect of many hedgehog champions' experiences. While only some champions had sent hogs to rescues, all I spoke with had, at some stage, wondered whether or not to take an unwell-looking hog to a rehabilitator. Many champions expressed relief that there was someone who knew what to do, and who could take responsibility. It became apparent that rehabilitation centers were an important element of maintaining urban wilds. And, at the three centers I came to volunteer in, it also became clear that the work of rehabilitation was full of deeply careful work of protecting the wildness of hedgehogs. Following my own work as a trainee rehabilitator, this chapter attends to the balance of not gaining emotional fulfilment through animals—but still finding sufficient fulfilment to sustain the labors of caring.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

HEDGEHOG REHABILITATION IN THE SOUTH WEST

The UK hosts a large number of hedgehog rehabilitators, with over 800 registered hedgehog rehabilitators UK-wide, taking in sick and injured hedgehogs, and keeping over winter those who have been assessed to be too small to make it through hibernation (under 600 grams seems to be the most common standard for this).[1] The vast majority of care centers are small-scale operations, run by individuals or couples who are signed up with the British Hedgehog Preservation Society and who have the capacity to care for one or two hedgehogs at a time. Other operations, which tend to be run by small teams of volunteers—some of whom hog-care full time—might easily care for hundreds of hogs throughout the year. Nationwide, there are also dozens of multispecies wildlife centers that offer care for hedgehogs, typically seeing several hundred hogs a year, and some a great deal more than this. For example, the Vale Wildlife Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre sees between 700 and 1,000 each year, and St Tiggywinkles typically sees 3,000. These numbers are very high considering the relatively small population of hedgehogs in the UK, which is thought to be under a million. A loose, conservative estimate of 5,000 hogs entering care annually would suggest that, at some stage, one in every 200 hogs in the UK ends up in a care center. Due to memorable injuries or markings, some hogs in care are recognized as returning customers, but other return visits may well be overlooked. While exact numbers are uncertain, it is clear that rehabilitation plays a substantial role in the ecology of hedgehogs in the United Kingdom.

In comparison to other British animal species, hedgehogs seem to be particularly entangled in networks of rehabilitation. The large number of hedgehog-specific care centers in the UK is rivalled only by bird sanctuaries, of which there are also several hundred. Other species-specific animal rescues are scattered throughout the nation, but at much lower numbers, with fox, badger, bat, seal, otter, and terrapin rescues in either single or low double digits. Several factors seem to be at play in the existence of such a large number of hedgehog-specific rehabilitation centers, including British peoples' love of hogs and willingness to care for them (I have not yet, for example, found a UK rat rehabilitation center); hedgehogs' propensity for getting into trouble,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

whether by getting caught up in things, hit by things, or cut by things; their apparent tendency "to suffer from just about every infection going"; as well as the relative ease of spotting, catching, and handling hedgehogs.

While, at the time of this research, almost all rehabilitation work was done by people without veterinary training, all rehabilitators were required to work closely with a vet in order to be registered by the British Hedgehog Preservation Society. Many of the multispecies rescues had full- or part-time vets, with people who ran hog-only establishments tending to have vital but informal relationships with local vets. The sustainability of smaller rescues was often dependent on them finding a vet willing to donate their time for free, leaving the rescue organization to pay "only" for the drugs. Many smaller rescues ran on a combination of donations, occasional grants, and rehabilitators' own money.

While training was not mandatory in order to offer care to hedgehogs, it seems that the majority of carers had done some kind of training and it was encouraged both socially and financially. The British Hedgehog Preservation Society (BHPS) encouraged such training through paying a portion of the fees for the highly recommended Vale Wildlife Hospital "Hedgehog Basic First Aid, Care & Rehabilitation" day course—an offering extended to rehabilitators who had been listed on their directory of rehabilitators for a year or more. This course—of which I am a proud graduate—covered many of the most common hedgehog rehabilitation needs, including treating wounds, dealing with internal parasites, tick and maggot removal, analyzing poo samples, and giving injections of fluid and basic medications. When hogs were brought to rehabilitators by members of the public, clearly recognizable and treatable conditions were often dealt with directly, at times using drugs previously acquired from vets for other hogs.[2] For matters outside of this (such as broken bones and complex wounds), rehabilitators without an in-house veterinarian would take hedgehogs to their local vet, who would either euthanize the hog (which rehabilitators tend to refer to as being "put to sleep," or, even more commonly being "PTS") or operate and return the hog to the rehabilitator for any postoperative care or ongoing treatments.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

WILD CARES: THE LABORS OF KEEPING HEDGEHOGS WILD

For almost a year, I volunteered one day a week at Prickles Hedgehog Rescue in Cheddar, a hog-only center, staffed by fifty-something part-time volunteers and two full-time (but still volunteer) coordinators. During this time, I also spent my Wednesdays for around nine months at a large multispecies center, staffed mostly by paid rehabilitators but with some assistance from volunteers. While I spent many days doing education work with children at public events and in schools with hedgehog rehabilitator Yvonne Cox, I also spent several days assisting at Hedgehog Rescue in Yate, just out of Bristol, a rescue Yvonne runs and hosts out of a purpose-built hedgehog care unit in her back garden. While Yvonne is in sole charge of Yate Hedgehog Rescue, it was supported by a network of individual volunteer rehabilitators across the greater Bristol area. None of the three centers were open to public visits.

Daily rhythms in the different centers shared extensive commonalities. Each morning, hog crates needed to be cleaned out, hedgehogs weighed, and food and water added. Required medications would be administered. In the evening, fresh food and water would typically be supplied. The main difference between the centers was the style of the hogs' crates, whether the crates were disinfected during each clean-out (not unless necessary/obviously dirty for the multispecies center), and the preferred pattern for laying out newspaper. Throughout these interactions, the concept of "wildness" guided the respect-distances of rehabilitators' interactions with hog bodies.

Ensuring that animals to be released would avoid humans where possible was part of an explicit discourse of safety for both the released animals and for humans. While post-release studies are still relatively limited, with less than fifty percent of large rehabilitation centers monitoring released animals, the studies that do exist suggest that becoming adjusted to the presence of humans reduces survival rates of all native British mammals (Llewellyn 2003; Mullineaux 2014). Although hedgehogs do not tame easily, hedgehogs who are too bold and relaxed around humans have been found to have higher post-release mortality rates (Morris and Warwick 1994).

For hedgehogs, however, the question of tameness was somewhat subtle. At the care centers that I attended, a hog staying relaxed rather than balling-up

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

when handled was generally held to be a sign of both good hog-handling technique and a laid-back, comfortable hedgehog, rather than of a hog becoming tame. Although volunteer training didn't actively encourage learning to pick up hogs in such a way (and certainly I never saw anyone be frowned upon for causing a hedgehog to ball-up), in the absence of sedatives or general anesthetics (generally only available at veterinary clinics), being able to keep a hog relaxed was typically commended as being very handy for check-ups, allowing one to easily check for ticks and fleas or to monitor wound healing. However, hogs who had become so relaxed that they never, or very seldom, balled-up were generally considered a worry; although less so than hogs who actively came out to meet rehabilitators in the absence of food offerings. While I never met a hog who did such greetings, rehabilitators had all said such hogs were not fit for release.

Rehabilitators' sense of responsibility for releasing suitably "wild" creatures is also present in legal constructions of responsibility for wild releases in the UK. Under the Wildlife Act (1981), it is held that any animal to be released into the "wild" must have a good chance of survival. Such animals are also, for all intents and purposes, the responsibility of the person in whose care they are in—for the purposes of the legislation, the animal's "owner." A newly released animal is thus also representing their "owner's" skill through their performance (or lack of it) post-release. Such ownership also renders the rehabilitator liable, should the animal suffer unduly or cause damage due to improper rehabilitation.

Upon asking rehabilitators whether it was possible to undo taming they universally answered that it was potentially possible, but that methods of rewilding animals are unreliable. Moreover, considering the limits on resources, it was just too cost-and-labor intensive a program to undertake. Some also noted that it could be cruel (see also Collard 2014 on the violence of "untaming" wild animals rescued from the pet trade). Rehabilitators thus focused on the work of protecting against the establishment of too much connection or familiarity with the creatures in their care. An ongoing and active sense of physical and affective "holding back" (van Dooren 2015, 14) to maintain a sense of wildness or distance was thus a major concern of hedgehog rehabilitation.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Straining against Connection: "Fucking Cuddlers"

Alongside the threat of liability for tamed animals, social policing worked to maintain the requirements of wild distances. Particularly at the large multispecies center, stories of habituated animals who went on to cause havoc post-release served as regular cautions. Foxes were perhaps the biggest such worry, being notorious for easily becoming tame, but badgers and corvids were also particular concerns.[3] I heard stories of otters developing a taste for suburban swimming pools or dog baskets, of foxes going into humans' bedrooms, of badgers becoming as bold as house cats, entering into homes to eat cat biscuits from kitchen floors. Few holds were barred in speaking about rehabilitators who refused the discipline needed to care well for wild animals. At the center one day, a volunteer I hadn't met before was on her final day and came into the prep kitchen to say goodbye to the staff. We somehow all got chatting about a care assistant job available at another wild care institution. "I'd never go there," she said, "they're just a bunch of fucking cuddlers." I laughed for a good while, but alone: the warning was serious, and she elaborated with rumors of fawns being fed in the kitchen, of otters being named and hugged, and badgers sleeping in beds. The woman explained that many of these animals became tame and caused ongoing trouble after release or, otherwise, were not released at all but remained captive "education" animals. These norms were made clear at hedgehog-only centers too, with unacceptable rehabilitators being those who were "not in it for the animals," a state of selfish caring marked by those who held on to healed hogs for too long, or who unnecessarily cradled the hogs in their care. Such figures represented a similar taboo—that of gaining one's own emotional fulfilment through the animals, and of thus risking the wrong sort of attunement.

Avoiding becoming a "cuddler" was both a practice that concerned how one interacted with animals and, more generally, how one regarded the animals in one's care. This meant discipline. Refraining from unnecessary touching, as well as being efficient in one's routines, required that rehabilitators pre-plan how they weighed or checked or cleaned out a cage to minimize contact. Curtailing enjoyment of cuteness was also important. At both the large multispecies center and at Prickles, newcomers were easily distinguishable by exclamations of "naaaaaaw!" and "how cute"—phrases that experienced

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

rehabilitators rarely used. Although old hands were also clearly often charmed by the creatures they worked for, they tended not to gush, but rather to show their appreciation in quiet smiles and pointing. While some of this reticence was surely borne of familiarity with the charms of wild animals, for myself and those who came after me, the fact that no-one joined in such cooing sent a clear message that it was not how this was done. As other newcomers and I settled in, we learned the coolness of taking cuteness and charm in our stride, as well as learning to pick the moments in which such charms could be safely, momentarily, enjoyed. With naughty faces, we might show one another a particularly charming animal, a baby perhaps, or a grown-yet-sweet-faced hedgehog sniffing about, but it was rare and risk-assessed. Our sheepish faces suggested that we knew we were pushing it, that we must be quick and not make a habit of such enjoyments, as nice as such moments are. With time, I found myself actively policing these boundaries, becoming uncomfortable and slightly aloof if a new arrival got too excited about the cuteness of a hog. I might nod or smile but with little warmth and, instead, direct us back to our routines, to the procedures of creating viably wild animals, feeling and expressing a sense of physical discomfort and judgement at the "use" of such animals for pleasure-at-cuteness.

Suggesting such threats worked, I never met a tamed hedgehog and, upon asking about it, the general agreement was that only hogs reared from a very young age and/or those who had been handled a great deal tended to behave in such ways. Rehabilitators explained that, although it is very difficult *not* to tame very tiny babies, with limited handling time, and through restricting contact to only one or two rehabilitators, the likelihood of taming could be reduced. For comfort, baby hogs were either kept in their litters or put in with other hogs of the same age. One of the few hoglets I heard of who had been raised successfully from birth had become tame, running to see her rehabilitators when they arrived in the room, but this did not seem to extend to other humans. Indeed, around other humans, she was apparently particularly wary and huffy. Her rehabilitators hoped that this friendliness would remain limited to only them; she was released but, with no follow-up monitoring, it was not known how she fared.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Umwelt Distances

Not all distances of wild caring, however, are borne of human rehabilitators straining to hold back. Asking Vickie, a rehabilitator at the large multispecies center whether she found it emotionally difficult to maintain distances from animals, she had laughed, explaining that there were plenty of animals you wouldn't want to hug, animals who would happily take out your eyes. Even rabbits, she noted, could leave nasty scratches. Thinking back to my induction day, the need for self-protection was emphasized from the outset, both through the need to be mindful of one's physical movements (learning skillful ways to maneuver around, avoid, and restrain animals where needed) and through habits of separation for purposes of hygiene, such as the use of rubber gloves (or latex for the allergic). My fear of contracting ringworm also helped to keep any desire to hug hedgehogs at bay. The desire to keep animals as stress-free as possible also led to keeping contact limited; for the vast majority of beings in care—except for very tiny babies—contact with humans is a major cause of anxiety (Kirkwood and Sainsbury 1996; Mullineaux 2014). Most hogs that I cared for frowned or balled-up at my attentions. While I became somewhat used to this—a feeling different from my backyard interactions in Aotearoa/New Zealand, where such responses from hogs had caused me distress—it did encourage me to keep my bothering of hogs in rehabilitation to a minimum. The distances of caring were thus a product of fraught negotiations of several intra-acting concerns, including what was hoped to be best for the animals in care, for rehabilitators, and for society (and social norms) more generally.

Skilled rehabilitators came to embody a careful negotiation of needs in their handling of animals, somehow learning to avoid taming while also keeping them at ease. Somehow attuned to multiple species of creatures, rehabilitators enacted Despret's "miracle of attunement" (2013) with polyglot brilliance: hogs relaxed and traveled, uncurled, in skilled rehabilitators' hands, pigeons calmly accepted food pushed down their throats, and rabbits were scooped from their cages for weighing without anyone needing to panic. June laughed as I commented on her abilities with hedgehogs. She suggested that perhaps their calm was just because she smelled like them. A multispecies rehabilitator commented about the strangeness of it all, that somehow you learn how

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to handle each species so that they stay relatively relaxed, even though you couldn't actually explain what you are doing, except that you just want the animals to not be stressed. It was as if rehabilitators' bodies were somehow able to communicate to the animals, "you are safe, but we are not friends." In such moments, although rehabilitators were not entirely aware of *how* this connection worked, interspecies communication was taking place: an attunement of animals and humans that was as comfortable as it could be while still maintaining detachment (Candea 2010, 2013; Ginn 2014; Lestel et al. 2014, 135).

There were some animals in care, however, who seemed to reinstitute their own distances, lessening the need to protect against such distances in handling. Squirrels, one rehabilitator informed me, will drink from a bottle and even cuddle you until they reach a certain point, and then *bam!* they are wild and liable to bite. Otters, too, will apparently aggressively demand their independence during adolescence, but the possibility for later too-intimate contact with humans lingers; there is always the worry that they will end up in someone's pool. Other distances, however, are those of *umwelten* with limited overlap. I find it hard to even imagine quite how a hedgehog would become fully tame when there are such disjunctions between hedgehog and human bodies. As discussed in chapter 1, the distances between hog and human worlds are many, with humans' relatively smell-poor worlds making for only very partial connections with hedgehogs' scent-dominated *umwelt*. Hedgehogs will not show obvious interest in the comings and goings of rehabilitators (on which the seals and corvids are fixated and *from* which badgers and foxes must be kept from caring, at risk of death). However, hedgehogs will investigate new scents, be they rehabilitators' hands, new newspaper, or a mysterious scent on the air that I repeatedly fail to make out.

Mysteries remained. On a spring Thursday morning at Prickles, I happened to be wearing my shabby old blue dress that had been the object of Biggie's attention back in Aotearoa/New Zealand. A long-term student lifestyle meant I had a very limited wardrobe, so the dress had come with me on fieldwork and, mysteriously, for the second time, became an object of interest for a hedgehog. Wobbly was a hedgehog who had been overwintered in an enclosed back garden following a probable car accident that left one side of her body

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

very frail (causing her to wobble when she walked, hence her name). She had been brought back into care in order to strengthen her weak side, and each day she was given half an hour to walk about under the eye of a rehabilitator, who was to stop her from hiding under the shelving and keep her moving. It was an unusual job for a rehabilitator, but rather a lovely one. The previous week, Wobbly had largely avoided me. However, this day, Wobbly made a beeline for the old blue dress, chewing enthusiastically and then self-anointing. Whether it was coincidence or whether there was something intriguing for hogs in the warp and weft of the dress' cheap synthetic fibers, I don't know. Much seems to be lost in translation.

While hedgehog–human *umwelt* distances are generally a boon from the point of view of maintaining requisite distances, at times they also made hog care lonely. After I'd been at the large multispecies center for some months, I noticed that several hogs seemed relaxed and didn't ball up as I lifted them out of their plastic crates. My body, it seemed, was perhaps learning how to handle hogs. One little hog was particularly delightful and nestled into the green lab-style coat worn by all rehabilitators as I picked her up. She was still only 700 grams, despite having been at the center all winter; many of the other hogs were starting to top 1 kilogram. After cleaning her crate and putting in fresh water, I retrieved the little hog from her cardboard carrier box. She snuffled up at me, her black eyes looking shiny and full of life. I could feel the softness of her belly even through my latex gloves, an illicit, intimate thrill. With warm, grateful, feelings toward the little hog, I placed her back in her crate and she gently pushed into her new pile of shredded newspaper. I found myself wishing I had some way to communicate my fondness and appreciation, but my dog-and-human-shaped gestures of pats and warm tones and games would do little for this hog. And such interactions were not in accord with distance-encouraging praxis. Neither was my slightly extended holding of her. Usually the hogs, for whom 8 am is prime sleeping time, headed straight back to bed. However, she stayed restless in her crate and continued to rustle about, even after I'd cleaned and weighed several other hogs. I now read her extended snuffling as a potential sign of distress. I wondered if some mealworms might calm her. Secretly happy at the thought that I could potentially make some sort of an offering to this charming hog, I doublechecked

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

with Rachel* (the staff member covering the ICA wing that day) that the right action for a restless hog would be to give her some mealworms. She wasn't overweight, so Rachel confirmed that this would be fine. However, the little hog ignored the mealworms, my gift somehow missing its target. Eventually, her rustling died down, and I assume she went back to sleep. I was left with an odd aching feeling of distance.

SHAME AND CAUTERIZING CARE

Rehabilitation work, and its negotiations of care and distance, were also greatly gendered. With only two exceptions, all of the hedgehog rehabilitators that I met were women, although I did hear of committed male hedgehog rehabilitators working elsewhere in the country—although, commonly, such men were working in partnership with their wives. One rehabilitator working in a multispecies center would later observe, laughing while making manly faces, that men in rehabilitation often focused on more "manly" animals, such as birds of prey, in particular. One professional hedgehog-focused ecologist later told me that his friends teased him about his job, comprised as it was with tasks they dismissed as "childish," such as visiting schools and being out looking for hedgehogs. They'd actively laugh at his small TV[4] and ask, "mate, when are you going to get a real job?" As a number of scholars have argued, although care-based values may not have the cultural power of logics of economic rationalism, traditions valuing care are important within the fuzzy cultural category of "the West" (Gilligan 1993; Mol 2008, 5; Whyte and Cuomo 2017). However, care can also be feminized and dismissed, particularly concern for other-than-human animals (Probyn-Rapsey 2019). In the case of hedgehog-related work, the cultural recognition of hedgehogs as cute in the UK may add an additional burden of infantilization and feminization.

At the same time, however, rehabilitators also received occasional moments of almost ecstatic appreciation. I enjoyed many moments of unscheduled rest from cage-cleaning duties as members of the public picking up or dropping off a hog gushed about a rehabilitator's facility with hedgehogs. When people—usually professional ecologists and conservationists—did express concern about hedgehog rehabilitation practices, it wasn't about established

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

rehabilitation centers but, instead, tended to focus on smaller-scale operations, less supported by veterinary expertise and, they worried, with less stringent standards of care. As I'd deliberately chosen to volunteer at organizations with reputations for excellent practice, I couldn't speak to such concerns, but they typically centered around the possibility that hedgehogs might be taken into care without really needing it, and finding themselves at the mercy of the sentimentality—and even the loneliness—of those who would care for them.

The framing of animal care work as sentimental is part of a long history of the gendering of cares, in which rationality is imagined as being opposed to emotionality and is reserved for those attachments framed as "masculine" (Molloy 2011). However, in painting sentiment as necessarily dubious, focus is shifted from the real discussions that are needed about the concerns for animal welfare in care. As Alexandra Palmer has noted of orangutan rehabilitation work, many people who worried about the impacts of rehabilitator sentimentality, in practice, were not so much worried that actions taken on behalf of other animals involved "too much emotion," but, rather, that they involved "too little thought," particularly of the harms that well-intentioned actions can bring (2020).

Regardless of their careful thought and attention to both best practice and what the hogs in their care needed, some (though not all) rehabilitators did the work of dismissing their labor before any accusations of an excess of emotions could be made. I heard versions of the dismissive apology, "I'm just pathetic about animals" from female rehabilitators working at care centers throughout the region, as if one's love for animals, and moreover, one's skill in caring for them, somehow needed to be justified, or even apologized for. Similar to Steffi's teasing of herself as being "stupid" for her level of care as a champion (chapter 2), such rehabilitators presented themselves as almost defective due to the extent of their care, rather than being gifted with remarkable empathy and both the skill and patience to do the day-in, day-out grind of animal care work.

Not all rehabilitators apologized in this way. Although I made no systematic study of correlations, several rehabilitators with professional past or concurrent work-lives never mocked or dismissed their care work. Apologies also did not tend to be made by male rehabilitators (although all the men that I met were working primarily with species other than hedgehogs), nor

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

by ecologists, whether male or female (although, as noted above, a hedgehog-focused ecologist did get reasonably regular jibing from friends). Class, gender, and the proximity of one's work to more dominant forms of science may have thus reduced the extent to which people needed to perform what I read as self-protective self-mockery.

Aligning rehabilitation work to an idea of the "Natural" seemed to be one way to defend rehabilitation work from accusations of sentimentality. Arriving at Vale to get my training in basic hedgehog first aid, I had been surprised at the emphasis on how this work was not about sentiment. At a number of moments throughout the course, our instructor emphasized that animals do not *need* humans and that, rather, human rehabilitators are only needed in order to counteract the damages that we cause. Like champions' urging that hedgehogs are "wild," I read this partly as a reminder to not capture hedgehogs. However, a similar argument was posted on the website: that suggested that this framing was (also) a response to critiques based on ideas of what is 'Natural':

> Some people say that injured wildlife should be left alone, we shouldn't interfere but should 'let nature take its course.' That would be a fair comment if the problems encountered by our wildlife were 'natural' but very few are, and I believe we have a duty to try to put right the damage that we are doing (Vale 2015).

It is not that the framing of this argument is untrue. A survey of animal admissions suggests that around forty percent of hedgehog admissions are directly due to harm from humanmade threats (Mullineaux 2014, 293), with ill health and accidents due to humanmade poisons and hazards being the greatest cause of hog problems. Even apparently "natural" illnesses, such as ringworm and lungworm are linked to the low immune systems of malnourished hogs, with malnourishment typically being due to hogs having insufficient areas in which to forage. However, there are many cases of hogs in rehabilitation for reasons that aren't directly due to human forces, such as hoglets of a late litter who wouldn't make it through the winter without intervention or putting an old dying hog to sleep rather than have it be eaten by maggots or pecked to death by birds. And thus, I wonder whether such statements were instead needed to defend against accusations of being overly sentimental or meddling with a "Nature" imagined as a separate and pristine

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

realm, one untouched by human culture and society (Latour 2004b). For me, this overlooks the ways in which wild animal care *is* about compassion, about being unwilling to watch another being suffer, if one is able to do something to help, regardless of the cause of the suffering.

Ecologists, in particular, at times wondered about whether rehabilitation was, in some way, driven by loneliness or a search for meaning, in which one turned to other-than-human animals as substitutes (Charles and Davies 2008). A good deal of both speciesism and misogyny seems to be at play in casting such work as suspect if it is somehow too meaningful. Yet, caring can be both meaningful and rigorous. Within the three centers I was working in, there was typically little time for much rest at all, let alone for hugging hedgehogs, as rehabilitators carried out the sometimes-grueling work of responding to the needs of many beings. And yet, some rehabilitators did note that their work helped them meet needs that were not met elsewhere. One day as we were cleaning cages, a dedicated volunteer mentioned that she and her husband hadn't been able to have kids and commented that maybe that's why she's so soft about animals. While not having children may have given this volunteer more time and additional capacity for caring in the ways she did, this sort of argument seemed to be more of a reflection of the kinds of shaming of more-than-human attachments that are common in industrialized societies (Milstein 2020). When internalized, I suspect that such values can lead to a tendency to dismiss the disciplines and skills—and indeed of calling—involved in caring for other-than-human animals. And caring certainly *can* give meaning to one's life. At the Vale first aid course, I got chatting with a woman from Yorkshire about caring for hogs. I had mentioned my research at the start of the day and, during a break, unprompted, she leaned over from her seat in the row in front to tell me that hedgehogs had given her life its purpose back. She then turned to her husband and said, "Hasn't it?" He nodded warmly and agreed that she had become a different person since she started taking in the hogs.

Radical Cares

Caring is more than an affective-ethical state: it involves material engagement in labours to sustain interdependent worlds, labours that are often

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

> associated with exploitation and domination. In this sense, the meanings of caring are not straightforward
> —Puig de la Bellacasa 2012, 198–199

Although some organizations received donations from wealthy supporters, it was people on pensions, benefits, and working-class incomes who seemed to do the majority of both the staffing and, at times, even the precarious funding of hog-care operations. In this way, hedgehog care is in line with many other forms of care work in which "the working class bear the greatest burden of providing care, while at the same time possessing fewer material resources to aid them in the task" (Arber and Ginn 1992, 619). None of the rehabilitators I met were obviously rolling in wealth, and there are many stories of care centers closing because there was just not enough money to keep going. During the course of my fieldwork, one care center closed because the death of a partner—and subsequent loss of his old-age pension—meant the operation couldn't afford to continue. However, months after the rehabilitator had declared that her center was no longer operational, she was still taking in hogs found by local people who couldn't get them to a rehabilitator further away. Somehow, she managed to scratch together the funds for the hogs' food and shelter and medication. While ostensibly wealthy folks at times dropped off hedgehogs for rehabilitation, sometimes leaving donations with them, they did not stay, always seeming to be busy with other matters.

Rehabilitators were tied into the bluster of industrial capitalism, operating within it, while also cleaning up after it. Chatting with Beryl, a highly experienced hedgehog rehabilitator in her early seventies based in Portishead, she summed up the position of rehabilitators with what I now know to be her characteristic frankness: "All we are doing is trying to clean up the mess made by all the fucking developers." She apologized for her language but continued, passionately railing against these people who, as she said, seemed to not want to leave even a single blade of grass alone, not if they can make a buck off of it. If she had her way, Beryl concluded, greed would be outlawed.

While other rehabilitators were not be so outspoken, or necessarily shared Beryl's politics, they did share in occupying a position of patching up hogs

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

who are struggling in an increasingly built-up world. I found myself wondering what it is to patiently deal with the fall-out, to commit oneself to lightening the load on some of the oppressed while operating always within those worlds of oppression (Mol et al. 2010). I find myself thinking of the little Disney/Pixar character WALL-E, a "Waste Allocation Load Lifter Earth-class" robot who quietly, seemingly hopelessly, keeps on with his work of cleaning up the messes of humans. Rehabilitators similarly tidy up after the cultural lifeways and physical infrastructures that create the need for such cares. While they are responding to the suffering and need of their little spiky charges, I do wonder what it does to others' sense of responsibility; the broken-down hogs, struggling with parasites and the encroachment of building developments and too-small habitats aren't left to die out in the open, where their public deaths might make it a little less easy to ignore the destruction of local wild worlds. While work by hedgehog champions is beginning to challenge the ways in which developments are progressing, very often it seemed that rehabilitators were so resource-strapped that there simply was not enough energy to address such broader structural matters.

After some months as a volunteer rehabilitator, struck by the hard disciplines of the job, I launched into a diatribe with Roz—a fiercely committed rehabilitator and seal expert at the multispecies center, and with whom I'd done several shifts—about how awful it was that so many professional rehabilitators were doing it so hard, without either the respect or the wages such work deserves. She stopped me mid-flight: "But is it money you really value? Surely there are more important things?" Although I was tempted to write off Roz's comment as a justification of the undervaluing of "feminine" labors and "vocations," a sort of make-do-and-mend approach to living with the rough lot of being a rehabilitator, I've found myself returning to it, again and again, challenged to take seriously the radical potentials of caring. Here, in the face of needy bodies, ideas of making money seem both irrelevant and offensive. There is work other than making money to be done, urgent and at times rewarding work of caring for the little spiky (and furry and feathered and other) bodies who emerge, wobbly in the daytime, or caught up in netting, or dragging a limp little leg behind them as they cross our

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

evening back gardens. Here, as rehabilitators become bound up in the lives of hogs, hedgehogs emerged as new, strange kin. I find myself imagining a new human world, populated by humans who have become-with others, by bat-people and frog-people and hedgehog-people and the people of the meal beetle and worm[5], of humans bound to other species, entangled with their futures (Haraway 2016).

KEEPING ON: WILD SUSTAINABLE CARES

During my time volunteering at the large multispecies rehabilitation center, the challenges of wild caring were made stark by the presence of the organization's domestic animal center just next door. The two centers were joined by a shared tearoom, and some of the animals on the domestic side, particularly the dogs, could be seen as we walked to and from tea and lunch breaks. Domestic animal care requires the creation and maintenance of the sorts of warm relationships that are necessary if these animals are going to find a home with new human families. Some hedgehog rehabilitators noted with admiration the strength needed to survive the necessary tug of connecting, and then letting such animals go when they get adopted or, perhaps, put down. In contrast, I found myself envious of domestic animal rehabilitators' freedom to play with their wards, and freely told them so. Several domestic rehabilitators replied that they didn't know how the wild rehabilitators were able to do the work they did, how they managed to keep on caring when they got so little back from the animals in their care. As Parreñas writes of paying volunteers at an orangutan rehabilitation center in Borneo, the fear-joy-thrill that arises in the interface of human and orangutan gaze, or the stifled desire to embrace that emerges in bodily orangutan–human encounter, is necessary to sustain commercial volunteerism (2012). At the center, it is well-known that not everyone can handle caring in the absence of such relationships, and some rehabilitators who start out in the wild care section end up looking for work with domestic animals, precisely because of the loneliness and frustration of caring for animals who either don't want connection or from whom connection must be withheld.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Despite the many ways in which affection and cuteness-appreciation are banned for hog and other wild rehabilitators, I increasingly see such experiences of cuteness and charm as, for some of us at least, being vital to sustaining the sorts of distancing cares that rehabilitation demands. When I first arrived at Prickles, I was intrigued by the apparent disconnect between the images of hogs dotted around the place—typically adorable, smiling, flower-toting and/or apple-swagged hedgehogs—and the detailed, attentive, practical knowledge people had of the actual hogs in their care. As time went on, though, I found that the figures were a real help in sustaining my own labors of caring. Several times, feeling drained after cleaning the crates of hog after hog without a thank you or even a nod or possibility of a hug from these little spiky folks, I felt my dwindling cares be actively renewed while looking at one of the charming hedgehog caricatures in the bathroom at Prickles. Particularly images in the pensive, lost hedgehog genre seem to re-stitch my cares for hogs (figure 4.1). Such imagery became part of the infrastructure of sustaining my cares.

Rejuvenation from cuteness was not something that all carers either desired or allowed themselves. While some rehabilitators noted having homes filled with hedgehog figures (although oftentimes this was partially, at least, a product of people buying hedgehog-themed gifts for their hedgehog-caring friend, rather than an active decision on décor by the rehabilitator), other rehabilitators resisted or even actively rejected the cute, or certainly weren't obviously drawn to it. But for many of us, it seemed that it was through occasional turning away from actual hogs and toward images of sweetness that care work was sustained.

As Konrad Lorenz and others have argued, human (and other species') attraction to certain "cute" qualities, such as proportionally large heads and eyes, might be linked to the similarity of such traits to those of young members of our own species (Lorenz and Leuhausen 1973, 306–307). Certainly, such features do, for many humans, seem to be attractive or endearing. As Stephen Jay Gould notes, as renderings of Mickey Mouse have shifted in neotenous ways—his proportions becoming much more similar to his juvenile nephew Morty—Mickey's character has been able to shift from the somewhat sinister (or at least trouble-making) and more adult-proportioned cartoon mouse of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 4.2
June not being bitten by Pumpkin.

1928 into a figure sufficiently cute and charismatic to be the face of Disney and an influence on the design of future "adult" Disney characters (2008). Cartoon hedgehogs, too, often use this neotenous path to popularity, and are often depicted with the large eyes, foreheads, and head-to-body ratios typical of young animals. Yet, as Lorenz also argues, such attractions are not without cultural shaping. Which others we find to be cute and how—or whether—we come to care for them, are questions with a wide range of answers globally. Furthermore, as Jamie Lorimer argues, certain humans actively dislike "cute" species, tending to care instead for the grotesque or other-worldly, further complicating the link between cuteness and love or, at least, suggesting that our personal histories and the so-called "cultural" are already present in our "biological" impulses (2006).

Hedgehogs in care seem to be almost always numbered rather than named—a move of practicality, but which also protects against accusations of sentimentality. But even so, in such centers, occasionally a particular "character" such as Wobbly was identified in ways that supported the everyday work of caring. Pumpkin was another such hedgehog at Prickles. Pumpkin arrived with no spikes due to a skin infection and soon became a minor celebrity, with

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

his story covered in several reports in the South West, and even making it onto national television. The most-commonly told story about Pumpkin was when he continually bit the presenter of ITV during a live report until the presenter asked Jules, the founder of Prickles Hedgehog Rescue, if she would please take him back (ITV 2014). Rehabilitators, even those like me who never actually met Pumpkin, tell the story and laugh raucously, demonstrating as it also does the quiet skill of experienced rehabilitators.

Kathy Rudy talks about the importance of stories told by chimp rehabilitators about their wards, noting that such stories create an affective connection by emphasizing, "our affection for them and theirs for us, and by the various ways their characters inspire us" (2011, 18). The stories told about hogs by rehabilitators were not so much about hog–human affections, but they did, similarly, operate to maintain and enliven the work of care. Such stories tended to be funny or inspiring, or sad tales of hog foolishness or bad luck. Hedgehog characters were topics of intrigue to ask after next time we worked—like our own little soap opera, built on the imagined personalities of hogs which, more often than not, reflected their medical conditions. We asked one another how Wobbly was doing, laughing at her eccentric ways, or Berny, at the large multispecies center, who somehow recovered from being burnt horribly in a bonfire and whom we framed as brave, a little trooper. I was never sure how much these stories reflected of the actualities of hogs in our care. But they helped maintain the fun and spirit of caring, forging a comradery amongst rehabilitators in what can, for all its moments of wonder, at times also be a dreary, repetitive, job.

There were, however, other surprise pleasures in hog caring. Asking experienced rehabilitators at various centers about how they kept it together, many said, typically shyly, that there was a real pleasure in *knowing* animals, that when people called up about an animal, that it feels good to know you are giving good advice, both putting them at ease and doing the best for that animal. At the multispecies center, one rehabilitator told me it feels good to know that when a drooling pigeon comes in, you can tell, at five meters, that it has canker. An independent hog rehabilitator explained the satisfaction of knowing one has the skill to quickly examine a greenish hedgehog poo under

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the microscope, identify the coccidia oocysts, and get it straight on a course of Tribrissen. Another told me about the satisfaction of knowing how to handfeed an infant hedgehog, balancing its need for warmth with the need to maintain wildness; ensuring they get enough to eat but that their lungs don't overfill; knowing how to handle him or her so they survive.

Such pleasures of the crafts of care, however, are also sometimes disparaged. Outside of care-worlds, I have occasionally heard ecologists refer to hedgehog rehabilitators as "joyful jabbers." However, there *is* a satisfaction in learning to inject well, one I came to feel through learning to inject the antibiotic Synulox. Because of the thickness of the fluid, the fineness of the needles used on hogs, and the stinging sensation caused by the fluid, it took some focus to inject successfully without causing discomfort. But seeing the difference it makes, learning to inject so that the hogs don't seem to mind was, for me, a powerful tie into care and responsibility.[6]

Other rehabilitators told me it was the releases that kept them doing the work—both physically going out when animals were released, but also holding onto the idea of the end goal for all this labor: getting animals back into the wild. Vickie, who was recognized as a hedgehog expert within the multispecies center, helped me to share this joy. She had told me before that healthy hedgehogs—those who had come directly from the outdoors, not those brought up in care—smell of a strange yet enticing mixture of tobacco, gasoline, and leather. A scent of the wild, as she described it. One day at the multispecies center, I saw a sign on the crate I was due to clean that the hog inside might be pregnant. Worried that the hog might have already had her hoglets and that I might accidently disturb things, I called Vickie to take over the cleaning of the crate. Opening the crate and gently pulling back the shredded newspaper, Vickie took one look at the hog and said, almost to herself, "What a perfect hedgehog." She turned to me and said, with a conspiratorial smile, "I'll bet she has the smell." After checking that, indeed, there were no babies, Vickie picked the hog up and sniffed. "Smell her, *that's* what I'm talking about," and she passed the hog to me and I could smell it—the tobacco, gasoline, and leather smell, a strange, wild smell that somehow exuded health and robustness. A reassuring, strangely joyous scent.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Getting Care-Free: Sustainable Detachments

Even with one's cares aligned with the goals of rehabilitation, it is potentially difficult, emotional, work. The hedgehogs still die, and things get overwhelming and threaten to take over seemingly everything. My first time in sole charge, covering for Yvonne one long weekend as she took a rare break with her husband, demonstrated to me the potentially overwhelming nature of this responsibility. I found myself overloaded with a mixture of love and amusement, exhaustion, and gut-level anguish at these little hogs who had found themselves in my temporary care.

When I arrived into the tidy shed where each of the seven hogs was housed in individual rabbit cages lined with newspaper, polar fleeces, and heat pads, one of the hogs looked flat and had raspy breathing. He didn't seem to respond to the subcutaneous fluids or the vet-prescribed injection of Baytril (a standard antibiotic) and the steroid Dexadreson. After attending to the other hogs, he remained flat and listless so, not knowing what to do, I called Beryl, whose Portishead-based hedgehog rescue was five miles northwest of Bristol, and whom Yvonne had asked to be on-call, should I get stuck with anything. With panic clear in my voice, Beryl asked if I would like her to come and get him, and I sighed out a deeply grateful yes please. She drove the 40 minutes across town to pick him up. As I wiped over the infected eye of another hog, I noticed pus seeping out of her cheeks, so I flushed out the wound with saline solution and found more and more pus coming out of her head. Although it didn't smell and she was eating well, the wound seemed so much bigger than I had thought. The care notes Yvonne had left regarding the hog said the vet was waiting for the infection to go down before he would put the hog under anesthesia to find out what was going on with her closed-up eye. And so, hoping the antibiotics would do the trick, I continued with the injections and cleaning the pus from her cheek. Beryl arrived to pick up the listless hog, and while my relief and gratitude was immense, I felt a pang of guilt at adding a burden to her work, as she was already covering the needs of hogs on the other side of town.

Over the rest of the weekend, as I cleaned out hog crates and administered medications to the other six hedgehogs, the phone rang again and again with people needing help for unwell-looking hogs in their back gardens. Although all I had to do was pass them onto nearby carers who had prearranged to take

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

such a load from me (as I did not have anything like the knowledge needed to do hedgehog triage), I found myself overwhelmed with the responsibility of it all. On the Saturday night, back at home, I called Beryl to check in. She informed me gently that the raspy little hog had died, fading off in his sleep, despite the Marbocyl and fluids and care she'd given him, and despite the fact he'd made it through the night, which had seemed hopeful.

"This is your first hog to pass, isn't it?" Beryl asked, gently.

"Yeah," I responded,

"Well, the first thing is you've got to know you're not God. Sometimes, they're just going to die, despite everything."

On the Sunday night, after feeding and medicating the other hogs and bathing the pus from the infected hog one more time and offering her just a bit more of the premium Hills a/d cat food, I made it home in the nick of time to meet friends to see a Sunday-night play by Christopher Brett Bailey called *This is How we Die*. Described as "a motor-mouthed collage of spoken word and storytelling . . . a prime slice of surrealist trash, an Americana death trip and a dizzying exorcism for a world convinced it is dying . . .", I spent the first half hour both thinking about the hogs back in their crates (two of whom were not looking well, with raspy coughs), wondering whether my injections of antibiotics were kicking in, and feeling furious at the play, with its suggestions of accepting death and decay and just going with the destruction of it all—a dismissal of everything I had been fighting for that very long weekend. As the play ramped up, Bailey imagining himself as a bird hurtling himself into the turbines of a jumbo jet, I found myself suddenly open to the possibility of *not* caring, of just letting it all die, and was surprised to start feeling waves of relief that built along with the music so that, by the play's end, as the protagonist and three other musicians performed a death metal finale so loud that a good third of the audience left the small theater, I found myself feeling transformed, hard-hearted, and liberated. Fuck it. Who cares? We'll just live in garbage and just not give a fuck. I felt insane, but kind of good. Free from the emotional and physical commitments of caring. Some apocalyptic version of becoming care-free.

The feeling was, however, fleeting and, after a week of fairly regular tears, I called Yvonne, who reiterated the importance of seeing that death is part of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

caring, and invited me to join her at the upcoming hedgehog awareness day at which she would have her usual tent. I agreed and, on the day, once again molding clay hedgehogs and crafting little hedgehog masks with children, I slowly found myself starting to re-stitch quietly, as I experimented with feeling-through the sorts of cares I might be able to sustain. I rolled the clay, stuck in little bits of spaghetti for spikes, and then helped visiting children do the same. And gently, quietly, I felt myself mend and reopen back into the possibility of caring.

While I would return to active hedgehog conservation work in and around Bristol and find both a balance and rhythm that worked for me, the threats of caring, the deathly weight of unchecked cares, and the apparently liberating possibility of not giving a fuck, has remained. Such "fuck it" responses, however, are perhaps not really the lack of care they initially seem to be. This moment instead felt like a necessary recalibration, "an excess of care, an inability to keep caring so much about something that one cares so much for, especially in the face of seeming hopelessness" (van Dooren, pers comm). Sharing my thoughts with several rehabilitators later, they explained, warmly, knowingly, that I had made a novice mistake that, instead, it's vital that you hold a little of yourself back, keep something in reserve, lest such a thing happen.[7]

Those rehabilitators who keep going, who keep the cares together, are doing the continual emotional labor of balancing engagement with creatures in care with the maintenance of vital detachments. The sense of holding back, it seems, does not just protect hogs, but also rehabilitators. Increasingly, and returning to the use of "wildness" by hedgehog champions, I've come to think of this as the work of sustaining a vital wildness in rehabilitators themselves, allowing a little something to be neither caught nor tamed by the work of caring. I imagine the fledgling room in summer at the large multispecies center I volunteered at when, during feeding rounds, rehabilitators wore builders' earmuffs to drown out the calls of the chicks—the "feed me, feed me" calls requiring protection from both the pure decibel force of the cries as well as the wrench of ones' own heart in the face of so much urgent need. Experienced rehabilitators develop the knack of holding back from this pull, even without the earmuffs. Maintaining some distance, it seems, is a vital part of keeping on going.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

But the question of just how possible it is to leave, of whether it is ever really possible to say "fuck it," is also a vital one. It can be hard to leave hog worlds once you've started to care. Rehabilitators are pulled into worlds of response-ability, with their ability to respond well heightening the call one feels to respond (Haraway 2008, 287). There was honor and privilege in this, and much satisfaction, but it could make caring seem almost inescapable. Yvonne told me about when she got ringworm for the third time and picking up her grandchildren from school and only being allowed to touch them while wearing gloves lest she spread it and, at the same time, needing a new shed and having the house loaded to the gunwales with hogs so that even her supportive husband was beginning to make some serious murmurs. The ringworm spread all over her body, until just her lower torso was left uncovered. "I'm packing it in," she'd announced, and began to make arrangements, handing on the hogs in her care and cleaning out crates. But just a few days before her official closing (which would have been on her fifteenth anniversary of starting) she was called up by a series of people with sick hogs. She passed their calls on to other rehabilitators but several of the callers returned to Yvonne, desperate, saying, "Yvonne, they're full, what do I do?"

"Oh God. Bring them over," Yvonne said.

And they did.

THE BURDEN-JOY OF CARE

I find hedgehog care hard to talk about. In conversations on public transport, the first question people typically ask is something along the lines of "So why *have* hedgehogs declined?" My answer usually ends up with me awkwardly noting some factors—cars, poisons, fencing—before noting that really it seems like we might just have to fundamentally change how we live if we want hedgehogs to thrive. Sometimes, then, people will ask what else I've been learning. Offered such a platform, it's usually care worlds I try to explain because, in many ways, they have become the surprise heart of my own cares—the communities of rehabilitators, the curious rhythms of hog-care-oriented lives, the balancing of the material and storied requirements of caring as the bodies of rehabilitators, and those in care, learn to get along

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

in the ways they need to. But mostly I explain it all wrong, emphasizing too much the burden, or too much the joy or the discipline, depending on what I got wrong the last time I was talking this through with a stranger on the train.

Increasingly, care seems to me to be the strange, absorbing bodily alchemy of ties and cuts and boredoms and wonder and perhaps, most completely, of *life*. This is not just in hog care, but in cares generally, in the way of being so concerned for something that it becomes a part of you, or perhaps that you lose yourself a little in the looking after of it. It is difficult to *tell* about caring (see Mol et al. 2010). I wonder whether dancing or theater might be more helpful in trying to explain, but both are awkward on the train. Talking about cares is perhaps that much harder for the relative lack of a vocabulary for addressing the complexities of our cares. I am grateful to Paul Simon for singing out a core taboo of caring in his 1986 song "That Was Your Mother", noting the lively burden of coming to care for another, the ways in which the entanglements of care seem to be the stream of life itself. Such cares are necessarily also a site of struggle and constant renegotiation—of fighting for air and for the borders of one's own self and of keeping one's footing against being washed away by the sometimes seemingly endless appeals to care. Moments of loss of oneself in such ties can be strangely elating, particularly when all is going well. Charmed by a hedgehog's curious relaxed sniff or seemingly miraculous recovery, worlds outside and borders of selves momentarily disappear, and care seems to tie one to the very stuff of life. But deaths and drudgery linger, threatening one's unhappy dissolution in the face of overwhelming need.

While rehabilitators agree it can be tough, that it takes commitment, and that there is never enough funding, many would disagree (and have) with my characterization of care as a burden, pointing out what a *privilege* it is to get to care for hogs. One might as well say that caring for life is a burden (see Puig de la Bellacasa 2012, 198–199). Despite the reality that it tends to be white working-class women doing this work, and that such labor is never going to make rehabilitators wealthy or powerful, and that, in some ways, such work is part of the maintenance of the status quo, it also offers something potentially deeply radical. Values shift as one gets tied up in cares. New kin, new responsabilities, are forged. Profit-making for its own sake makes little sense in this

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

world of radically-reoriented lively values: as Roz asked, "Do you really want to be rich in that sort of way?"[8]

And I find it hard, too, to tell about the ways that losing sight of the object of one's cares seems to sometimes be so necessary to the work of keeping on caring for them. That distance might matter. That stories and figures, the pleasures of the crafts and expertise of caring well, and holding on to the promise of successful wild release matter. It is a curious dance of attending and holding back, of practicing the disciplines of noncapture while sneaking risk-assessed moments of intimacy that can make such a difference in keeping cares going. The lively pain of giving a fuck and sustaining it, working to both listen out the best you can for what is needed in your work of caring, and allowing yourself to wander from the actual, to be topped up with what your own cares demand in order to keep on going. And in these grasps that don't quite meet, with connections both at times deliberately held back and at others apparently physically impossible, other ways of keeping on emerge. And so, we do the work of trying to hold one another lightly enough that our curious needs might be met. And we make these little noninnocent gestures at undoing hurts even while, all implicated, we reproduce and belong in the mess of it all. And somehow, this seems like what life is. But, on the train, all this takes a lot of arm-swinging to say and it seems a little dramatic, or perhaps overly-sentimental. And, so, I find myself concluding with some sort of platitude: that care can be tough sometimes, but it can also be very rewarding.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure 5.1

Pest Fest 2015, Wellington, Aotearoa/New Zealand: an employee of a kill-trap manufacturer explains the workings of a rat and stoat kill-trap to a young boy.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

5 WELL-ALIGNED CARES: MAKING AND UNDOING CONSERVATION COMMON SENSE

I returned to Aotearoa/New Zealand at the end of 2015, just in time for the Wellington-based Pest Fest, an event pitched as the highlight of Aotearoa/New Zealand's annual conservation week. This was the third year that the festival had run and, as in previous years, its aim was educating children to identify and kill "pest" animals, as well as being a "fun-filled day of games and activities for the entire family" (Pest Fest 2015). This description had amused and disturbed me and I arrived with both disbelief that a celebratory day of killing existed at all and simultaneous dismay that it did, suggesting this was an affective world in which I might not find an easy part.

It was a warm November day in this Southern Hemisphere city, and I was already sweating through my light summer dress, my body struggling to adapt to this stark shift from the early winter cool of Bristol. Although I was already feeling uncomfortably warm, I stopped before entering to put on a cardigan—an effort to hide the small round scab of ringworm that had appeared on my arm on my way back to Aotearoa/New Zealand. Although I couldn't be sure, it seemed highly likely that I'd contracted the fungal infection during hog-care work in the UK. The infection can lie dormant until the host's immune system is unable to hold it back and I still suspect that leaving my British life and anticipating my return to Aotearoa/New Zealand had been enough for the infection to blossom. The circle on my arm had felt like both a sign of my distressed inner state and a symbol of my lack of belonging. Despite all the sadness of the situation of hedgehogs in the UK, my fieldwork had been remarkably welcoming and I was returning to Aotearoa/

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

New Zealand with even stronger attachments to hogs than I had had before. Although topical athlete's foot treatment would clear the visible ringworm infection a week or so after the Pest Fest, on this day, the circle of ringworm was clear and bright pink so, despite the warmth of the day, I kept my sleeves rolled down, lest I either expose myself as someone with hedgehog connections or reinforce images of hedgehogs as "diseased." My return to Aotearoa/New Zealand would involve little of the ease of my arrival in the UK.

Both on this sweaty day of the Pest Fest, and during fieldwork with conservationists in the months following, the public mood of mainstream conservation was radically upbeat, with volunteer and professional conservationists alike positive about the possibilities of achieving a country without "invasive predators" and generally enthusiastic about the work of killing such "pests." In this social climate, cares for native species and a willingness to kill introduced predators appeared not so much as specific and historically-shaped orientations but rather—and increasingly—as simple common sense, the uncontestably "right" thing to do. The work done to make people love (and stop loving) other animals, as well as the histories and labor of calling others to care (Tsing 2011) (or not care), become invisible when such cares are aligned with social norms. In this chapter, I trace the ways in which particular other-than-human animals are framed; how care and killing of certain species is articulated with existing discourses and identities; as well as the materialities of trapping technologies themselves, shape a sense of what is obvious to care for or to kill (Butler 2009; Hall 1986; Haraway 2008, 83; Stengers 2005a, 997). Ultimately, and in ways that remain deeply fraught, there are social forces in play within such representations and materialities, forces that would see me eventually setting a kill trap.

WELLINGTON: AOTEAROA/NEW ZEALAND'S NATURAL CAPITAL

The Pest Fest was part of a growing conservation-mindedness—a commitment that is increasingly strong throughout Aotearoa/New Zealand, but which is particularly strong in Wellington. This commitment to native species—and willingness to kill in aid of their preservation—had been the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

reason for me choosing to return to this small capital city at the bottom of the country's North Island. It was here, for example, that Gareth Morgan's trapping campaigns were based and where the young conservationists, Rachel and John, had caught and killed Hodge (chapter 1). Wellington's status as a conservation city was made semi-official in 2007, when the city claimed the title of Aotearoa/New Zealand's "natural capital" on the basis of the city's 2007 Biodiversity Action Plan. This plan, written by the Wellington City Council, encouraged community engagement with indigenous biodiversity and emphasized the importance of both professional and volunteer work to control introduced "pests" and protect habitats.

This emphasis on biodiversity conservation through killing echoed other plans, and would come to be the focus of the national Predator Free 2050 strategy (2020). Signs of the approach were manifest throughout the city: poisoning and kill-trapping of "pest" animals was carried out across the region, but with a particular focus on reserves and national parks. In several particularly enthusiastic Wellington suburbs, private groups received funding from a range of sources including the City Council and privately-funded charities (particularly from the NEXT Foundation and Predator Free NZ Trust and, during the time of my fieldwork, also Gareth Morgan's project *Enhancing the Halo*, introduced in chapter 1). Although traps were not obvious while walking around Wellington, there were tens of thousands throughout the city. Several different styles of traps were in use, variously targeting rats, stoats, ferrets, weasels, possums, and hedgehogs—all of which are known to eat the eggs and chicks of native birds, with mustelids sometimes also killing ground-dwelling adult birds.[1] Poisoning was more obvious than the traps, with signs in reserves throughout the city warning of the use of brodifacoum poison.

The focus on predator eradication as a conservation strategy is, in many ways, inspired by a range of massive eradication projects carried out on off-shore islands since the 1990s and, more recently, on fenced mainland "islands" too (Russel et al. 2015). Such endeavors have often led to significant increases in native bird numbers, particularly in those of threatened species (Towns et al. 2012). While some questions have been raised as to the applicability of such measures in mainland contexts (Whittaker et al. 2005), in many ways, this trapping seems to be working. Despite Wellington's lack of secure boundaries,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

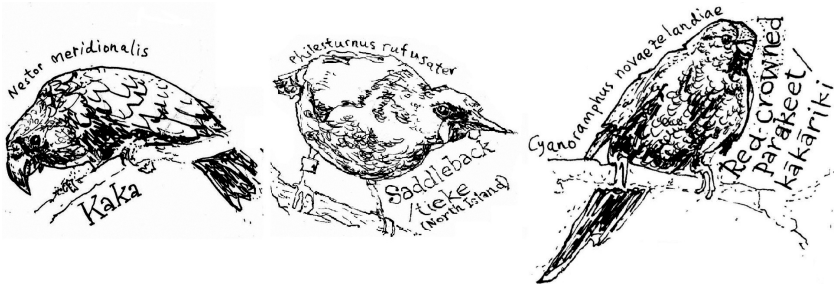


Figure 5.2
Wellington returnees: kākā, tīeke/saddleback, and kākāriki.

programs of killing introduced species along with increased tree planting and the influence of Zealandia, a predator-free ecosanctuary (the focus of chapter 6), have enabled Wellington to host both an increasing diversity and number of native birds (Balance 2018). A sense of this flourishing is apparent in day-to-day life, with once rare kākā and tūī now found throughout the city, as well as an increasing number of kākāriki and critically-endangered saddlebacks.[2] It was this complex world—with celebrations of thriving native birds and calls to protect struggling native flora and fauna through tree planting—alongside wide-spread trapping and poisoning of "pest" species and, often, celebration of their deaths—within which the Pest Fest belonged.

FRAMING KILLERS: ALIEN AFFECTS AT THE PEST FEST

The festival turned out to be both smaller and somehow more threatening than I had anticipated. The dozen or so stalls were laid out in a neat circle, all facing a central table, and I found myself hesitant about entering what suddenly seemed to be some sort of chuck-wagon death circle. I lingered on the edge for a moment, feeling like a pest myself—out of place and somewhat under threat. Reminding myself that I'd flown halfway around the world to come to this event, I pushed myself to enter the slow stream of people walking from table to table.

Inside the circle, stalls displayed kill traps and images of "pest" plants and animals to be targeted. Every now and again, announcements were made over

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

a loudspeaker in which a woman shared the educational titbits that children had learned, such as details about which animals can be trapped at home, how many native critters one pest can destroy, or how many species of kiwi there are.[3] One stall was surrounded by taxidermied "pests": a possum, a stoat, and a magpie. I was surprised by the magpie—although I knew they were introduced from Australia, I hadn't realized that they were considered pests. I asked the man behind the stall—a robust, weathered man, dressed in an almost stereotypically conservation-styled dark green polar fleece—whether magpies are culled here. He explained that magpies are culled by the Wellington City Council because they chase off native birds. "Tūī," he said, almost to himself, "are pretty much just as aggressive, but they are native." He'd said it warmly, a slight smile on his face, as if amused by the naughty behavior of tūī—a behavior, as he had noted, that was similar to that which rendered magpies killable. And with a new feeling I still can't quite pin down, even for all the times I have felt it since—some cocktail of sadness, dismay, fear, attempted openness, shame, and guilt—I nodded.

Carrying this uncomfortable new feeling, I let myself be distracted by an adjoining table displaying two dead rats underneath a kill contraption. While images of native species tended to be glossy, beautiful pictures showcasing the stunning birds and reptiles in wild habitats, "pests" seemed to be predominantly represented through taxidermy. The stall's young saleswoman was explaining the mechanics of the device in a matter-of-fact manner to a boy who looked to be about nine (figure 5.1). He was clearly fascinated. At pride of place on the table was a taxidermied ferret in a glass cabinet: teeth bared and looking so fierce that it was hard to believe that this animal belonged to the same species kept as a pet by people I'd met in my Bristolian fieldwork. Other taxidermied critters included a stoat, a weasel, and a possum. I found myself looking around for a hedgehog among the stuffed target "pest" animals, as surely a trap that killed ferrets would also kill hogs. I wondered whether there was perhaps still too much public fondness for hedgehogs in the country to display them as a species targeted for culling and, after the boy left the stall, I asked the woman if this was so. She replied, straightforwardly, that the device would kill hedgehogs but full humane testing on them had not yet been carried out. The woman noticed another boy approaching and moved her attention

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to him, beginning to explain again how the trap worked. I thanked her and wandered off.

Several tables at the festival focused on pet animals, offering non-lethal management options. A Zoo table was filled with pamphlets encouraging dog owners to take their canine companions to kiwi-aversion training and/or to keep them on leads when out in the bush. There were options other than death for cats, too. A university-hosted table detailed a study of whether anti-aerodynamic bibs might disrupt cats' hunting. Such behavioral modification seemed to promise that, through such work, pets would not become pests. Throughout the day of the Pest Fest, there was a marked contrast in the framing of creatures on the basis of pest/pet distinctions. Although pets might have naughty habits (such as for dogs killing kiwi if allowed off-lead or, for cats, catching native birds if allowed out unbibbed), such animals were depicted in cute, cartoonish ways. It seemed that through their relationships with humans, such beings were eligible for options other than death in response to the threats they pose to endangered native species.[4] Pamphlets illustrated such creatures as lovable members of the family.

In this, such tables, and indeed all the tables of the Pest Fest, were not only doing informational work but also that of framing: that which Judith Butler describes in the context of war as the issue of the delimited spheres of appearance "through which we apprehend or, indeed, fail to apprehend the lives of others as lost or injured (lose-able or injurable)" (2009, 1). Analysis of framing attends to the ways in which the other is presented, and the ways in which such modes of presenting others elicit particular affective responses (cf. Goffman 1974). Butler locates our sense of responsibility toward others in our affective responses—responses that are mediated by the particular frames through which we recognize, or fail to recognize, the other (2009, 34; see also, Stanescu 2012).

The stalls encouraged me to not only dismiss the complexity and subjectivity of the other-than-human animals intended for death, but, at times, to find pleasure—and even amusement—in their being killed. In stalls throughout the festival, the deaths of "pest" animals were often framed in a curious mixture of scientific rationality and humorous or celebratory modes, creating moods that were disturbingly easy to be won over by—particularly amidst

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

imagery reminding one of the beauty and vulnerability of native flora and fauna in whose name such killing was being carried out. At one table, a study on how to most efficiently kill possums was presented in a gung-ho style—little plastic pots of food were laid out on the table and the men at the stall challenged passers-by—"Can you guess what these baits are made of?" I found myself giggling as I guessed. I suggested "ooh, crushed walnuts?" (correctly) for one sample and, "Crushed peanuts and something?" for another, which turned out to be Nutella. Merrily engaged in this nut guessing game I momentarily forgot the reason for the samples. As the next guessers came along—a woman and young girl—I turned to read the explanation of the study program and landed back in the reality of the research, which intended to find out what attracts possums best, and whether attractive food smells and pheromones can be synthesized. Unlike traditional food baits, the poster explained, such attractants would not need to be replaced after being consumed and would not go off. Additionally, pheromone-based bait would mean that possums would be attracted to the bait even when there was plenty of food about and their stomachs were full. Such technologies, the study description continued, would make for cheaper and more effective culling, thus also allowing conservationists to save more native birds.

The mixture of celebration, fun, and killing would throw me off center, time and again, throughout the day. It was disturbing to see other animals framed in such a way that their deaths were not mournable. As Butler argues, public belonging is deeply intertwined with adherence to the "prohibition on certain forms of grieving" (2014, 37). I found myself vacillating between distress at all the unmourned death and waves of caution—even fear—as I worried that somehow my loyalties to "pest" species were apparent to the stallholders. In being a killjoy in such a setting—in this case, to disrupt the joy of killing with my attachment to introduced predators—I feared exposing myself as a traitor to conservation. Sara Ahmed writes that "To be affected in a good way by objects that are already evaluated as good is a way of belonging to an affective community" (2010, 38). We become alienated, she notes, when we fail to find appropriate pleasure in objects that are established as "good" (2010, 41). Both during the Pest Fest, and in many personal encounters in Wellington since, finding my affects to be alien left me feeling not only not

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

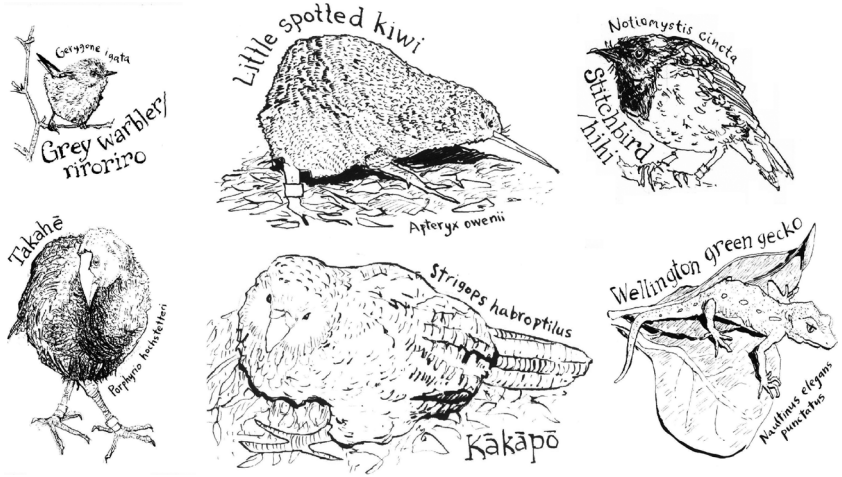


Figure 5.3

Some of Aotearoa/New Zealand's native fauna under threat from introduced predators: stitchbird/hihi, Wellington green gecko, kākāpō, takahe, grey warbler, little spotted kiwi.

at home, but at times also unsure of either my morality or sanity, as I failed to respond correctly to happenings framed as so obviously good, and happenings which part of me *could* see as good. It was not so much a sense of disagreement with the actions of my interlocutors—I suspected I might also choose culling in many of these situations and I continue to feel gratitude for the commitment conservationists have to keeping many endangered endemic species on this planet. Instead, my sense of alienation was due to my seeming inability to join in with the celebration of the death of introduced predators and the lack of anyone with whom to share the grief of all this killing.

Surrounded by the celebration of deaths of beings I cared so much about, eventually, I cracked. On the far side of the circle of stalls, a small group of children were throwing things at three wooden boards. Moving closer, I saw that, painted on each of the boards, was an image of a "pest": one stoat, one possum, and one rat, and that the children were throwing beanbags at them. When there was a direct hit, the boards spun around, revealing a native bird on the other side. As I stood there, two more children scooped up a handful of beanbags each, walked up to the display, and began hurling at point-blank range, in turn intent and gleeful. The lump in my

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

throat warned of imminent tears. Hardening my face in a desperate attempt to hold my tears in, I turned to leave the circle, to get out and find a cup of tea somewhere safe and dark. On the way out, I heard a man from another stall mention "horrible stoats" to a boy standing with his father. As the little boy walked away, he turned to his father, announcing, "Dad, I *hate* those nasty stoats!" Head down, I strode until I had broken through the circle of stalls, and promptly burst into tears.

After half an hour or so with a cup of tea at a quiet, dark, café/pub around the corner, my tears stopped and I slowly headed back to the Pest Fest, ready to try to come to grips with what was going on there, to try to be open to it. Next to the Pest Fest—but unrelated to it—a small carnival was operating. Just a Ferris wheel, a carousel, some "test your skill" competitions, and a food truck. Pleased at the excuse to delay my re-entry, I decided to take a ride in the rough-looking Ferris wheel. From the top of the Ferris wheel, the Pest Fest looked tiny, unthreatening—merely adults wandering from stall to stall, children weaving through it all and milling about the "make-a-pinecone-kiwi" craft table. Now and again, children ran up to the central table, presumably reporting their findings to be shared on the loudspeaker. I'd heard some of the announcements while I'd been on the ground: facts about how many years kiwi live for (typically twenty to thirty years) or how many species of native snails there are (around 2,000). This work of engaging children to know and love particular native critters was familiar from my time in the UK and I found myself wondering how I could have been so unable to connect with the people doing such labor here. After a minute or so on the ride, a little girl opposite me on the wheel started to cry. She and her accompanying adult, I assume her dad, were the only other people on the Ferris wheel. A couple of cycles later, the wheel stopped to let them off and I was left for a minute, hanging right at the top. I felt increasingly foolish, a lone adult on a Ferris wheel. A few cycles later, the ride stopped and I steeled myself to reenter the circle.

Entering the circle for the second time, I headed past the taxidermy collection and the trial possum lures to the beanbag stall. I introduced myself to the man and woman behind the stall, explaining my work as an ethnographer studying how we come to care for some animals and not others. I said that I

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

could understand what they were getting at, but "did it have to be quite so, um, violent?" I worried, I told them, that such an approach might encourage hatred of these animals, potentially leaving them open to abuse. I felt an immense silence as the woman behind the stall, tall and fit-looking, wearing a polar fleece and jeans, eyed me—expressionless—through her sunglasses. After that long moment, she did a sharp turn to her left and joined the next stall over. She didn't come back. The man, who, it turned out, was originally English, watched her go. After a second or two, he turned to me, a sympathetic smile on his face, and said that he could understand what I meant, but that it was hard to come up with a fun activity that also got the message across. Children had to understand the importance of saving these unique creatures. It was true, though, he said in a kindly, reconciling, tone, that they could do to think about how to get that message across better. I thanked him and went to chat with other stalls, somewhat numbed, before I decided I'd justified my twenty-two-hour flight, and finally allowed myself to leave.

COMING TO CARE AND COMING TO KILL

The practices of the Pest Fest—although challenging for me, otherly-aligned as I was—can be seen as part of what Anna Tsing refers to as "arts of inclusion," encouraging other humans to notice and become attached to those species we love (2011). This work was apparent in British hedgehog education days, through endearing hedgehog stories, making little clay hedgehogs, coloring cute pictures of hedgehogs, and reinforcing hog affections with charming hedgehog soft toys. Perhaps most powerfully, it was also the work of telling stories in which hedgehogs are valued fellow earth-dwellers, beings to be considered and appreciated for their cute, snuffling ways. Other work was more clearly directive, and parents, schools, and hedgehog rehabilitators actively taught children how to treat hedgehogs, how to consider their needs. So, back in Aotearoa/New Zealand, it didn't seem surprising that similar programs were afoot—card games, cute drawings, soft-toys, songs, story books, encouraging messages on television and, at the Pest Fest, pinecone-kiwi-making and even the beanbag throwing activity, in which throwing stones at "pests" flipped the panels to reveal beautiful images of native birds. However

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

problematic, this was the work of learning to care, of reorienting bodies and lives within a particular cultural setting. Just as I had played a role in what I was seeing now was both a storied and material work of encouraging British West Country children to fall in love with hedgehogs—and had come to feel even greater attachment to hogs through the process—I wondered whether I could let myself be caught up in the work of developing cares for native critters—cares that seemed vital to develop in order to better comprehend the culling of other species in their defense.

In the first of my endeavors to consciously get my body involved in the deepening of my attachments to native birds, I headed up to Zealandia ecosanctuary, both a physical sanctuary for native flora and fauna as well as an education hub (and which will be introduced in greater detail in the next chapter). One weekend, the Zealandia sanctuary launched a game in which children were encouraged to collect and play with a set of cards, each of which represented different living and extinct native birds. I bounded up to the man hosting the launch event and introduced myself, enthusing that I was very excited about what they were doing with the cards because I also wanted to learn to really care about native birds. He paused and frowned a little, responding with his head cocked in seeming puzzlement: "Ah no, the cards aren't for getting kids to care about native birds, they already care about them." He paused, as if processing the implications of what I'd said. He tilted his head slightly and frowned more. "Do you mean you *don't care* about them?"

"Well, I mean, *I do*," I replied, "just maybe not as much as a kiwi *should*." I was still feeling upbeat. "I mean, I love fantails and I've come to really enjoy the kākā since I've been in Wellington, but I also like hedgehogs and magpies. So, I'm kind of struggling with the culling. That's why I'm here, you know? I wanna start to learn to really 'get' native birds, so I can get to grips with the killing."

"But you don't need to *do* anything to care about native birds," he said. "Have you actually been *into* the sanctuary?"

"Yeah, I've got an annual membership." I reached into my wallet to grab my membership card as proof of my best efforts at deepening my commitment to native Aotearoa/New Zealand fauna. However, he wasn't watching.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Instead, he was looking out at the sanctuary through a large plate-glass window.

"Well, you just need to go in there, just look at them," he said, pointing. "That's all you need to do, *look* at them—just there!" He waved his finger, pointing into the sanctuary. "See, that tūī, just there, you just need to *see* it!" He went on to encourage me to look at his friend's Twitter account to see the footage of kākāpō chicks, giving me the account details. "They're parrots," he said, "so you really don't get more charismatic than that."

After promising that I would look at the kākāpō footage, I thanked him for his time and checked that the packets of playing cards were only free for kids. He said yes, they were only free for children, but I could have the info sheet. I gratefully accepted the info sheet, thanked him again then went upstairs to the shop to buy two packets of cards from the giftshop.

I have since found myself intrigued by our markedly different orientations to the obviousness of deeply loving native birds. I suspect I hadn't explained myself well. Looking at processes of "coming to care," Elspeth Probyn argues that what we care about is a matter of habitus, of our fundamental and bodily shaping as humans, our dispositions, capacities and propensities, formed in response to the practices, attitudes, tastes, and knowledges that comprise our worlds (2014, 291–292). For Pierre Bourdieu, habitus is our social world embodied, our dispositions that are both shaped by our social worlds, and that, in turn, shape worlds, forming the lens and mode of being through which we experience and carry out our lives (1977, 79). With cares that are well-aligned with our social worlds, however, the *work* involved in "coming to care" is not always apparent. In such a "happy" situation (Ahmed 2010), the object of our affections is also socially defined as "good," and our calls for others to care—our work of showing the other in the best light—can be framed as simply reflecting the obvious goodness of the object rather creating attachments, the work of supporting people to develop a "taste" for the other. While, as noted in chapter 4, certain traits, such as those recognized as "cute" may, in some (but not all) circumstances, tend to be considered attractive, in truth, a great deal of work goes into forming such attachments. We *learn* who and what to care for and how. And yet, through such learning—as we come to care and be attached—the work of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

being called to care seems irrelevant, as, in loving another, our love comes to feel like a self-evident response to the other's obvious charms.

Undoing Cares

In conservation practice in Aotearoa/New Zealand, there was not only the work to create new attachments, but also to discourage competing cares from taking hold, or to undo those already established. At the Pest Fest, I had met Grace*, a charismatic woman working in conservation biosecurity. All morning, people had been telling me that if I was interested in hedgehogs, I needed to talk to her, that she was doing brilliant work, and that she'd likely be keen to see me. Upon tracking her down and introducing myself and my project on urban hedgehog–human relations, she exclaimed, apparently delighted, "Excellent! Just the person I am looking for! You can help me get all of New Zealand to hate hedgehogs!" I had laughed, her enthusiasm somehow welcoming despite the grisly prospects. I explained that I was more just trying to understand how conservation worked here. Grace passionately—and somehow warmly—declared that hedgehogs were "Horrible!" She told me about the camera footage revealing that the mysterious force stressing dotterels and eating their eggs—to the point of nearly eighty percent nest failure in one key braided river site—was actually hedgehogs. I admitted that I knew and that it did sound horrible. But—even though I could see that hog-culling seemed vital for dotterel survival—I still struggled with the culling. I murmured that I probably wouldn't be of much help in her quest for social transformation.

As part of Conservation Week the following year, the Predator Free 2050 campaign was publicly launched with then Prime Minister John Key stating "Our ambition is that by 2050 every single part of New Zealand will be completely free of rats, stoats and possums" (2016). The government also invested an initial $28 million into a private–public partnership, "Predator Free New Zealand Limited" (Key 2016). The following year, the government would pledge an extra $7 million annually on top of public spending of currently over $70 million a year (DoC 2017). "Pest Free Wellington—What Would it Take?", a talk by seven speakers from various conservation groups outlining what Wellington would need to do to become pest free, attracted

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

a packed audience of 300 people. Grace held a pest education stall prior to the event and, at the discussion time at end of the talks, brought up her question again, this time to a social scientist working with the Department of Conservation. Addressing him by his role, she asked, "Social scientist, how do you get people to hate hedgehogs?" The compere, a charismatic woman occupying a new national conservation role aimed at representing threatened species added: "My response always is, you wouldn't feed a rat bread or milk or cat biscuits, so why would you do it with the hedgehogs?" The microphone was then passed back to the social scientist. "I guess you have to think about what motivates people, rather than what motivates conservationists," he said. He suggested that emphasizing the mess of hedgehog poo might help or that, if people were motivated by wanting to avoid killing hedgehogs on the road, then this could be used to encourage them to not to feed hedgehogs and thus avoid attracting them to areas where there are cars. I puzzled that this second argument for not feeding hogs was based on how people could avoid harming them. There was clearly still some care around for hogs, it seemed. Understanding motivations was, for his team, he noted, the key question. He finished by commenting, "Interesting research topic, though." After a moment's pause, the compere reclaimed the mic:

"Beatrix Potter has a lot to answer for—that's all I'll say." And the discussion was over.

For me, underlying the understanding of motivations is the need to understand attachments: a question that, rather than being about choice of actions, is instead a question of who we are and how we belong in the world. And, indeed, much of the work of both council and state-level government-funded conservation, as well as many privately funded conservation groups in Aotearoa/New Zealand, was focused on shifting attachments. In part, this works through altering how target species are framed. And certainly, for those wishing to encourage people to get involved in trapping, such strategies do seem to make sense in our current cultural climates, in which being attached to other animals in particular ways—whether or not due to Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle imagery—does seem to make people resistant to killing them.

On a bright day in early spring, I headed to the Otari-Wilton's Bush Open Day. A man was showing a young girl how the DoC 200 trap worked.[5] There

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

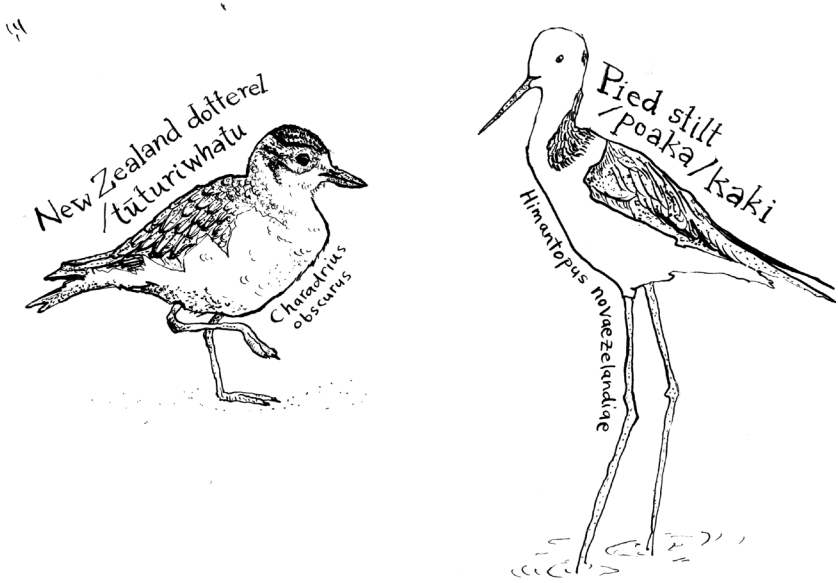


Figure 5.4
New Zealand dotterel, pied stilt.

was a toy rat inside, a broad smile on its cartoony rat face. The little girl and I both jumped at the sudden loud bang as the arms of the trap smashed down. Once recovered, the little girl looked across at the taxidermied animals on the next table, the same Wellington City Council critters that had been at the Pest Fest—a collection which, this time, included a (rather grizzled-looking) hedgehog. Looking back to the trap, the little girl asked the man whether the trap would catch hedgehogs, too. He paused. In the pause, the little girl added, seemingly hopefully: "Or maybe they couldn't get through this little opening?"

"Oh no," He replied, "you'd be surprised, even though the hole is small, they can squeeze down and get through that gap."

The little girl went very quiet.

He went on: "Hedgehogs are more of a problem than you'd think—perhaps not so much here in the city, but certainly they are a problem for ground-nesting birds."

He explained, as had Grace, about how video footage around dotterel nests had shown this. The little girl was staring blankly at the trap. "How do you feel about the hedgehogs being trapped?" I asked her.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

She looked up at me and made a sad face, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"You're not sure about it?" I asked. She nodded.

"Yeah," I said, nodding sadly. I can't remember whether I said, "me too," but I hope I did.

I would later regret putting words in her mouth, wondering if I'd reduced what she might have been feeling. At the time, the man switched his focus to talk to me, rather than the girl, perhaps assuming that I was her mother. He explained that this work—this trapping—all went to help the birds. I blandly nodded as he spoke, feeling oddly numb. When I looked back down, the little girl had gone.

In order to avoid such attachments being established, there was careful work done by the Department of Conservation and other conservation organizations to not allow cuteness—Beatrix Potter–style or otherwise—into the representation of "pest" beings. This was perhaps even more apparent at the Pest Fest I attended the following year. The 2016 Pest Fest day was a much smaller affair of only five stalls set up around the corner of a building. The taxidermy collection—now the fourth time I'd seen many of the pieces—was again on display and, taped to the desks, were various laminated images of "pests." Chatting about the set-up process for the day, a young woman behind the stall commented on the difficulty of getting the right pictures. "It's hard to find ones where they look sufficiently menacing," she said. "We took ages to find this one"—she showed me a picture of a stoat with bared teeth. "The others were all far too cute." Allowing introduced predators to be shown in loveable ways had proven to be problematic. In an aside during an interview, one woman, an educator, recalled that the Wellington Zoo used to have a pair of rats and a hedgehog as education animals. At times, however, parents would ask, "Why on earth do you have them? They're pests." The point at the time had been to get kids to love animals generally and both rats and hedgehogs had been easy creatures for children to interact with: rats for their sociability and hedgehogs for their nonchalance. The Zoo no longer has "pests" as outreach animals.

In this way, conservation strategies in Aotearoa/New Zealand not only emphasize coming to care for native critters, they also do the work of unstitching and preventing cares for certain introduced species. At times, this undoing was carried out through the sorts of selective representation that subtly

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

(or not-so subtly) removed a creature's potential charms. Although we are surely never present to one another in our entirety—the particulars of our own cultural and personal backgrounds in dynamic intra-play with biological possibility, shaping what it is we are able to love about one another (Lorimer 2009; Barad 2003)—such limited presentation surely matters. Thinking with scientific experimentation on other-than-human animals, Isabelle Stengers argues for the importance of decisions being made in the presence of "those that may turn out to be the victims" of our decisions (2005a, 997). Thinking with Deleuze's figure of the idiot, the "one who always slows the others down, who resists the consensual way in which the situation is presented and in which emergencies mobilize thought or action" (2005a, 994), Stengers imagines the resistance of the idiot not on the basis of the arguments used to justify experimentation, but rather on the environment within which such arguments are made and make sense: "We may agree with your arguments, but we have to make sure that you are fully exposed to their consequences" (2005a, 997). Getting fully exposed in such a way, getting "in the presence of" another, however, is not without difficulty. Aside from the many ways in which the experiences of other beings are not knowable to us, we also create barriers through various "protective maneuvers"—in the case of Stenger's imagined experimental scientists, these are the stable, accepted framings and methodologies, and the "grand tales about the advancement of knowledge, rationality defined against sentimentality" that can anesthetize one to the vital and unsettling question: "What am I busy doing?" (Stengers 2005a, 997). Stengers' idiot stands for the decisions that might be made without such protections.

Continuing to ask "What are we busy doing?" is difficult in the light of particular ways of presenting the other. At the Pest Fest, reductive and less-than-charming framings of introduced predators act as "arts of dismissal" rather than "arts of noticing" (Tsing 2011), helping to make the work of killing "pests" into the simple work of the good. As argued in chapter 6, there is danger in such simplifications, not only in the ways in which decisions are too easily made with such limited presence of the victims of such decisions (Stengers 2005b), but also in the ways in which cruelty can often go unchecked when allowed to operate under the mantel of the apparent and unquestioned "right and good" (Guggenbuhl-Craig 2015 [1971], 22).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

SHIFTING NORMS

Alongside this shift in framing of particular beings, however, active work was being done to shift the norms of killing in Aotearoa/New Zealand. It quickly became apparent that the mood of the Pest Fests and related conservation week events were present beyond events organized by the Wellington City Council. A similar upbeat conservation spirit was palpable throughout much of Wellington, with many people not only delighting in the return of tūī and kākā to the city, but also at times sharing an enthusiasm—even a joy—for killing pest species.

Culling was not only framed as common sense within the conservation circles that I found myself in, but it was also considered a sufficiently fun and interesting activity that a quality trap could acceptably be given as a birthday or anniversary gift. Enthusiasm for trapping popped up in unexpected places, such as when I asked my doctor to tell me a happy story to distract me while she took blood. Without knowing my research topic, she told me about the rats she and her husband had caught in their backyard and the feeling of victory she'd felt at having potentially wiped them all out. In my weekly Māori language class, several of my majority pākehā classmates were bemused, and a couple even a little horrified, at my hedgehog-oriented project, and one classmate even happened to be a housemate of John and Rachel of Hodge-killing fame (chapter 1). A few months later, at a party at their house, John and Rachel were relaxed and friendly. Somewhat bemused, they accepted an early draft of what would become the first chapter of this book. As the night wore on, amidst craft beer and a competitive stretching game—things I felt very much at home amongst—the topic of conversation eventually turned to trapping. It turned out that many party goers were enthusiastically involved. Here, John and Rachel were just regular conservation-minded folk. Although I was not necessarily against killing, in strongly feeling pest sympathies and finding few places to mourn, or for conclusions to be simply slowed down, I found myself feeling strange and disconnected throughout much of my time in this otherwise welcoming city.

Throughout Wellington, backyard trapping has rapidly gained social acceptance. In 2004, there were twelve community-based conservation groups. At the time of writing, there are over fifty, many of which are either involved

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

in trapping or are interested in getting involved (Predator Free Wellington 2022). While I have met several conservationists in Wellington who do not have backyard traps, there are moves afoot to establish kill-trapping on one's own property as being obvious and common sense—even part of one's responsibility as a kiwi. At the "Pest Free Wellington, What Would it Take?" talk, the compere had said to the packed crowd, "I would argue the most important part is the people in this room, and the rest of the country, putting a trap in their backyard the same way that they might put a seatbelt on when they get into the car—without even thinking about it." One of the following speakers, a central organizer of a local trapping group in the suburb next to mine, and whose talk elicited claps and cheers from the audience, put it this way:

> I think about three or four years ago, before Enhancing the Halo started and all those sorts of things, I would have stood here and said, "Who's got a trap in their backyard?" But now I think it's more of a case of saying, "Who hasn't got a trap in their backyard?" Can those people put their hands up? . . . and then come up the front.

Sitting in the audience, I had quietly put my hand up as the speaker asked who didn't have a trap. I didn't catch sight of anyone else with their hand up. I swiftly put my hand down again as he suggested those of us without traps come up the front. Other speakers at the talk commented that social weight is tipping in favor of trapping in Wellington, and that this is precisely what needs to happen. From his seat in the audience, the social scientist commented that this was reaching a critical mass, "As your neighbors all get rat traps, you're going to have really strong pressure." To help kick-start this strategy, all attendees were given a free rat trap at the end of the evening; I accepted one as I left the hall—although accepting it was not mandatory, it had felt too exposing to say no. Although it remained unused, sitting in my wardrobe, in publicly accepting I had played a part in upholding the social license of killing as a response to species-based categorizations.

Deadly Articulations

Some of the work of establishing new norms and getting a critical mass of people killing, however, was not just that of making certain creatures killable. There was also active work undertaken to articulate the work of trapping

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

with particular, beloved, aspects of New Zealandness. Taking his lead from Ernesto Laclau, Stuart Hall describes articulation theory as tracing ways in which various social groups and aspects of ideology with no necessary connection come to be woven together into coherent, apparently obviously connected, discourses and movements. Such analysis argues that we need to take into account the sorts of historically-informed, non-necessary, and contingent connections through which apparently disparate forces become articulated (1986, 53). However, as Hall notes, while, theoretically, there are unlimited possibilities of such articulations, in practice not everything sticks, and historically informed "lines of tendency" make some associations more likely than others (1986, 53; see also, Clifford 2001, 481).

Powerful connections have been forged between the effort to go "pest free" and New Zealand's progressive history.[6] As the compere had said during the "Pest Free Wellington—What would it Take?" talk's opening address: "We were the first country to give women the vote, we were the first country to put a man on Everest, we had our nuclear free movement, this is our next big thing." Despite the suffrage movement and nuclear-free New Zealand being initially somewhat marginal political movements, they are now widely embraced in a story of the country as a socially progressive nation.[7] Becoming predator free was being actively woven into this story.

Articulations were also made between actively engaging in culling and kiwi ideals of practical, outdoorsy personhood. The compere said of getting involved in trapping in urban areas:

> It plays to our sense of a "good keen man"—a "good keen woman" as well—because, despite the fact that 85 or so percent of us live in cities, we all like to think that we are people of bush, and people of the ocean, and people of the mountains. So this idea that, even in my city, I could be out in my backyard smashing little creatures—humanely!—that helps us fall in love with that notion of who we think we are as New Zealanders, and it plays directly into our national identity.

Here, the "good keen man" and "good keen woman" references are taken from the titles of two classic New Zealand novels written by author and deer-culler, Barry Crump. Crump's images were also invoked by another local trapping team, a group focused on an area of inner-city Wellington, who referred to themselves as "wilderpeople," referencing the recent New Zealand

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

police-evasion bush-quest film, *Hunt for the Wilderpeople*, based on Crump's 1986 novel, *Wild Pork and Watercress*. Crump's writing typifies the ideal hard-case,[8] hard-working, practical-minded, and rugged New Zealander—someone whose practicality also allows them to do the dirty work of defending what matters. Such qualities of ideal New Zealandness also align with the moves of some pākehā to claim a sense of belonging through engagement with the land. The back cover of *Being Pākehā Now: Reflections and Recollections of a White Native* (1985), the memoir of influential pākehā historian Michael King, for example, flatly states that "New Zealanders who are committed to this land and its people are no less 'indigenous' than Māori" (1985 see also, Potts at al. 2013, 19). While such a claim is one that I suspect the majority of pākehā conservationists today would wince at, connection to native flora and fauna has played an important role in the development of national identity, particularly, for pākehā (Taiepa 1997).

STRANGE LOVES VERSUS WELL-ALIGNED CARES

Framings of pests and idealized New Zealandness, as well as growing love for native flora and fauna, combine to make the urban trapping of pest species increasingly common sense. In this climate, however, the establishment of both good and bad animals as well as the association of ideals of progressive, outdoorsy, practicality with kill-trapping—is not seen as the product of work. Instead, these emergent norms come to seem obvious, as if they had simply always been so. In contrast, as I would come to find out, the cares of those with pest sympathies were increasingly visible as attachments shaped by particular events; unlike the obviousness of cares for native critters, pest cares were seen as clearly contingent, historically situated. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, my fondness for hedgehogs would typically be diagnosed as the product of some anomaly of my past: Wellingtonian responses to my fondness for hedgehogs would often be along the lines of "ah, you must have grown up with Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle?" This connection was not untrue—as noted in chapter 1, I *did* grow up with Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle and I suspect it did affect how I feel about hedgehogs. However, in this instance, the recognition of the contingency of my cares—the ways in which they were made—made my cares less legitimate. In contrast, in the UK, the madeness of my cares for hedgehogs

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

had been invisible because my attachments fitted within the common sense. Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle was not seen as the *reason* for my fondness for hedgehogs: like those who are deeply attached to native birds in Wellington, it seemed to be assumed that I was attached to hedgehogs because they are likeable. As in the UK, well-aligned cares require no justification.

Conversely, having cares outside of the mainstream of conservation may put one at threat of being labeled crazy. In Wellington, one public source of conservation critique came from Feline Rights New Zealand, who challenged the idea that native animal lives are worth more than those of cats. During conservation events, such groups were the target of ridicule and, at times, of rage. Several of my conservationist interviewees raised the question of whether it might be infection with toxoplasmosis that made "cat people" so overpoweringly love cats. Although I have come to care for felines,[9] I had not been brought up to love cats and had found myself at times enjoying similar toxoplasmotic accusations as an easy way of dismissing the sometimes frustrating cares of others. Such seriously-joking remarks question the sanity of people who love cats to such status-quo-challenging levels, while also questioning the extent to which they are in control of their own feelings.

In a Western, individualist frame, such a move is powerfully delegitimizing. In worlds such as those of dominant science practice that idealize the "independent" and "self-made," the recognition that one's cares might come from outside of oneself—be it from a virus or history—is violently delegitimizing (Latour 2002). Challenging the ideal of the Modern human as an independent actor, Bruno Latour argues that it is in fact our attachments to the world that allow us to think and become able and to belong in the world (1999). As Butler writes, we are always pulled by something outside of us into caring for others (2014, 130). All cares might thus be thought of as variously toxoplasmotic, some sort of meaningful, constitutive invasion, connecting us to the world. As Judith Butler argues, there is likely to be some level of humiliation when we realize that in matters of love, rather than "exercising judgement" we are, in many ways, living out the patterns of loving we learned as children, before our "will" was formed (2014). Rather than our attachments being a product of our autonomy, it is instead that our autonomy is formed inside our relatings and attachments (Butler 2014, 26).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

As Donna Haraway has argued, "Just because you or your group got at how it works doesn't make it go away, and because you get that it is made doesn't mean to say it's made up" (2006, 138). However, in social worlds that lionize notions of self-made, independent, and rationally-acting humans, awareness of such interdependence and co-constitution can be deeply uncomfortable. In Wellington, accusations of mad(e)ness work to allow the challenges from "cat people" to be quickly dismissed (at least when no such people are present). Such dismissal also rendered dissent socially risky. Certainly, the threat of ending up tarred with the "cat person" brush encouraged me to stay quiet about my attachment to introduced mammals in many situations.

The force with which cares for cats are dismissed by conservationists, however, also requires some consideration of the threat that cat-oriented groups posed to conservationists. Taking a moment to zoom out from my experiences of dominant conservation practice as a powerful threat, conservation work itself has had to fight for funding and recognition—even in a nation with such a "clean and green" environmental reputation as Aotearoa/New Zealand. This tends to be true, Laur Kiik argues, of conservationists internationally, whom she argues, "often feel overpowered by wealthy business people, corrupt governments and militaries, as well as by unsupportive publics, perplexing societies and the larger international policy actors" (2019, 396). Challenges from oppositional groups—including anti-poison groups and pro-animal groups—can also fail to understand the struggles and deep cares held by conservationists.

While both poles of such debates have attempted to dismiss the cares of the other (or to frame the other as uncaring), successfully writing-off the cares of one's opposition as illegitimate and irrational was a trump card available to those whose cares were well-aligned with the "common sense." Within dominant conservation practice, caring in misaligned ways could make one's thoughts seem odd and unscientific in ways that notions animated by common sense cares did not. Some months after I arrived back in Aotearoa/New Zealand, I met Jamie Steer through a contact at the New Zealand Centre for Animal-Human Studies. Jamie worked as a Senior Biodiversity Advisor with the Greater Wellington Regional Council and had recently completed a doctoral thesis in environmental science looking at three case studies of

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

introduced animals: deer, ducks, and trout. Jamie's was one of the few voices questioning accepted conservation practice to be given serious space on mainstream media.[10] His analysis suggests that, at times, New Zealand scientific practices have overlooked possible species reconciliation solutions, tending to view eradication as the only option. More fundamentally, Jamie's work questioned the ways in which species are valued within conservation practice in Aotearoa/New Zealand. As he noted in the introduction to his PhD, the negative reaction to his research from work and academic colleagues led him to question whether it was wise to continue:

> At that fairly early stage I genuinely considered abandoning the project altogether as it was damaging my reputation as an ecologist and therefore my ability to make a living. According to some, my views had become "crazy". Although I persisted with the research, my framing of questions since then has tended to be much less direct and I have distanced myself from active debate. I note this to express the very real and very personal reality of ostracism that may prevent further moves toward reconciliation (2015, 375).

Since the completion of his thesis and dissemination of his work through newspaper articles and radio broadcasts, threats have been made to Jamie's job. Comments on a 2016 article by Jamie challenged not only his morality, but also the quality of his science, with his work being dismissed by some commenters in a recent newspaper article as: "hugging bambis" and "politician material" (Steer 2016).[11] Following an interview on New Zealand's public radio station, Radio New Zealand National, a significant minority of responses expressed gratitude for Jamie's views with expressions such as, "NZ needs free thinkers" and "Thank you for giving room for this kind of 'environmental heresy.'" Many comments, however, were highly negative, and dismissive of his science on the basis of his "obvious alignments". De-legitimizing responses included asking, "Can you please ask where this speaker's funding/scholarship/money comes from? I find his views exceptionally bizarre, upsetting, wrong and outrageous, to the extent it seems his view must be sponsored somehow . . ." (Louise) and, "To sanctify prolific introduced species that will destroy the rare unique species is a selfish narrow egocentric view, since that is what his doctorate is all about. Hopefully he stays a lone voice" (Gary Beecroft). In contrast, for those scientists who have the benefit of having their

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

animating cares aligned with the common sense, cares for endangered and other critters are able to be smuggled into the powerful realm of the objective (Bourdieu 1977; Haraway 1997, 26).

In the dismissive responses of radio callers, Steer was not simply cast as being attached in different ways or as differently caring—a framing that would be an opening to discussion (how do we value ecosystems? As static or emergent? How should we think about suffering? How do we decide on the end goal we are aiming for? And who decides?). Instead, he was cast as being unable to comprehend what is genuinely worth caring about. As one commentator, expressing this common theme in response to Jamie's 2016 newspaper article (Steer 2016) noted: ". . . the concept of 'intrinsic value' also seems to have escaped Mr Steer." Such ideas overlook the great complexity and relational nature of coming to value (Chan et al. 2016). Without seeing possibilities for differing values, such approaches share much with some invasion biologists' dismissal of dissenting views as "denialism" rather than disagreement (Frank 2021). As Thom van Dooren writes with respect to the conservation of the

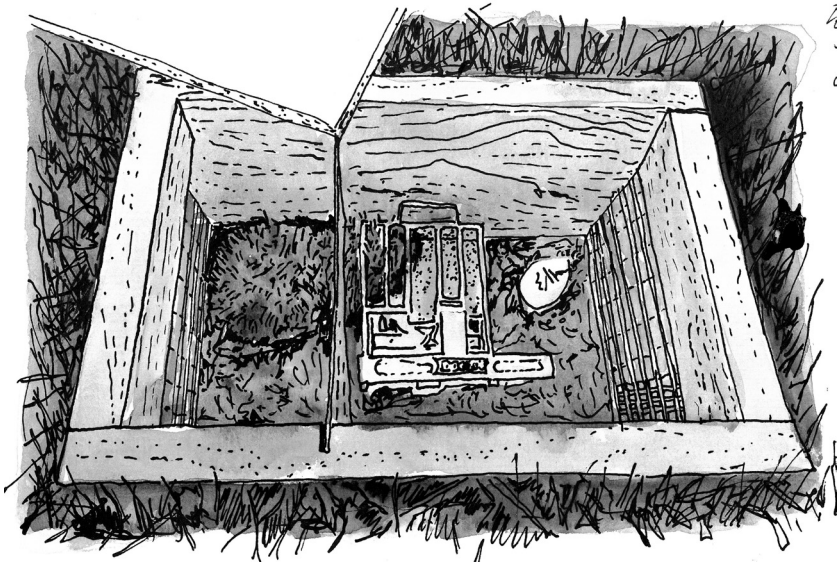


Figure 5.5
A dead hedgehog caught in the final trap of the line.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Hawaiian crow, the ʻalalā, the "common sense" nature of the logics structuring care and violence make it "that much harder to contest for alternative spaces, relationships and possibilities" (2015, 3, 10). In a social climate in which the culling of invasive species cannot be questioned without threat of social ostracism, it is difficult to not feel bullied along, rushed into killing as a first response at risk of being labeled heartless or idiotic.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE: TECHNOLOGIES OF MAKING-KILLABLE

This climate of (apparent) inevitability, though, is not just from the social and symbolic work of framing and articulation. A key element of feeling rushed along, and of the construction of what is considered obvious, is the materiality of trapping itself. That anti-pest sentiment has increased alongside the development of kill trap technologies is no accident, the two forces working together intra-actively, with conservation values made manifest in the traps and the traps themselves playing into public action and discourse in a host of ways (Barad 2007; Gruen and Weil 2010).

The process of coming to kill, however, isn't always smooth: one young woman shuddered as she told me about the first time that she had killed a rat in a snap trap. She went home and cried, but now finds she is used to it; she just throws the carcasses into the bush and reloads. In casual conversations, several people told me it was the Goodnature traps that first got them involved: the specifics of the trap and the lack of direct contact in these self-reloading traps helping encourage their involvement. Another long-term conservationist had worked for the Department of Conservation back when possums were caught in leg traps. Typically, they were caught during the night and would remain trapped until they were killed by conservationists in the morning. Best practice had been a hammer to the possum's temple, she said, and some people were really swift and good at it. She'd never become skilled at it, and hated the fact that, two or three times, she'd taken a couple of blows to make the kills. She had avoided the active killing from then on, wrangling things so she could just assist. She hadn't become an active trapper again until the introduction of the Goodnature traps, and now had one in her backyard.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

In a climate in which beloved critters are threatened with possible extinction, and within which species-directed rather than place-based killing is the focus, such distancing technologies become a vital driver in assisting the work of killing—especially for those of us who would usually not be direct killers.

For others who had previously loved the animals they were killing, coming to kill was at times entangled in understanding them differently, detaching, or even learning to hate. One trapper, otherwise an animal lover and vegetarian, said that he had made himself learn to hate rats in order to be able to kill them. Another explained to me that mice transformed for her as she killed them. The first time she laid a trap she had been full of dread but, having done it, mice became something she knew she could kill. Several others learned through killing to relate to dead rats as a tally: a carcass became a sign of achievement to the extent that such trappers wondered how they would stay motivated when kill numbers were low—even though they knew that this was ultimately the aim of their labors.

The influence of the materiality of trapping is, however, not entirely linear. Instead, traps turn out to have surprising ways of making their targets differently present to the trappers (Stengers 2005b). In interviews, several trappers independently stated that, although they hadn't particularly been fond of the targeted species before they started to trap, meeting the carcasses of these animals led them to appreciate some "pests," particularly rats. It was through handling dead rats, feeling their pelts, that they realized how beautiful they really were. Although this didn't necessarily stop their trapping, it did seem to reinforce the need to kill as humanely as possible.

Trappers' feelings toward hedgehogs, however, were considerably less positive as a response to the particularity of finding dead hedgehogs in traps. As hedgehogs seem to putrefy faster than other critters, even people who reported being quite fond of hedgehogs before they started culling noted having developed a dislike, even disgust, for the stinking animals in their traps. That their spikes make them difficult to remove from Department of Conservation traps didn't help, leading to frustration and even greater contact with the stink of hedgehog carcasses. In UK care settings, hedgehogs and other animals had at times been in conditions that could be called (and indeed, were often experienced as) disgusting—rotting, maggot-infested, bloody, or filled

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

with pus. Yet these experiences did not get folded into ideas of hedgehogs, or the other animals, as *being* disgusting, suggesting the interplay of disgust with species imaginaries, societal norms, and life histories (McKeithen 2017).

I met Cris and Chris through Grace, who told me that the men had high numbers of hedgehog kills and would likely be interesting to talk to. The two men, both in their late thirties, had taken on caring for a line of several traps on Mount Victoria and had caught around fifty creatures in the previous six months, twelve of whom had been hedgehogs. I met them at Chris' house on a day they were to add several new traps to their "line." Chris' young son wanted to come with us so, each with a trap box in tow, we set off up the hill at the end of their street. They were kind and put me at my ease. We chatted as we walked, with me asking interview-style questions that Chris and Cris kindly indulged. I asked whether there were any joys of trapping, and while both said it was not an active delight, they agreed with one another that trapping had played an important role in creating a connection to place; particularly as neither man worked in the area, they felt that this work connected them into their local worlds and was something they could do both for the native species they loved, as well as for their human communities. In a dream that many conservationists, both volunteer and professional, have expressed, they said they hoped not just for the survival, but for the flourishing of native birds in the area. However, Chris noted that they weren't thinking about these benefits at the time of trapping, rather, they would just get in the mode of killing. Deliberate pleasures, however, also attended the trapping. We stopped for a beer part way through the round of checking the traps, which was explained to me as a pretty normal part of proceedings. Chris's son had a piece of chocolate. The mood generally was upbeat and relaxed. The guys commented that as this was recreational, volunteer, labor, it needed to be sustainable.

As we continued on the rounds, checking previously laid traps (with no catches so far, to my relief), and choosing locations for the new ones, I asked Cris and Chris about the hedgehogs they'd caught. It had taken a bit of getting used to killing hedgehogs, they said. They already knew hedgehogs were a problem for conservation and that they were being killed by the Department of Conservation in some parts of the country, but that it was still a surprise when a hedgehog had been the very first thing they caught. Cris said he'd had initial misgivings about it—rather than being distressed at killing a hedgehog,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

finding a hedgehog—an animal he didn't know whether he was meant to be targeting—had made him feel unsure of whether he was doing the right thing. However, he checked with two local ecologists, and they told him he was doing good work in catching them. He explained that he then went into the mode of killing hedgehogs and never looked back. "Do what you're told," he said, half-joking but also with a tone of respect, and even gratitude, for the work of professional ecologists: "ecologists sort it out, we just follow best practice." Chris paused and mused that it was sort of a shock the way that killing had become very every day and not really a worry or bother. He added, "It's not about thinking each time you take a life." Here, not only did the technologies create distance from killing, but so too did the directives of experts.

At the bottom of the hill, we came to the final trap, a trap which, apparently, hadn't been as prolific a catcher as the traps on the ridge, but which had caught a few rats. I said I'd been interested in how the trap actually worked, and Cris and Chris encouraged me to set it. It was a Victor trap, one usually used to catch rats and precisely the model I had accepted at the end of the "Wellington, What Would it Take" event. Although it had never been set outside, I had, one night, removed it from my wardrobe and practiced setting it, getting increasingly used to the ferocity of the snap as the trap released. Cris and Chris handed me the blue bait to apply and stood back as I set the trap according to their instructions and gingerly placed it into its tunnel. As we walked away from the trap, I felt a wave of panic and regret that my set-up would potentially kill someone—although, feeling too silly to say "someone", the indefinite pronoun by which I had come to refer to hedgehogs during my time in the UK—I'd said "something" when I shared this feeling with the guys. Chris reassured me: "Think about the horrible deaths other animals would die at the hands of rats. You've probably saved several birds, or at least you will if that trap catches something." I did feel relieved, but this comfort soon washed away, replaced by a host of feelings that I suspect will remain resistant to simplification. The strongest, however, and the most disturbing, was the ease of this decision to kill, the apparent obviousness of it. It had not felt like the sort of "tough decision" that implies one is facing the multiple ethical pulls of a situation. Instead, it felt like too-easy, too-smooth flattening of ethical obligations (van Dooren 2014b, 38). Here, not only did the technology allow me to kill without having to face the presence of beings I

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

care for, but I was also offered the possibility of belonging, of staying with this supportive mood and the encouragement that we were doing something good. Staying with that mood meant not thinking about the lives of those being killed, an absence that was disturbingly easy to create. Instead, I found myself simply setting the trap in a strangely detached way, without obvious feeling, almost as if the trap was setting itself.

At the end of the trapping round on Mt Victoria, we wandered to check one final trap. After trap after trap with no kills, this final trap had caught a hedgehog. The death had apparently happened some time ago, however, as the hedgehog was now very flat and dry. Spikes fell off as Cris removed it and set the trap again, the mighty weight of the DoC 200 apparent as he pulled the jaws of the trap apart (figure 5.5).

Not wanting to know the outcome of my setting, I didn't contact Cris and Chris for some months. When I finally emailed them, they said the trap had killed dozens of mice and rats, but they couldn't remember whether my particular setting of the trap had done so. I didn't push further.

On sharing my experience, several friends and colleagues have suggested similarities between my experiences and those of participants in the Yale University Milgram experiment. In these experiments, which aimed to investigate participants' obedience to authority, even when that obedience caused harm, a group of men were led to believe that they were administering shocks to a participant. Although the shocks were not real, the experiment caused waves internationally when many of the men followed the instructions of an authority figure to increase the shocks to levels that would have been fatal had they been real (1973). I am, however, resistant to too-easy comparisons; these are different stories demanding attention to their particularities. My primary resistance is against the implication that such happenings required overt pressure or bullying, neither of which I had felt. I am more interested, instead, in the everyday ways in which stories, infrastructures, and ways of relating, including authority and belonging, make others differently present and absent, differently considerable, directing us toward violence and care in ever-particular ways. Unlike the Milgram experiments: designed to make participants *transgress* deeply held societal norms within a social microcosm of the laboratory, what I had been part of was an entire shift in who and what counts.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

How the other is made present to us, through which stories and technologies they are mediated, matters deeply. Relationships shift under different socio-technological regimes. In Wellington, "pest" animals come to be recognized differently within conservation worlds, with their cute or funny aspects omitted from their everyday representations and with new articulations of practices with key elements of national identity shifting the actions that feel appropriate as a kiwi. It becomes difficult to think otherwise when identity becomes bound into caring in a certain way. The materialities of our worlds, too—how we meet animals differently, in a display or in a trap—further shift relationships. While our recognition of the other is surely always, to some degree, partial, I wonder what decisions might be made in the presence of subjects given room to display more of their charms.

There is a great deal of work—both intentional and not—that goes into how we come to care. However, as such cares get established as common sense, they are able to look as if they are not cares at all, as if they are somehow not also constructed. There is an immense politics in this invisibility. I have also participated in debates when, resting into the norm, I've delegitimated the cares of another by pointing out the ways in which they are made (cf. Haraway 2006). Such attempts to smuggle my cares into the realm of the "natural" or unmade have, at best, been tragically misplaced social survival strategies and, at worst, cynical attempts to dominate. As Maria Puig de la Bellacasa notes, refusing the power of such self-erasure and universalism is a key aspect of feminist politics (2012, 206). It takes courage and generosity to willingly render one's madeness visible when one finds oneself in the powerful position of having cares well-aligned with the common sense. I had rested into the sheen of objectivity that my cares for hedgehogs gave me in the UK and rarely considered giving up the privileges they lent me. In contrast, as a person fond of "pests" in Wellington—even when also willing to kill them—I'd found myself feeling exposed, at times even frightened. With cares outside of the obvious I, and those like me, come to look somewhat toxoplasmotic: as if we alone had been disturbingly invaded by infectious alien attachments, as if that wasn't the very nature of all our cares.

During my fieldwork in the UK, I had become convinced of the vital importance of our cares to our sense of ourselves: in losing those we love, parts

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

of ourselves are lost, too (Butler 2014). Despite my increasing recognition of constitutive nature of my and my UK informants' attachments—seeing that our loves for nonhuman beings of various kinds weren't frivolous but rather part of who we were, what animated us—I hadn't really considered the effects of unstitching my own cares (Tamas 2009). In these months of fieldwork in Aotearoa/New Zealand, and those which followed, I found myself deeply unsettled, feeling both a lack of full rationality and a general feeling of sorrow that now seems a reasonable response to finding one's cares deeply out of whack with the world one finds oneself in. Yet, in a world in which there is little comfort with contingency, having one's cares all out in the open, rather than safely tucked away in the common sense, is a risky thing. "But I like them," and cognate phrases, have become for me gestures toward complex cultural and material, social and personal histories of becoming attached to another and, indeed, becoming ourselves. Yet, rather than an ontological statement, such an experience of liking, loving, being attached to another, tends to be taken as simple preference, rarely sufficient to have a view be taken seriously. In order to avoid vulnerability, as Latour argues, the Modern's story is one, of impossible searches for infinitely true knowledges safe from being struck down by the realization of their contingence (Latour 2013, 166, 176). Indeed, within such worldviews, merely "exposing" the happenstance and accident of the attachments of an "enemy" can be the work of destabilizing critique.

Whether or not our attachments have a home in a particular common sense able to render their madeness invisible, our attachments and cares are all deeply contingent. Increasingly, I find myself wondering what it might look like to continue to fight for that which one holds dear, yet to hold both one's own, and others', madeness in careful mind, to refuse to dismiss one's own or another's cares on the basis that such attachments have histories, or even on the basis that such cares seem mad but, rather, to be curious about the worlds of attachments that animate such cares, and in which such cares make sense (Latour 2002, 40). Such an approach has much in common with anthropological modes of taking the other "seriously." (Candea 2011). To whom might we wish to open in that way? At what risk? (Haraway 1997, 190). Even if it isn't always possible, in amongst all this battling, I wonder about the possibility of coming to care for cares themselves.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

DETACHMENT AND AFFINITY

Back in the UK, there had been something of a joke amongst many British hedgehog rehabilitators and champions that hogs would just *find* them. This wasn't meant in terms of humans dropping off hedgehogs for care (although this was certainly also the case) but, rather, referred to the tendencies of such folk to bump into hedgehogs, both sick and well, in unlikely places. In particular, Laura Batt, a friend to hedgehogs in a small Somerset town, told me stories of finding hogs all over the place—on the way to the vet's, or the hairdresser's, or just out walking. "It's as if they know," she said. I had laughed.

However, despite laughing, after arriving back in Aotearoa/New Zealand, I, too, found myself regularly bumping into hedgehogs. Even when I would have preferred not to. Some of my tendency to meet hedgehogs can perhaps be explained by my crepuscular tendencies, arising from personal dislike of bright daylight, so that I tend to be more active outside in the evening or early morning, both of which were good times to bump into hedgehogs in our neighborhood. But attunement seems to also play a part in this, that process, as noted in chapter 1, of becoming sensitized to the rhythms of another body, of coming into motion with them (Despret 2013, 71). Paul would laugh as, despite my otherwise unimpressive (even somewhat poor) hearing, I would catch the distant rustle of a hedgehog and stop, forcefully whispering: "Hedgehog!" Coming to trust my body's ability to discern the rustling of a hedgehog, it became a habit to wait until the hog emerged from the bushes, and enjoy watching the hedgehog's meanderings until the hog either tarried out of sight or other people started to walk up the path and we would move on so as to not alert potential trappers to the presence of hedgehogs.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure D.1
Hedgehog in the bathtub overnight.

My experience of "learning to be affected" by hedgehogs (Latour 2004a, 208; Lorimer 2015, 5)—of coming to perceive and respond to the world differently through my encounters with the more-than-human world—it seems came with an awkward sense of responsibilty. Others come to matter, as Donna Haraway argues, "always inside connections that demand and enable response, not bare calculation or ranking" (2008, 71). In conducting fieldwork in Wellington, I was keen to try to fit in at least somewhat with the shifting

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

conservation mood. As part of this, I'd been actively avoiding getting involved with hedgehog care work; I already felt outsider enough. However, as hedghog rehabilitators had shown and told me, it can be hard not to help when you know how. Three times during my fieldwork in Wellington, I found myself back in the strangely familiar burden-delight of actively caring for a hedgehog. The particularities of charisma and attunement and responsibilty-borne-of-knowing all seemed to play out in what never really felt like a "choice" of whether to care for needy hogs or not.

I came across the first hog on a hot and dry afternoon not long after attending my first Pest Fest, while walking home with friends through the cemetery that adjoins Wellington's Botanical Gardens. I don't know how I'd caught sight of her but, on doing so, my first response had been one of a sinking heart—a split second of wanting to pretend I hadn't seen her—before resigning myself to do what needed to be done. This little nocturnal critter was flat and listless, lying next to a slab of concrete marking a grave site, under a tuft of dry yellowed grass. She remained still as I picked her up—warm and breathing, but otherwise not moving. I removed my phone and wallet from my cotton shopping bag and placed her spiky body gently inside. Although I feel confident that I could have gotten her on a bus with no one knowing, there was no convenient bus route back home, and I worried about how a taxi driver might feel about having a hedgehog in his or her car. So, I farewelled my friends and cautiously walked the fifty or so minutes home, attempting to balance the need to move quickly with that of not bumping her around. Once finally home, I put her in the bathtub along with blankets, cat food, and a dish of water (figure D.1). I didn't have the equipment for the subcutaneous fluid injections I'd administered to similarly dehydrated hogs in the UK but, to my relief, she drank enthusiastically, and was soon eating the cat biscuits I'd left out. That night, I slept fitfully as the little hog persisted—almost without let up—in attempting to scramble up the sides of the tub (figure D.1). Even with the two doors between us shut, any sound from her had me on alert. A prompt release back to the wild seemed like a good idea for us both. And, so, the next night, using the method I'd learned from several UK-based hedgehog rehabilitators, I put her in a box in the backyard in the early evening and, sitting with my neighbor's cat, Rabbit, waited for her to venture out into the night (figure D.2).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Figure D.2
Waiting with Rabbit-the-cat.

That Tuesday night, the air was cool and nicely damp, a climatic tendency that kept the moss alive in my backyard even through this bone-dry Wellington summer. I pulled a blanket over my legs as I sketched the scene, worrying in loop cycle as I drew. Some worries were familiar from my previous experiences of hedgehog rehabilitation work: was she really ready to be released? Should I be releasing her here? I reassured myself that she'd perked up quickly with food and water, that her feces were a nice healthy dark brown, and she was very lively. As other hogs were present nearby—both in the neighborhood and in our particular backyard—I was confident that hedghogs could survive here. The standard release procedure I'd learned in

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

my UK training was to take hogs back to where they came from; however, no rain had come to Wellington and nor was any predicted in the next while. The thought of releasing her back into the dry land she'd come from seemed too risky. In contast, here at the back of my Wellington home, the presence of the creek would mean she would have access to water and, due to the creek's gently sloping sides, she would be able to escape if she happened to fall in. To allay my concern that she might not be able to find food, I had placed water and cat biscuits outside the box and, so I might know if she returned, I tucked a night vision camera a couple of meters from the supplies, directed toward this little feeding station.

That night, however, I found myself with additional worries—concerns that would grow as I settled into fieldwork in Aoteaora/New Zealand. At the time of bringing the hedgehog home, I had felt little compunction in caring for her—indeed, it had felt like an obvious responsibility. However, now that I was releasing her, I worried: with which worlds, which lives, was I aligning myself through this act? Was I opposing—vandalising, even—the dream of those working toward a nation of flourishing native wildlife? Throughout the night and the days to come, I would flip, sometimes occupying hedgehog cares, and sometimes my emerging sense of loyalty for those doing the work of native biodiversity conservation. Never, it seemed, could I hold the two together.

On this night, however, my pondering remained just that. Rabbit sat with me for almost two hours as I waited and sketched and noted down my concerns. On occasion, she left to pace toward the box, perhaps drawn to the smell of the cat biscuits, or to the hedgehog, or perhaps to something else entirely. I whisper-warned her each time: "*Rabbit!*", and each time she returned to sit with me. Finally, the hedgehog emerged. She took a sniff toward the garden in front of her and then turned and trotted off into the scrub toward the creek. And, as far as I know, she never returned; at least, I never saw her again and she was never recorded by the night vision camera.

With my tendency to find myself in the same place as hedgehogs, it didn't seem strange to find a second hog just a couple of months later; although it had been odd to find that second hedgehog, Timothy, in a tree. I found Timothy on the way back from my day trip to Zealandia to find out about children's native bird playing cards. I had been strolling along with my head down on that nicely

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

crisp late fall day, musing about my miscommunications regarding the playing cards (detailed in chapter 5) when that distinctive hedgehog rustle—a sound my body seems to respond to even before my thoughts—made me look up: there was a tiny, very young, hedgehog who had somehow managed to climb up into the low branches of a tree, about a meter off the ground. I scanned through what I knew about whether or not I should be worried about this little hog: as very young hogs are sometimes still coming to grips with their nocturnality, being out in the day might not have been a bad thing. However, it was late in the autumn. In the UK, at least, this close to winter, an "autumn juvenile" this size was less than half the size of hogs that would have been taken into care. I thought of hedgehog rehabilitators June and Yvonne, and what they would have said had I left him, and there suddenly wasn't a decision to be made. I scooped him up and found myself smiling when he didn't curl into a ball; his little belly sat, furry and soft, in my hands. I covered him with my cardigan to hide him from my neighbors, but he pushed through the folds of material and sniffed up into the air as I walked him home.

Rather than remembering my apprehension at *releasing* the previous hedgehog (which, until this moment, had been the main thought I'd had about that earlier experience), in this moment, I was faced with flashes of regret about the shortcomings of the care I'd offered her. With guilt from releasing her perhaps prematurely now front of mind, and at having not offered her proper living quarters (a bathtub surely more suitable for a drunken human friend than a dehydrated hedgehog), I converted a two-square-meters-ish understairs cupboard for Timothy. I'd splashed out on fancy food, getting him organic crickets from a wholefoods store, and the best tinned cat food I could find. His situation was, as I'd hoped, simple: he was a healthy little hog, putting on weight quickly from his initial 240 grams. From my night vision camera monitoring of him (figure D.3), he seemed to be curiously relaxed despite his relative containment: exploring, eating, drinking. I found myself in the now familiar rhythms of hog care: twice-daily feeds, morning clean-outs and weighings and, through the rest of the day, moving quietly, mindful of another being sharing my space. I found myself reconnected to a way of being I hadn't realized how much I'd missed.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

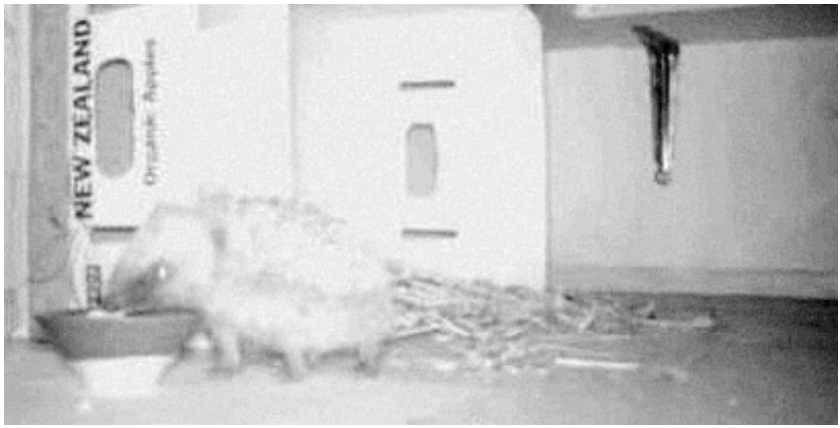


Figure D.3
Timothy under the stairs as caught on a night vision camera.

While falling reassuringly into the rhythms of care, it was also oddly joyless. Unlike with baby hedgehogs I had cared for in the UK, I didn't have to hold myself back from responding to his cuteness. Coming back to the images some years later—while living in Australia where hedgehogs are not introduced and where colleagues have given me sweet hedgehog gifts that, perhaps, have helped to reorient my thinking and feeling—I find him charming. Even now, looking at the night vision camera footage of him, I find myself smiling, his little legs adorable to me in their seemingly impossible shortness. At the time of caring for him, however, I was attendant to his physical needs, but took little pleasure in our interactions.

After a month or so in his little quarters, Timothy passed 650 grams and I accepted it was time for him to be released. Waiting until a few days of good weather had been forecast, I released him around the corner from my house, back where he had come from, placing a night vision camera out with him and sneaking back in the very early morning to check the footage for signs of him and to top up his food. The night vision camera suggested that he (or a hog who looked very much like him), had returned for three nights in a row, but then never again. Unlike with the first hog I'd released, with Timothy I had little thought for the native critters he would undoubtedly eat. My main

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

concern was that he found somewhere warm and dry to sleep and plenty of good food, no matter who that food was. And despite my relative lack of feeling while he'd been with me, I had become accustomed to having him around and, after he'd gone, I missed him.

A few weeks after I released Timothy, I discovered that a Pest Free Wadestown group had just been set up, with plans to put DoC 200 traps throughout the suburb. I felt sick for both hogs I'd released, but most urgently so for Timothy, whom I had unintentionally released even closer to the planned traps.

Detachment is, as Mattei Candea notes, an important form of relationship (2010). I had experienced various iterations of something like detachment in my rehabilitation work in Bristol: at times, particularly as I started out, I'd had moments of feeling but attempting to not express my delight at hogs (particularly hoglets), leaving me feeling like an amused naughty child. Later, I'd become the police of others' delight, stiffening, my eyebrows seemingly involuntarily raising in judgment of those reveling "too much" (in my estimation) in the cuteness of a hog in our care.

The sense of distance I had come to live with in Wellington was something other than detachment, it felt closer to numbness. In my attempts to participate in conservation worlds, it lingered in the background as some mélange of shame and fear and dishonesty that kept me at one remove. In the relief of being away from people, on sadder days I'd find myself singing along to the Beatles' "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away." On days more tinged with anger, I would listen to Leonard Cohen's "The Partisan" on loop, imagining myself part of an antifascist resistance. That my neighborhood café was called Le Maquis added fuel to this inflated yet comforting fantasy. But more disturbing was the feeling I would get around hedgehogs, something like a zombie experience of care: concern remaining but paired with a kind of numbing disgust, leaving me often feeling hollow while carrying out the actions of care. It felt like living in dissolution.

In this, despite having been taught by my reading and rereading of Donna Haraway's *Situated Knowledges* (1988) to be wary of the "God trick" central to Enlightenment humanist thought—that of imagining that one is somehow able to see and know from an unattached position, the objective "view

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

from nowhere" idealized in much of dominant science—I had somehow not taken my own attachments seriously. I hadn't fully realized the difficulties that would be posed by both coming to care about and attune to hedgehogs more deeply than I had at the outset of this project and then to face the undoing of such cares. Going back to my notes on caring for Timothy, I see my numbness as a dangerous warning sign. In my notes, I had written that—despite my numbness in caring for him—he had become "part of my life." Reflecting on that more deeply, I wonder about the wisdom that apparently casual turn of phrase holds—a nod to the relational nature of our selves often overlooked in Western worldviews. For something to have been part of one's life, the loss of it suggests losing part of one's life (Butler 2004). And the threat wasn't just that of losing one hog, but potentially all of them. While the loss of hedgehogs wouldn't mean their extinction, they would still exist on other land masses, it would mean their ungrievable extirpation.

Toward the end of my time in Wellington, I started to avoid areas that were likely to have hedgehogs. Indeed, I eventually stopped going outside much at all for fear of the discomfort I'd find myself pulled into within such conversations. Although I was unable to drop a sense of responsibility to hogs who were suffering, a species-level love was being unstitched. And part of me had numbed in the process. It was a disturbingly dead feeling—a retention of affinity, of a bodily sense of "getting" hogs, knowing something of their rhythms, but of being able to experience little pleasure in their presence. It wouldn't be until several years after finishing my fieldwork, living in Australia—away from fraught hedgehog matters and surrounded instead by colleagues' warm teasing and comments about hedgehogs—that I would feel the beginnings of that old fondness return.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

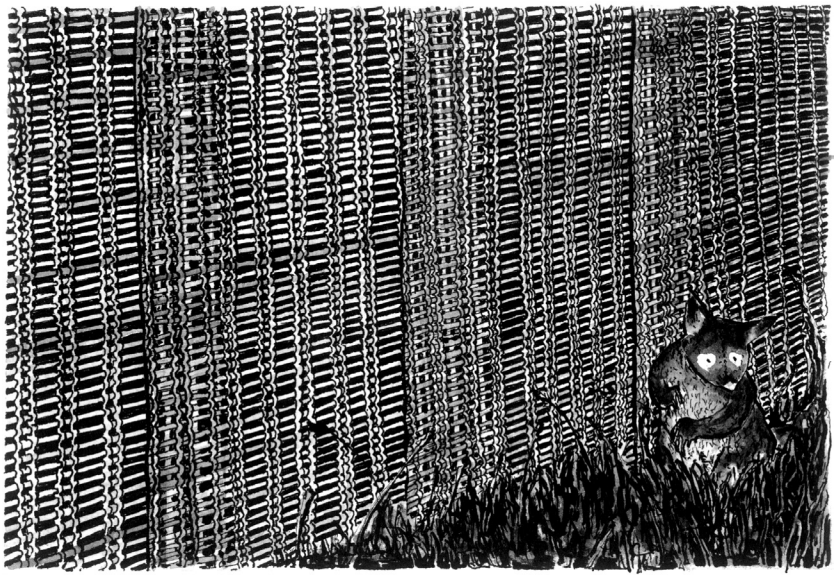


Figure 6.1
Possum on the Zealandia fenceline.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

6 KILLING AND/WITH KINDNESS? HOLDING TENSIONS IN BIODIVERSITY CONSERVATION

The borders of Zealandia mark the meeting point of a host of human cares and technologies. Political and economic considerations, the design of fencing materials, land acquisitions, trainings of neighborhood trappers, and fence-monitoring volunteers all come together to form this piece of vital conservation infrastructure. Built in 1999, an 8.6-km fenceline encircles the sanctuary land, offering a predator-free space for native birds, insects and reptiles. With my own unintentional hedgehog rehabilitation work also quietly taking place, Zealandia had seemed an answer to my unruly cares.

In particular, the Zealandia fence seemed to offer the hope that perhaps both hedgehogs and threatened native critters could survive through being kept apart. The fence, however, is not a static border. While many flightless creatures, such as tuatara, the lizard-like reptiles whose only home on the mainland is within sanctuary walls, as well as kiwi and takahē, remain within the fenced boundaries of Zealandia, several flighted birds have found homes outside of the sanctuary. Indeed, the safe harbour provided by Zealandia has played a vital role in tūī and kākā becoming regular sights and sounds in Aotearoa/New Zealand's capital. More recently, rarer birds, such as tīeke, previously extinct on the mainland, have also begun to nest in neighboring suburbs. As native bird life flourishes within and spills out of the enclosure into nearby suburbs, local people have taken up the work of protective trapping on their behalf. For many, the Zealandia enclosure acted as what Davina Cooper calls a concrete "everyday utopia": in making manifest a small-scale predator-free zone, it functioned as a beacon of hope, showing what could be possible for the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

whole of the country and encouraging people to become part of trapping practices in order to expand the predator-free zone out beyond the fence (2014).

However, when not held in tension with care for the present, such visions can also encourage cruelty to those who are not part of such dreams; in Aotearoa/New Zealand, introduced predator species are, at times, the victims of acts of extreme violence—violence over and above "mere" killing (NZ Herald 2018; Shadwell 2014). While public conservation discourse tends to frame conservation in polarized terms of good and bad species, many conservationists privately do the work of caring about the realities of the lives and suffering of "pest" animals, even as they continue to work toward a vision of a country free of such animals. Through my own experiences of opening to such visions both in the felt safety of the Zealandia fenceline as well as in conversations that—like the Zealandia sanctuary—seemed to hold a multitude of diverse cares, I consider the ways in which learning to hold such contradictory cares may be a vital positionality both for the treatment of more-than-human animals, but also for creating a sense of safety that supports the possibility of communication between humans. However, as this chapter follows, opening to the worth of the other may look and feel like betrayal in worldviews that can struggle to hold ambiguity.

OR, HOW I CAME TO LOVE THE FENCE

In contrast to my struggles throughout much of my Wellington fieldwork, the Zealandia fence became a place of relative calm. Initially, the sanctuary had seemed to me to offer a chance for coexistence: the feat of engineering that is the Zealandia fence suggested a possibility of flourishing for native species that would not require the ongoing culling of predators. Although there had initially been a full kill programme in order to remove "pests" from the Zealandia zone, the predator-proof fence meant that, subsequently, further culling and poisoning would be unnecessary. Offering the possibility of coexistence, I was grateful and excited to find a flyer at the Zealandia sanctuary advertising for volunteer fence monitors. Without the requirement of ongoing trapping, fence monitoring became a piece of active fieldwork that I was comfortably able to commit to.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

The Zealandia fenceline was broken up into six monitoring sections, requiring almost daily checks for breaches. A dirt path ran between the fenceline and what was mostly scrubby bush on the other side. Volunteer fence checkers shared the path with walkers and mountain bikers. The fence itself was made of a fine mesh intended to keep all animals out but through which, it was discovered after the fence's installation, baby mice can squeeze. At the top of the fence was a "mousehat"—a curved metal veranda intended to stop mice and rats, species who are able to scurry up the mesh and who—without the mousehat—could otherwise simply nip over the top of the fence and into the sanctuary. Alongside the daily checks of the fence, there were weekly checks to ensure that rivets in the mousehats hadn't popped out, which they were prone to do, particularly after sudden changes in temperature. The fence was also protected from breaches from below: the mesh of the fence went down shallowly into the ground and then out for about a meter under the path on the outside of the sanctuary. This underground extension of the fence stops digging and burrowing critters from entering the sanctuary, as such creatures only attempt to dig downward once they meet the fence. Caring for this barrier thus required both careful looking up (done on the way out) and down (on the way back). And so, for a year, I walked my 2-km "section five" up and back every third weekend of the month. I later also took on weekly general fence maintenance/volunteering, including checking the mousehat rivets of the entire fenceline using a long-handled mirror and following up with any necessary replacement work.

During these monitoring walks, which took on a calm I'm-on-my-own-time pace, I found myself coming to notice birds differently. Having been resistant to enjoying native birds—with their presence conjuring for me the apparent necessity of the death of introduced mammalian predators—in the safety of the fenceline, I found I began noticing them differently. With the possibility of hedgehogs and other introduced predators being able to live, as well as native birds, I started to find myself attending to bird lifeways in more open-hearted ways. A bird I believed to be a grey warbler, or riroriro in Māori, flew around me as I walked and I found myself looking out for glimpses of the orange and black colors of the tīeke in low-to-the-ground foliage inside the fence. The little native ducks, pāpango, in the pond of the sanctuary reminded

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

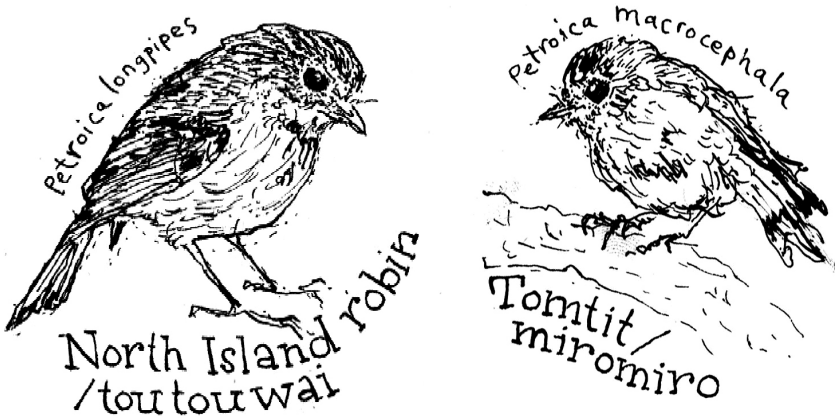


Figure 6.2
Tomtit/miromiro.

me of a pair I remember seeing in a waterfall as a girl. Walks at times took on the tone of that long-forgotten wonder of meeting those similar ducks, tiny and serene, in the midst of the dark damp of native podocarp forest.

As I monitored and helped to repair the fence, I thus found myself feeling subtly different—still struggling away from the fence—but, in the shade of this barrier, coming to feel as if I might have a home here. This fence-enabled shift became particularly clear to me one late autumn weekend when I had accidentally delayed my fence-monitoring journey. Not fully attentive to the shortening of the days, it was almost dark before I set off. I managed to convince Paul to come with me and, by the time we got to the sanctuary, out beyond the streetlights of the city, darkness had entirely closed in. We did the fence check by flashlight, inching along carefully both for safety and so that we could hear the calls and rustling of what seemed to be kiwi in the sanctuary. Neither of us had heard a kiwi before, so we recorded the calls on our phones, curious to find out which species of kiwi might be making them. As we quietly chatted, Paul spotted a possum up ahead, leaning against the fence. At intervals, the possum paused, straining to get into the sanctuary before running along just far enough ahead to keep out of our reach. I felt a little bad for this possum whose night we were well and truly interrupting, but also delighted at the presence of this bright little animal ambling through our

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

night. That native critters (and their eggs), however, were also safe inside the fence left me feeling deeply grateful for this wall of steel, somehow allowing two cares to live, if tentatively, if just for now: the possum lively, if frustrated, on the outside, and the birds thriving and safe on the inside (figure 6.1). The fence keeping my cares together by holding them apart.

BEYOND THE SANCTUARY: ZEALANDIA AS CONCRETE UTOPIA

Within the Zealandia complex is an eco-designed building with a café, gift-shop, seminar room, and information center. During my time there, on the wall before entering the dark, elegant, museum-style information center were the words "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart." This phrase, actually an extract of a Rudyard Kipling (1986) poem "The Song of the Cities—Auckland" is about Auckland rather than Wellington, and is often used to remind kiwis of the special nature of the land we call home. The words are written in white on a black background with no other explanation, nor any reference to Kipling or Auckland. The words still move me, with a feeling that I am indeed in some place special, precious, and ever-fragile.

Despite Aotearoa/New Zealand's strong identity as a down-to-earth pragmatic nation (Sibley et al. 2011), a specifically *utopian* orientation seems to be a significant force in both Aotearoa/New Zealand's colonization and—particularly as manifest in dominant, often pākehā-oriented, national discourse—its ongoing identity. Sargent argues that, apart from the United States, Aotearoa/New Zealand has the strongest utopian tradition among settler colonies (1994, 209). Indeed, much of colonization of the country had explicitly utopian aspects, with regions such as Canterbury colonized in the hopes of forming a "Better Britain," hoping to re-create British social structures without the extremes of aristocracy or poverty, while the Otago region was colonized as a radical Presbyterian settlement (Sargent 1994, 200). Advertising for settlers frequently emphasized the paradisiacal nature of the country as well as its opportunities for a more egalitarian lifestyle than Ireland and the United Kingdom (Sargent 1994, 209).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

The term "Utopia," first used by Thomas More as the name of the imaginary island described in his 1516 book of the same name, comes from the Greek "u" or "ou" meaning "no" or "not," and "topos," meaning place. This "no place" also puns on the Greek for good, "eu," a homonym with "u," and so utopia carries a dual meaning of no and good place (Sargent 1994, 5). Consonant with the idea of the utopian as "no place," a range of scholarship has written off the utopic on the basis of its lack of reality. In the early 1960s, as Hayden White notes, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences sponsored the symposium "Utopias and Utopian Thought: A Timely Appraisal" in which participants largely agreed that "utopian thinking was a poor after-effect of a longing for deliverance that was essentially religious or mythical, a manner of thinking which had long since been discredited not only philosophically but also practically by history" (2007, 15). Such academic approaches wrote off the utopic as "mere fantasy, 'wishful thinking,' delusion, dream, or opiate" (White 2007, 16).

However, more recently, a range of scholarship has considered the potential of utopianism as a practical measure to bring about change (see Anderson 2006a, 2006b; Harvey 2000; Levitas 1990). In particular, Ben Anderson, working with the utopian scholarship of Ernst Bloch (1885–1977), argues for the utopian as "an excessive movement towards something better that can be found throughout life" (2006, 692b). In this, the Utopian vision "enacts and circulates a hope for something better" (Anderson 2006b, 694). Claeys and Sargent also note the potential for utopian visions to effect real change, in the way in which such visions "both help bring about and are reflections of paradigm shifts in the way a culture views itself" (1999, 3). Davina Cooper, thinking with Ernest Bloch, argues that the effectiveness of such utopias as critique and call to action depends on their practicality, the possibility that they offer a viable possible future (2014, 5). This, in my view, is the power of Zealandia: not only its vision of a predator-free New Zealand, but its offering of a small-scale model of it, breathing real possibility—and real birds—into the dream.

There are, however, also real questions to be asked about how a particular utopic vision is held. As James Scott argues, a utopia can be part of the "tunnel vision" required by certain forms of control and knowledge—particularly

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

within modern states (1996, 42). Utopian notions of "progress" have, throughout history, been used to support racism, imperialism, and colonialism (Sargent 1994, 21). And, indeed, settler utopianism literally meant death for tens of thousands of Māori due to settler diseases and in Land Wars (Keenan 2021), as well as the displacement of many aspects of preexisting Māori lifeways, necessitating ongoing struggle (Tuhiwai Smith 2021; Walker 1990). As Utopian Studies scholar, Lyman Tower Sargent, notes, the dreams of some can be nightmares for others (1999, 1).

Rather than a site from which to expand, it had been the bounded nature of the sanctuary that offered me hope—modeling a possible compromise allowing the ongoing existence of introduced mammals and endangered native animals. For many experienced conservationists, however, such "compromise" instead represented something more like a sad and labor-intensive continuation of the modes of defensive conservation they longed to leave behind. The lack of permanence offered by fencing was, for many, a fundamental concern. Alongside the need for continual wear-and-tear maintenance, the famous winds of Wellington were a major worry, threatening the fence itself and, on occasions, blowing trees and branches to lean against the fence, allowing predatory creatures a bridge in. At a fence talk held at Zealandia, a member of the audience pointed out that we should be mindful of the threat of snow. He told a story of Orokanui eco-sanctuary in Dunedin, where a snow drift allowed stoats to get up and over the fence, wiping out the sanctuary's stitchbird population in a night. For some, the ultimate goal—and a suggestion of their deep care for the species they were seeking to protect—was for a species-saving solution that would persist even if all humans died out and were thus no longer around to trap or maintain fences. Not having to rely on fences to secure mainland conservation "islands" was vital to securing such a legacy. Assuming the ongoingness of humans, however, becoming fully predator-free would not stop the need for defensive conservation in Aotearoa/New Zealand. Ongoing culling would, most likely, still be required in perpetuity to manage accidental introduction. Shifting the work of predator control from monitored sanctuary fences to the nation's borders is, however, in many ways, a comfortable arrangement, resting as it does on the security of the nation's official borders, which currently have one of the strictest biosecurity policies in the world (Barker 2008).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Expanding the sanctuary out to encompass all of Aotearoa/New Zealand promised fundamental shifts in human–environmental relations. In a now-famous 2012 talk which, in many ways, spurred on the current Predator Free 2050 movement, physicist and then President of the Royal Society of New Zealand, Sir Paul Callaghan, used his New Zealander of the Year address to argue that: "New Zealand could do better than waging an endless losing defence against the invaders" (Macfie 2016). Defending for Callaghan referred not only to fenced sanctuaries, but also to predator-free islands and trap-defended sections of Aotearoa/New Zealand's mainland conservation estate. Instead, Callaghan argued, we should be thinking about what he referred to as starting our own Apollo program: ridding the entire landmass of Aotearoa/New Zealand of introduced predators.

Colonial perspectives, of course, run through this framing. Himself a pākehā New Zealander, Callaghan's vision demonstrates a colonial assumption of access to, and the ability to speak for, all of the nation's land (Liboiron 2021). While many visions held by those dwelling on this archipelago do seem to involve a flourishing of native flora and fauna, creating a land with *no* invasive predators is not the only vision held by human inhabitants of these islands: other hopes exist. Such dreams include living with introduced species such as the possum, caring for the species while also hunting possums for fur and meat (Prime 2014); not using toxins in pest control (Ogilvie et al. 2019); or the centering of Indigenous communities and worldviews within mainstream biosecurity approaches (Lambert and Mark-Shadbolt 2021).While a vision of a nation of flourishing birdlife might be widespread, the Predator Free 2050 movement takes one path to it and renders it the nation's sole target. Callaghan's speech notably omits the impacts of human invaders and the "ecological assault of human colonists and their entourage of exotic plants and animals" that left a country once covered in indigenous forests over ninety percent of its land with only twenty-two percent forest cover (Taiepa et al. 1997, 236). The "invading" pest animals that Callaghan refers to were actually born here in Aotearoa/New Zealand: the multigenerational descendants of ancestors who, rather like my own, and those of many other pākehā, arrived between 100 and 150 years ago.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Despite the problematic aspects of the vision, the idea was quickly picked up by a number of groups, particularly Gareth Morgan's Enhancing the Halo group, which aimed to encourage the spread of native birds from "hot spots" such as Zealandia and a range of reserves protected by traps rather than fences, such as Otari-Wilton's Bush, Oruaiti Reserve, and Khandallah Park, by getting people into backyard trapping (Morgan 2018). In 2015, with the emergence of the Predator Free 2050 campaign, a public–private research and development group called Zero Invasive Predators was established, focusing on creating the technologies and methods to enable "[t]he complete removal of rats, stoats, and possums from large mainland areas for the long term, sustainable protection of native biodiversity" (ZIP 2018).

Worldly Utopias

Despite my difficulty with what the Predator Free 2050 campaign means for the "pest" species to which I am attached, I am interested in the mobilizing possibilities of the utopic. To commit whole-heartedly to the improbable, it seems, might just shunt it into the realms of the possible. The force of these hopes is tangible on the ground in Wellington. The shift of norms has been radical, as noted in the Predator Free Wellington campaign run by the Wellington City Council, Greater Wellington Regional Council, and the NEXT Foundation (a private philanthropic organization focusing on educational and environmental projects). In the launch video of the campaign, local trapping organizer, Kelvin Hastie, noted: "We are entering a new era of conservation, where there is a sense that, collectively, and together, we can make this happen" (2017). Indeed, the realm of what is accepted as possible had shifted, publicly at least, so that it was possible for the *New Zealand Herald* to announce the immanence of success, with declarations such as "Wellington to be world's first 'Pest Free' capital" (Morton 2016; Palmer and McLauchlan 2023). Such claims, of course, not only reflected, but helped to *create* this mood, a crafting of social possibility that campaigners were very aware of. There was a fierce commitment by many conservationists to operate on the social space, create new norms, and offer up something that people could believe in.

These hopes "enacted and circulated" by the vision of a predator-free utopia actively call people into concrete actions, in this case, largely by

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

enrolling people into the work of bringing this vision about through backyard trapping (Anderson 2006b, 694). In this way, utopianism not only has the potential to shape physical worlds through its channeling of hope, but it also comes *from* the material. As David Harvey notes, there is a constant conversation between utopic visions and material reality (Harvey 2000, 191). Certainly, the Predator Free vision is deeply entangled with technological developments. In an interview with *The Listener*, Kevin Hackwell, then manager of Forest and Bird, recalled the importance of technological developments for the beginning of the Predator Free movement:

> By morning tea time on the first day of the meeting, each of the predator experts had agreed it was technically (if not financially or socially) possible to rid the country of invasive pests. "It was a wonderful moment . . . You saw light bulbs going on around the room." (MacFie 2016)

Trust in this utopia also emerges from the skill of many kiwis in this line of work. As Rebecca MacFie argues, there is "scarcely an island eradication operation in the world that doesn't have an ex-DoC [Department of Conservation] ranger or a Kiwi helicopter pilot" (2016).

However, there is never a guarantee that a particular vision will inspire action. As van Dooren notes, following Latour, "[a]ctivity and power are always only possible as and through webs of enabling relationship" (van Dooren, 2019). Relatedly, as Harvey argues, in order to create change, "some sort of collectivization of the impulse and desire for change is necessary. No one can go it very far alone" (Harvey 2000, 238). Such enabling relationships and collectives are not only human, but also require and respond to infrastructure and other-than-human lives. Here, the dream finds its power in connection with a larger *agencement*, the traps and shifts in social license, the concrete utopia of Zealandia, articulating with ideas of progressive and practical New Zealandness.

FENCED HOPES AND THE SHIFTING SOCIAL LICENSE TO KILL

Enacting the Predator Free 2050 vision would mean, and is meaning, the death of many introduced species. Like all cares, this care for the future involves

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

casualties. The shifting common sense of conservation practices in Aotearoa/New Zealand—where backyard kill-trapping of introduced predators is an increasingly obvious response to cares for native critters—makes it difficult to find a safe spot for hedgehogs in Wellington. While I had initially hoped that cities might be a place in which hogs could remain living, predator-free conservation approaches have become increasingly attentive to questions of connectivity, emphasising the lack of boundaries between braided river systems (where several species of ground-nesting birds make their homes), national parks, and urban centres. As Dan Tompkins from Landcare Research stated of the Pest Free Wellington project, while the previous focus of large-scale conservation efforts have focused on "pest" management within rural landscapes and the conservation estate, cities now are being reframed as a vital aspect of becoming predator free: "Without also managing predators in these areas, any efforts to make our conservation estate and rural landscape predator free would be quickly undone" (in Morton 2016).

Increasingly aware of the growing number of traps both around Zealandia and my home suburb of Wadestown, I was dismayed to meet a third hog needing care. In a manner that now seems almost staged, considering my interest in fencing and boundaries, I spotted the hog on the path right beside the Zealandia fenceline. On that warm spring day, almost a year after I'd started fieldwork in Wellington, I'd just finished a round of checking the mousehat rivets using a special long-handled mirror. My final job for the day hadn't yet been assigned, so I headed quickly back downhill to see my supervisor, Michael*. Trotting along the now-familiar path, I did a double-take at what looked like a tiny hedgehog on the side of the path. I stopped and walked back up. It was a hedgehog and she didn't look at all well. Long, but very thin and with flies already buzzing around her, it didn't look hopeful. Heavy-hearted—even annoyed—and nervous about explaining things to my supervisor, I went through my options: I couldn't just take her directly home—not only did Michael have one more task for me to do, but I would need to drop off both my radio and my long-handled mirror in the sanctuary first. I considered just leaving her—or maybe leaving her here just for now, going about my next task, and then getting her at the end of the day—but she looked like she really needed help now. Knowing that I was able to potentially

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

do something to help, leaving her wasn't really an option. I considered radioing Michael and asking him to please come and get my equipment so that I could get care for the hog quicker but I was nervous to tell him what my plans were, let alone letting all the other sanctuary staff know my predicament by communicating it over the radio. The hedgehog wasn't moving much—only protesting my approach with a weak attempt to wriggle away from me as I bent to pick her up. I wrapped her in my cardigan and carried her down the hillside with me. I hid her in my bag in some bushes just outside the entrance to the sanctuary while I dropped off the mirror. I plotted possible excuses to explain my early departure: sudden sickness? I'm just over it today and calling it quits? In person, though, I found the truth of what I was up to tumbled out when I saw Michael. Knowing his love for native animals, as well as his own commitment to trapping in protection of them, I looked down as I spoke to avoid his face, barely opening my mouth as I spoke:

"Ahh-I-found-a-sick-hedgehog-and-I-need-to-go-home"

"Do you want a box and a towel for it?" he asked, the tone in his voice compassionate and perhaps a little amused. I was grateful.

When I got the hog home she ate well, quietly eating the contents of one of the tins of organic cat food left over from my care of Timothy. But this hedgehog was barely moving and had worryingly clay-colored diarrhoea. I refilled her bowl and watched, horrified, as she dragged herself to the food dish, neither of her back legs moving at all. "Damn it," I thought, "[s]he's been caught in a trap." Unsure of what to do for a hedgehog with two broken legs, I called hedgehog rehabilitator Jacqui, who said to give her a night with food and water. Sometimes, she said, it can just be dehydration and exhaustion that makes their legs stop working, and after a bit their legs come right again. If not, she said, call back and we could talk about what to do next.

I left her overnight with both wet and dry cat food and plenty of water, but I was doubtful and spent a worried night. I felt cruel for leaving a broken-legged hog to suffer, but also anxious about how to find a vet who wouldn't just put the hedgehog down. But maybe that was, after all, the right thing to do. The next morning, however, I heard eating sounds and opened the cupboard door to spy for a moment. As the hedgehog nonchalantly munched away on cat biscuits, her bottom already looked noticeably less sunken. I noticed

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

a fly near her and swiped at it, accidentally startling her and she scampered off—somehow, her legs were working again. In the usual routine of cleaning out hog living quarters, I put her in a box while I cleaned out the cupboard. She felt noticeably plumper and had put on forty grams overnight. When I returned her to her quarters, I placed her quite far from her bedding, in the hope that I would see her walk. She stood still while she sniffed the air, looking lively and engaged. After she apparently caught my scent, she scampered to the back of one of the bedding boxes. Astonishingly, her legs did indeed seem to be working just fine.

She quickly put on weight over the next couple of weeks. Facing the prospect of her release, I felt the now familiar mélange of feelings, including guilt for releasing a hedgehog against the work and hopes of conservationists who had given me their time; worry over this little hog's future, as Wellington seemed to be increasingly filled with traps and poisons; and something like panic and dismay at how incongruent my actions were with what seemed to be increasingly stringent norms. I was glad fieldwork was almost over and I would be leaving Aotearoa/New Zealand at the end of the summer. Immanently, however, I was due to head to Australia for a month of conferences, and the hog was still not quite at a release weight. I contacted Jacqui for advice. She said she could feed her for another week or two to get her up to weight, and then release her out their way in Tawa, a twenty-minute train ride from central Wellington. Tawa is the northern-most boundary suburb of Wellington City, in which there is a lively hedgehog population and, while there are traps in the surrounding bush, in the suburb itself there are no official trapping campaigns.

Arriving at Jacqui's, she was friendly and matter-of-fact. She showed me through her house which, despite being filled with dozens of hogs, smelled remarkably fresh, with no scent of hedgehog that I could make out. I wondered how she did it, although it could also have been that, in living with a hedgehog, their scent—perhaps like my own—had become one I could no longer pick up on. Some of the hogs also lived outside in her backyard, acclimatizing for a period before they were moved on to her friend's property—a property that Jacqui explained was in an area with little traffic and no poisons or traps. At this property, the hogs were supplied with food, so a number of hedgehogs returned regularly, but they were also free to wander. Jacqui checked out the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

hedgehog and reported that she was in good condition. She waited as I said goodbye to the little hog and then walked me outside. We stood on the back deck of her home, looking out over her backyard, chatting about conservation and what the future looked like for hedgehogs. "They'll go extinct here in New Zealand, you know," she said. She paused. "If I ever won Lotto, I'd buy a huge plot of land and put a fence up around it. And I'd release all the hedgehogs there, and God help anyone if they tried to hurt them."

TRAGIC GAPS

For the last months of my fieldwork, futures played on my mind. As native bird life flourished within and spilled out of the Zealandia enclosure into nearby suburbs, locals were increasingly taking up the work of protective trapping. In some blocks, particularly in suburbs like Khandallah, Crofton Downs, and Ngaio—where the mobilizing presence of birds had been bolstered by the work of charismatic and dedicated local trapping coordinators—trap densities were up to one in every three backyards. Driving back from a tour of a trap line some months later, I asked Grace, whom I first met at the Pest Fest, about her view of the future of conservation. She paused and didn't answer directly but, rather, told me a story: "So, in my job, I get people all over Wellington trained and motivated to do trapping. But, you know, at my house, I have a compost heap and there are always rats there, and I've given up trapping them. The rats will just keep coming, so I leave them."

Something about this simple story struck me. On a surface level, it could sound like a compromise, or maybe even kind of a giving up—as if to say, "Ah, it's impossible, never mind, let the rats be." But it had none of that flavor. Grace continued to do the daily work for the larger dream, mobilizing people into actively trapping predators, teaching about the harms that hedgehogs do to native critters and inspiring new loves for wētā and ground-nesting birds. She continued to do the work of changing the social and technological landscapes around her, shifting conversations, getting more people involved in trapping: the everyday work of encouraging both utopian visions as well as the practical labors needed to bring them about. It didn't feel like she was describing a compromise, it felt like she was holding tensions.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Some months later, reading a book by educator and nonviolence campaigner, Parker Palmer, I came across his notion of dwelling in the "tragic gap" in order to bring about social change (2005). For Palmer, social change requires both hope for the future as well as realistic attention to the present in order to avoid falling into either the "wistful and irrelevant idealism" of too much emphasis on possibility or, conversely, the "paralyzing cynicism" of too much reality (2005, 254). For Palmer, the gap between the two is simply the reality of working for change: the gap is tragic not just in terms of being sad, but also in the classical, narrative, sense of being inevitable. Such a stance of accepting life as it is, while working for how it could be—seemed to offer the possibility of greater compassion to those with whom we share the present.

As Deborah Bird Rose has argued, the ability to hold apparent contradictions[1] is necessary for good ecological care, where ". . . the connectivities of life on Earth ensure that we are always called to face ambiguity and to act, to be responsible" (2011, 142). Yet, the ability to hold ambiguity is rare in Western modes of thought, in which, rather than holding tensions, ideas of noncontradiction take the fore. As Lisa Zanetti has argued, "[o]ur Western 'principle of non-contradiction' dictates that contradictions (a and not-a) cannot logically exist simultaneously. Therefore, when we encounter contradictions, we are tempted—indeed, instructed—to resolve them at any cost" (2003, 261). Here, Zanetti argues for the importance of "learning to 'hold' contradictions until their resolution emerges organically" (2003, 261).

In holding such complexity and apparent contradiction, it seems there is the possibility for new, expansive possibilities to emerge. This might, however, require being willing to sit for a time in the tension of not knowing how to act. In their study of the ethical tensions held by therapists working with at-risk youth, Owens and Nuttgens argue that the urge to act—rather than to hold uncertainty—comes from imperative-oriented ethical decision-making models common in therapeutic and other professional trainings (2021, 3,356). And yet, holding uncertainty about the right course of action might prove ethically vital; those who worked well with ethical tensions, the authors argue, were those who were able to "hold" them'. Rather than being marked by a quality of either being incapacitated by trepidation or of being indifferent, practices of sitting with ethical tensions were a sign of willingness to allow the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

situation to "mature" or "ripen"—a commitment to allowing for something else to emerge (2021, 3,353). In this context of therapeutic work with high-risk youth, it was acting on higher-level issues—taking "steps, even if small, to support macro-level changes aimed at reducing the conditions and forces that give rise to high-risk behaviour in the first place" (2021, 3,356)—that supported therapists ability to remain with the discomfort of ethical dilemmas.

I find myself wondering what sorts of worldviews are needed to hold these kinds of tensions. Although pākehā do, as settler historian Anne Salmond notes, operate relationally, the "modernist" ontologies of both pākehā and dominant conservation science lack the flexibility of thought that come from relational ontologies, within which "there is no requirement that a person is consistent in their assumptions, even though these may be incommensurable, for the self itself is contextually defined" (2012, 125). As Salmond notes, within a relational view, one "can talk about 'taku taha Māori' and 'taku taha Pākehā' (my Māori and my European 'sides'), the taha or 'sides' instantiating one's various kin networks, each 'side' believing and behaving in its own way" (2012, 125).

Complex self-concepts seem to be particularly difficult to hold within the heroic Western worlds that so often require that protagonists can be imagined to be "good" or, at least "consistent," rather than necessarily entangled and ambivalently positioned (Meeker 1997). However, self-concepts in "the West," despite its stories of autonomy and individualism, are by no means homogeneous (Mol 2008, 5). Other self-concepts, other possibilities of holding complexity are possible.

For a short time, looking for a way to be involved in conservation that didn't require active participation in killing, I joined a group of people living around Te Ahumairangi reserve who had signed up to monitor a city council nesting box put out in the hope of kākā coming to use it. Although no pairs laid eggs in the box I was monitoring that year, it did allow me to come to know the work our team leader, Errol Greaves, was doing on the side. On our walks to visit the kākā box, Errol introduced me to some of the hundreds of native saplings he and his team had planted. His enthusiasm for this work was contagious and I asked to attend one of the team's tree-planting action days.

Like many native birds in Aotearoa/New Zealand, the products of native trees—including nectar, seeds, fruit, honeydew and sap as well as

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

tree-dwelling-invertebrates—are major components of kākā diets. Listed as vulnerable and decreasing on the IUCN Red List, and with fewer than 10 000 individuals as of 2022, predation and food competition are major aspects of their decline (IUCN 2022). However, habitat also plays a role. In Wellington, however, kākā are a major presence—a return that Zealandia has played a central role in. In 2002, six birds were released at the ecosanctuary. Supported by hundreds of volunteer hours to assist with breeding and protecting fledglings from predation, by 2021, Zealandia had banded 1,100 kākā. These birds can now be seen—and heard—screeching through the suburbs surrounding Zealandia, with many returning daily to feed on sugar water provided by the sanctuary.

It was the apparent need for kākā to return to Zealandia to feed that first drew Errol into his planting work; from his home at the base of Te Ahumairangi, he had regularly noticed kākā travelling back and forth from Zealandia. As he explained in a later interview, he had found himself wondering how he might help to regenerate the sorts of plants that could provide kākā with viable sources of food outside the sanctuary.

For Errol, as a practicing Buddhist, avoiding unnecessary killing was a part of his practice—including avoiding using mechanical diggers and discouraging unnecessarily aggressive shovel work in order to avoid, where possible, the harming or death of worms. He also maintained an active practice of cultivating kindness and an extension of sensitivity toward all beings through meditating on interconnection. He did not dismiss the need for some killing, although it was not an action he personally took part in. However, while he actively worked toward supporting a more kākā (and other native bird)-supportive environment, he also noted that his actions were not without some harm. In planting fruiting trees for bird, he noted by way of example, he would likely be also inviting a future explosion in rat numbers (McLauchlan 2019).

For me, Errol represented one of the many ways of dwelling in the tragic gap. Holding, on one side, a hope for a future that didn't require ongoing killing, with native fauna supported by flourishing tree life, he also seemed to hold a tender care for the present—including for those doing the work of killing of introduced predators. Errol's refusal to cast his own actions as unambiguously "good" seemed to be part of not dismissing that of others as 'bad'. And perhaps unsurprisingly, around Errol, the sorts of polarizations that I am used

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to in conservation seemed to diminish, with a diverse group of people coming to work alongside him, from passionate trappers to people like me struggling with it all. I wonder, if we were to stay in those spaces longer—holding the tensions of all our cares—what might emerge.

RESPONSIBILITY AND BOUNDARIES, AND KILLING WITH KINDNESS

Holding contradictions, however, does not necessarily mean that one will choose not to kill. I'd put off an interview with a founder of a leading kill-trap manufacturer until almost the very end of my fieldwork. Although these traps had been granted the highest humane standard under the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries' National Animal Welfare Advisory Guidelines (NAWAG), to me they represented the very sorts of "invasive narratives" that reduce complex situations to simple battles of good versus bad species (Lidström et al. 2015). However, upon meeting with Russ*, one of the directors of and the business manager from the company, it was clear that the reality here was more complex than I had assumed. While Russ was adamant that environmental damage caused by introduced nonhuman beings was reasonable justification for killing them, he viewed killing as being fundamentally a matter of choice and something to be permanently under review:

> **Russ:** It's tough, we're essentially in the game of species-cide, right? We're valuing kiwi or kōkako or mōhua, whatever it is, over rats and we're saying we're prepared to wipe out rats to protect this other thing. So it's a pretty massive moral/ethical call we're making. You can't just assume that that's right, you have to constantly revisit it, right?
> **Laura:** And how do you guys do that?
> **Russ:** I think the way we do it is, we do it with sensitivity, so humaneness is critical.

In framing what they were doing as a "choice," it did not imply a weakening of the company's resolve to work toward a predator-free goal. It was, however, a statement that the creatures to be killed had worth and could not be discounted outright. Russ noted that the emphasis on the humane

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

standards of the traps was also a pragmatic business strategy: they wanted to create traps that would stand up to humane tests even if NAWAG standards one day went up. However, by not discounting the value of predator lives, Russ was also ensuring that killing these beings required consideration: they were not rendered inherently "killable" (Haraway 2008).

I find myself thinking with Stenger's idiot, who argues for the importance of decisions being made in the presence of those who would be the victims of those decisions (2005a). Noting the ways in which grand narratives—"advancement of knowledge, rationality defined against sentimentality, and the necessities of method" act as "anesthetics" to such presence, Stengers's idiot wants a new environment, wants to know what—in this case—the conservationist would decide "'on his/her own' if that 'his/herself' were actively shed of the kinds of protection current decisions seem to need" (2005a, 997).

Knowing that one's killing is conducted without ultimate justification or, as Haraway writes, always with reasons but never with *sufficient* reason (2008, 76), seems to be an important element in killing as thoughtfully as one might. As Haraway argues, while our "felt reason" is never sufficient to ultimately justifying killing, it is all we have. Recognition of this insufficiency, however, is a strength. As Haraway argues: "The grace of felt reason is that it is always open to reconsideration with care" (2008, 76). In this moment, Russ seems to have—at least in part—"[c]ast off from the certainties of Nature" (Lorimer 2015, 9). That is, if there are multiple possible futures, there is choice. Following Simone de Beauvoir, Shotwell argues that registering one's action as a "choice" comes with a greater sense of responsibility (2019). Indeed, for Russ, it was the fact that he and his company were making a *choice* about which particular future to shoot for that led to his sense of responsibility, requiring that he and his company "constantly revisit" the assumptions they were making.

While there are undoubtedly limits to such revisiting for the company—they are, after all, a for-profit company needing to survive on the sale of their kill traps—it does seem that being open to the possibility of different "good" futures, matters. In holding awareness of other outcomes that might still have value, as well as other beings in the present that also have worth,

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

it does not seem that the company was any less committed to their goal. Instead, they were thoughtful about the futures they were not aligned with, and expressed compassion to those in the present. In accepting the moral ambivalence of acting, we see the emergence of complex, humble, responsive subjectivities that might be kind but not "good"—the kinds of subjectivities that may play an important role in reducing cruelty. As Maria Puig de la Bellacasa writes, "idealizations silence not only the nastiness accomplished in love's name but also the work it takes to be maintained" (2017, 78). Analytical psychologist Adolf Guggenbuhl-Craig similarly argues, "[p]eople can be the most cruel when they can use cruelty to enforce the 'good'" (2015 [1971], 22). Under such situations, one's actions are able to be "consciously justified by that which is 'right and good'," which is precisely when one is able to disappear guilt from one's consciousness (2015 [1971], 22).

Several studies of killing animals suggest that retaining an uncertainty about killing may be important for killing well. In Arluke and Sanders' study of killing in dog shelters, one worker noted that, while those who remained on the job largely came to terms with killing, uncomfortable feelings still emerged at various times, requiring that people returned to asking why they were doing what they were doing (1996). The authors argue that such feelings of uncertainty provided motivation to make the effort to ensure a humane kill, such as becoming highly skilled in holding dogs or in administering the injection. In this way, retaining the ability to be disturbed by one's actions, to be uncertain about one's license to kill, seems to matter (Arluke and Sanders 1996, 87). As one worker in the study noted, "If you get to the point where killing doesn't bother you, then you shouldn't be working here" (1996, 87). Being able to hold the difficulty of killing without splintering off into more reactive feelings may have repercussions for how it is that we kill. Richard Jakob-Hoff, a vet at Auckland Zoo, trained zookeepers in the use of humane methods of killing the animals fed to the zoo's carnivores. Those who could accept the sadness and discomfort tended to learn to kill with skill and compassion, he said. In contrast, those who attempted to ignore the ambiguities of killing at times became almost a little gung-ho, as if they were attempting to cut themselves off from the difficult reality of such labor (Pers. Comm.). This is a mode of responsibility in which one

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

is able to be answerable to the harms of one's actions, a way of potentially becoming kinder through accepting responsibility for an action that could be otherwise.

In contrast, the overdetermined killability of (noncute) introduced predator species, particularly possums, seems to be related to instances of extreme violence. Every year, news stories and Royal New Zealand Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals reports tell of ultraviolence with possums nailed to trees, dismembered while still living, or bashed with hammers until they are long-past dead (NZ Herald 2018; Ryan 2014; Shadwell 2014). The demonization of possums in the country spills over into acts of what Eric Stanley calls "overkill": the "excessive violence that pushes a body beyond death" (2011, 9). Stanley's use of the term specifically describes the excess of violence, which may include dismembering and maiming after death, in the murders of queer-identified Americans. That such violence continues after life has left the body of the victim, Stanley argues, suggests that such murders are not simply targeting the life of a specific individual but, rather, are aimed at ending a certain category of life more broadly. Stanley wonders about the ways in which the brutal pleasure and intimacy of these acts demonstrate a "complicated structure of desire and destruction" spurred on by categorical hatred (2011, 12). It is vital to recognize, he argues, that despite legal systems that privatize responsibility for violence, such violence is a product of structural abjection and systematic nonrecognition (2011, 2–3). Returning to other-than-human animals, Lopez argued in 1978 that the "fundamentally different" treatment of wolves in the US—in which their killing showed "far less restraint and far more perversity," with people not just killing wolves, but actively torturing them—was linked to the demonization of wolves in the US (1978, 139). It would take concerted educational effort by advocates and researchers to dispel wolf myths (Troxell et al. 2009).

There is little such public work being done for possums in Aotearoa/New Zealand. As depicted in chapter 5, violent and dismissive framings of introduced predators are commonplace in conservation discourse in Aotearoa/New Zealand. Perhaps, however, for possums, these are the most extreme. Possums are commonly framed as diseased and threatening (McCrow-Young et al. 2015; Potts et al. 2013, 204–206). In response, those killing them are

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

able to adopt "revenge narratives," enabling the killer to take on a patriotic, heroic, role (Potts et al. 2013, 207–209). Such easy and extreme framings of good versus evil allow for extremes of cruelty.

Killing Me Softly? Maintaining Boundaries, Lowering Defenses

In a curious side-effect, Russ's apparent appreciation for the animals his company's traps aimed to kill left me more open to the vision of killing introduced predators in Aotearoa/New Zealand. As with the Zealandia fence, it seemed that something about not having to actively protect that which I loved seemed to have allowed me to soften. Reflecting on the interview later and recalling that he was, after all, the company's business manager, I wondered if perhaps I'd let myself be taken for a ride: empathy is a well-known method of winning over the unconvinced and, increasingly, a number of studies, from business-oriented analyses to examinations of therapeutic impacts, have looked at the ways in which validation of one's experiences by another matters for the regulation of pain and emotions (for example, Delcourt et al. 2015; Edlund et al. 2015; Linton et al. 2012). Analyses of neurophysiological aspects of interpersonal relationships suggest that, in order to be fully able to listen to another, one must have an internal perception of safety (Porges 2003). If Russ' mode of sharing in the interview had been a masterful act of strategic empathizing, he had been successful. I had found a feeling of safety in our talk; my defenses were down. I walked out of the interview into the bright glare of Newtown, Wellington, with the vague feeling that I had lost, that I'd been somehow won over, or at least opened to the predator free vision.

This sense of opening led me to realize that, actually, this hadn't been the first such moment of softening. Scanning back, a conversation with an employee of a conservation NGO after my first Pest Fest had been my first sense of even a possibility of opening to the mood of conservation. I had met Elaine* at the end of that Pest Fest, where I assume my eyes were still in a tell-tale bloodshot state, as she had been particularly kind. I had let slip to her that actually I was struggling with all the killing and she had simply said that she understood, that she was from the UK and had found it hard, too, particularly when she had first gotten involved. Although I would soon close-off again after this moment, Elaine's acknowledgment of my cares had left me feeling just a little safer and less defensive.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

In interviews, several conservationists noted the importance of acknowledging the legitimacy of the concerns of others. One woman told me about a boy who had become distressed as she talked to his class about the necessity of backyard trapping. The boy was outraged that possums were being targeted for killing when they had done nothing wrong and hadn't asked to be brought here. He was tearful and cross and sad all at once and she'd stopped the flow of the class to really listen to him. "You're right," she said, "it's not fair. The possums have done nothing wrong, and it isn't fair on them at all." The boy remained quiet for the rest of the class, and she wasn't sure whether he had been convinced. Since then, though, whenever she spoke to classes, she had always been careful to add the disclaimer that seemed to have calmed the boy—that this wasn't the fault of the "pests," that they'd done nothing wrong. She hadn't had any trouble with classes since. Another woman told me about the initial handling of the control of cats in Wellington. The Enhancing the Halo campaign—now no longer operational in its original form but with many of its activities included in the broader Predator Free NZ Trust—had taken a hard line against cats, framing them as killers and even as "kind of evil." Although it had been intended to help support the cause of controlling cats in the city, it had instead created resistance: "[e]xcuse the pun," my interviewee had said, but it "really got the cat peoples' back's up." Conservationists are, she said, still dealing with the aftermath of this standoff. In one-on-one conversations now, she said she is careful to never demonize any animal. In some ways, this can seem like a simple exercise in good public relations. Certainly, several conservationists did acknowledge a strategic element to such approaches, noting that being considerate of another's attachments was a path to a less defensive conversation, a way of interacting that could make the other more likely to come around to your cause. However, I can't help but wonder whether such openings in vulnerability operated in both directions, rather than caring for the cares of one's opponent being merely a strategy for lowering their defenses—that is, for placating someone sufficiently that they might be open to one's own argument.

After a full year back in Aotearoa/New Zealand, baulking at the various arguments totalizing against hedgehogs—arguments that reached for biodiversity claims with the terms of the debate seemingly already decided and made natural—I found myself at an end-of-year celebration for native tree planters

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

where I met a woman called Melissa*, whom I knew by reputation as both a kākā expert, and a skilled pest trapper. So, when I met her at the picnic, I was keen to learn all I could. Both of us with paper plates of salad and potatoes and vegetarian quiche, I asked her a flurry of questions—how did she, personally, deal with the killing? What was her vision for conservation in the country? Did she think Pest Free Wellington was achievable? She replied with a story that I later paraphrased in my fieldnotes:

> We could just leave things and see how they go. There wouldn't be ecosystem collapse, it would be okay. We'd lose some trees and some animals, and others would do better, and we would end up with a landscape something a bit more like Europe perhaps. Who knows exactly how it would play out. But you know, the thought of that makes me so sad. I imagine living without the kākā around, or all the tūī, or the geckos, or the giant snails, or the tree fuchsia, and it just makes me sad. And so, yeah, I do the culling. And I hate it, I wish I didn't have to, but the other option for me is even worse.

As she was telling me the story, I recognized the feeling from Russ's talk, a softening that suggested I'd begun to lose—or perhaps to open—in some way. Perhaps it was that, with Melissa's story framed in terms of her own cares and vulnerabilities, I found myself less defensive, not having to protect my own attachments against rival cares making claim to the absolute. Here, Melissa took our conversation in the direction of what Latour refers to as diplomacy, from the question of "Is it or isn't it constructed?" to "How do you verify that [it is] well constructed?" Latour argues that in refusing to claim the position of the "Natural" and unmade (or to dismiss something because it is constructed) offers a place "where negotiations could begin: with the question of the right ways to build" (2002, 40).

Theorists of literary uncertainty might say that, in such meetings we participate in the transformative work of the openness of "author" and "reader." Following the work of Wayne Booth, Dorothy Hale argues it is such openness that creates the possibility for ethics and change, as the reader opens herself to the otherness of the author. Reading "as if" one was the author, is "the condition of imagination that makes one ethically vulnerable to beliefs that are not one's own" (Hale 2007, 199). As Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak notes, such

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

reading requires a willingness to "take a step" with the story-teller. Otherwise, one is left with "only the tedium of turf battles" (2002, 23).

This work of taking another seriously is also at the heart of anthropological practice. In his 2011 paper, "Endo-exo," Matai Candea responds to Vivieros de Castro's call to take informants seriously, in which to "take seriously" means that, rather than appraising the world of another on one's own terms, one offers a suspension of the desire to explain or verify the possible world of the other. Such openness is necessarily partial. However, such openness is also subject-forming—this is the "risk" at the heart of ethnography (Haraway 2008, 83). We are not entirely the same after becoming open to another, after taking another seriously. And, as Mattei Candea notes, the question of whom we might wish to take seriously is never self-evident (2011, 150).

The sorts of changes and contradictions that we hold after such encounters can, however, be awkward, even painful. Since finding myself open to the vision of Melissa's and Russ's stories, my loves for possums and rats and hedgehogs—all of which are, in different and complicated ways, threats to the central cares in their stories—have never been quite the same. There is nothing safe in storying well—it remains uncomfortable to be holding cares that might not be able to coexist well or at all. As Martha Nussbaum writes, when we are fully attentive to reality, there will be conflicts of obligation: one cannot simply apply a pre-set formula to the ethical dilemmas of life. For this reason, Nussbaum looks to the novel as a form of representing reality that is "deeply involved in the presentation of such conflicts, which spring straight from its commitment to non-commensurating description and to the ethical relevance of circumstances" (1990, 146). What such complex stories take from us in terms of certainty, they return in terms of commitment to the complications and responsibilities of what it is to care.

In order to allow for such opening, I wonder about the power of good fences, both literal and metaphorical. In walking the Zealandia fenceline, with hedgehogs and other "pests" able to live (I had assumed) safely on the outside, I had found myself opening to the wonder of the birds of Zealandia. There was something in these conversations that reminded me of the security and openness I'd felt while walking that fenceline, the possibility of opposing cares being held, if just for this moment. Although I am uncomfortable with

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the pun, I wonder whether, in the presence of good fences, we might be able to become less defensive.

HOLDING TENSIONS

Such tensions, however, can be hard to hold, particularly within the frames of contemporary dominant science. In a strange twist to this story, one that leaves me partly unsure of what to do with it, when I met Melissa some months later for a formal interview, I expressed appreciation for what I had remembered her saying—her sharing that while the future could be other than a predator-free, or low-predator, country and be okay, that she cared for a certain sort of a world that she was deeply committed to and prepared to kill for. She had laughed, saying she was sorry if our meeting might be wasting my time, as she didn't remember that part of our conversation at all. She commented that, actually, just the other day she'd heard a radio show about how introduced species could lead to total ecosystem collapse. For her, caring for native animals through trapping and, ideally getting to predator free, or at least much closer to it, was about avoiding precisely that kind of environmental collapse, it wasn't just a matter of anything being potentially okay. I was stunned. It is certainly possible that the earlier story didn't happen as I'd remembered it; without a notebook or recorder at the party, I may have simply heard what I wanted to. However, even though there would be no new openings for me as a result of our interview, my, potentially mistaken, experience of our earlier conversation and its powerful sense of choice in the face of uncertainty had already done its work on me.

Still thinking about generative tensions, a few weeks later I emailed Grace about using the story of her not killing backyard rats while still working toward a predator free vision. "The nice thing about tension", she'd emailed back, "is that you can re tension a lot of things." She said that, after our conversation, she had gone back to killing the rats in her backyard. The motivation, she noted, came from the rat "snuff photos" of a colleague who lived nearby; also the blithe presence of a rat wandering along her path; and perhaps a little "Presbyterian guilt" of letting the team down by not trapping. She had installed a trap near her compost bin, and another on her garden path.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Writing powerfully against the "tyranny of consistency," Naisargi Davé argues that, while inconsistencies are a fact of existence, within "contradiction thinking," such inconsistencies are viewed as "ethically nullifying contradictions" (2017, 37). For those acting outside of the normative, she continues, where one's actions are taken as a "critical commentary on the values of the world as it is" (2017, 38), such inconsistencies can be delegitimizing. In attempting to bring about an ethical otherwise, a flourishing of native flora and fauna—Grace's inconsistences may be more exposed than the everyday inconsistencies of remaining with the status quo. Killing the rats reduces a key source of inconsistency. It also reflects a shift in the framing of the city (or at least, of Wellington city) within the dream of dominant conservation. At the start of this project, cities were seen to be an acceptable place for (some) introduced "predators" due to the lack of ground-nesting birds. In the space of the three years of this fieldwork, however, the absence of ground-nesting birds—and birds, like kākā, with extended fledgling periods—was increasingly seen as being due to the presence of introduced mammals.

In many ways, this whole-hearted, no distractions commitment to the utopic is built into my own moral ideals, settler-colonial descended woman as I am. But such universalizing vision can make it hard for other possibilities to exist. Returning to Palmer's tensions, I've come to think that it's not just that we hold tensions between an ideal and reality. It matters which reality we recognize: who is present in it, and how? Like Stengers' idiot, who wants to remove any protective maneuvers that may stop a decision-maker from being exposed to their decision's consequences (2005a, 997), I don't necessarily disagree with Grace's actions, or with Melissa's choices. They are holding responsibilities that I am not and, in many ways, I feel grateful for their care; I don't want those birds to go extinct. And the birds that their work seems to be helping to return to the city are spectacular. What I am disturbed by is when the rats are present more as snuff photos than as beings who laugh and are social; or, as for Melissa, when the dream becomes no longer a choice, but an imperative. Both instances involve a re-tensioning, a "protection" against aspects of reality, particularly of the realities of those beings who are victims of these decisions.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Retractions: Fences and Defenses

Nine years on from the construction of Zealandia, a predator-free Aotearoa/New Zealand has shifted to a just-barely possible hope: a hope made physically manifest within the 8.6-km fence and which keeps people doing the work of building toward this possibility. The fence both acts as a reminder of this vision while simultaneously physically engaging people in the work of creating this utopia, as Zealandia's spillover birds participate in calling people to action, spurring many people to get involved in trapping, and some, like Errol, get involved in tree planting, and others in both.

I find myself thinking back to Grace's initial question: "How do I get all New Zealanders to hate hedgehogs?" Having had the good fortune to spend time with Grace and get to witness her concern for animal welfare (which exists alongside her passionate commitment to killing some other-than-human animals), I find I no longer take this question at the face value of instilling "hate" as her primary goal. Instead, I see it as being a question of how to get people to become willing to do the work of killing hedgehogs within a dominant culture that, in general, struggles to hold the tensions of loving and killing. Taking the option of removing the tension by removing the attachment to those who are to be killed through encouraging people to "hate" them now seems to me now to be a question animated by her deep love for these birds and plants and reptiles endemic to these lands. And still, the use of hate frightens me, leaves me concerned for a world in which there is such anesthetic to the presence of those who are the victims of these decisions (Stengers 2005b).

In mainstream conservation, the work of occupying the tragic gap, with its possibility of attending to the emergent, seems to often be hidden away privately, with such tensions acting as a source of shame or guilt, as if one might not be able to hold ambiguity without becoming a traitor to one's cause. Although Errol was quite willing to be seen in his inconsistencies, the tensions held by other conservationists tended to be kept private. Russ' company, for example, gave no hint of the complex, lively, ethical positioning—one that seems to be a vital aspect of their humane practice—in their public advertising. Back on the Paul Henry show, at the start of my journey (chapter 1), Kevin Hackwell had not shared in his interview that he and his family

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

loved the hedgehog visiting their backyard too much to kill her or him. And while I experienced responsive conversations with some conservationists in private—exchanges that allowed for my own opening to the need for the death of some of the beings I love—public conversations on conservation were largely totalizing, requiring 100 percent killing and framing arguments in terms of biodiversity absolutes (Owens 2017). In worlds marked by the "tyranny of consistency" (Davé 2017, 38), I wonder if such responsiveness to different times and places is just too delegitimizing to share.

I can't help but wonder what it could be like if we could hold those gaps publicly, refusing to see a love for the present and for a vision of the future as a contradiction. I wonder at the generative possibilities for living as best as we might that may emerge in the holding of such tensions and at the mutual openings that could be possible. And, without it, I fear the polarization.

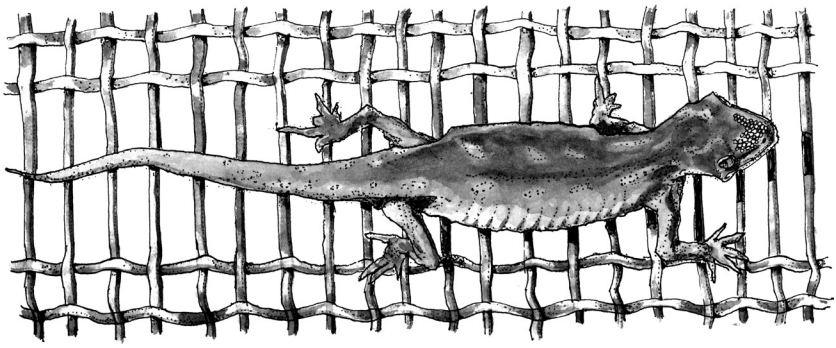


Figure 6.3
A Wellington green gecko sunbathing on the Zealandia fence (drawn from photograph by Tim Wills).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

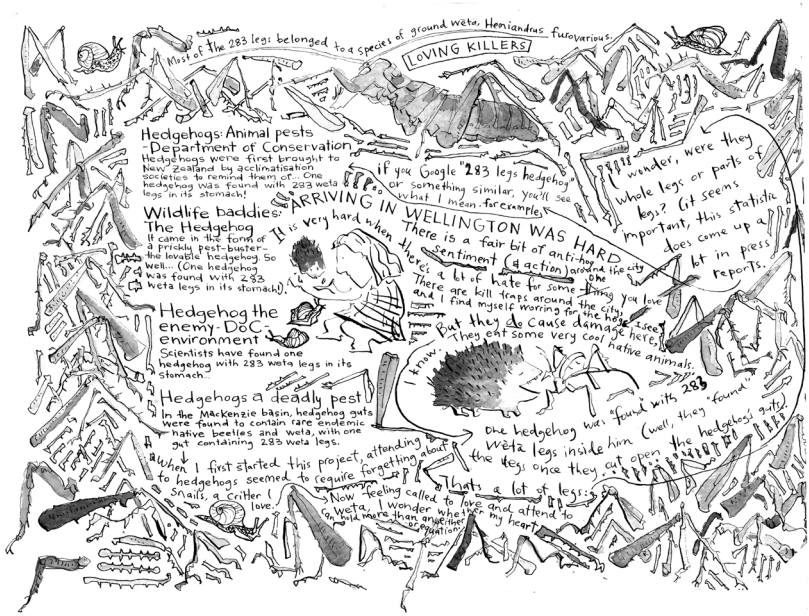

LOVING KILLERS
Most of the 283 legs belonged to a species of ground weta, Hemiandrus furovarious.
Hedgehogs: Animal pests - Department of Conservation
Hedgehogs were first brought to New Zealand by acclimatisation societies to remind them of... One hedgehog was found with 283 weta legs in its stomach!
Wildlife baddies: The Hedgehog
It came in the form of a prickly pest-buster- the lovable hedgehog. So well... (One hedgehog was found with 283 weta legs in its stomach).
Hedgehog the enemy - DoC environment
Scientists have found one hedgehog with 283 weta legs in its stomach.
Hedgehogs a deadly pest
In the Mackenzie basin, hedgehog guts were found to contain rare endemic native beetles and weta, with one gut containing 283 weta legs.
ARRIVING IN WELLINGTON WAS HARD
It is very hard when there is a fair bit of anti-hog sentiment (& action) around the city.
There are kill traps around the city and I find myself warning for the hole
But they do cause damage here, they eat some very cool native animals.
I know.
One hedgehog was "found" with 283 weta legs inside him. (Well, they "found" the legs once they cut open the hedgehogs' guts)
That's a lot of legs.
When I first started this project, attending to hedgehogs seemed to require forgetting about Snails, a critter I love.
Now feeling called to love and attend to weta. I wonder whether my heart can hold more than one creature.
If you Google "283 legs hedgehog" or something similar, you'll see what I mean. For example:
I wonder, were they whole legs or parts of legs? Cit seems important, this statistic does come up a lot in press reports.

Figure 7.1

Framings of good versus bad species take on a disturbing tone for a culture with a history of deliberate extirpation.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

CONCLUSION: ON BEING MADE OF CARES

Back before I had started this project, I lived in Melbourne for a time. For reasons I don't fully understand, I started a perhaps unusual activity of "snail mending" that is, if I found a snail with a slightly cracked shell (or if I accidentally stepped on a snail and caused the crack myself), I would bring it inside, keeping the snail sufficiently humid and stocked up on calcium until the snail's shell healed. The process was slow—sometimes taking months—but was oddly rewarding and left me very fond of snails.

In my first evening of watching hedgehogs in Dunedin, it had thus been a shock to hear the chomp chomp chomp of a hedgehog eating snail after snail after snail in amongst the geraniums that wove through our backyard. For a moment, I hated hedgehogs and wondered what on earth had made me want to understand people attempting to be kind to them.

But this was exactly "what on earth" I was doing this project for, to not turn away from the realities of living together. In that first night in the field, I had been disabused of my hopes for some kind of ultimate peace. Wolves would not be laying down with lambs, and the "Thou shalt not kill" ethics that I had, somewhat unconsciously, arrived with, would not hold reality. How, then, to keep the cares together? (Taylor 2008). As with environmental stewardship generally, it would seem to require an ability to hold ambiguity (Rose 2011).

As this project continued, however, I would find few examples of the public holding of ambiguity. Indeed, love for the critters hedgehogs eat would be leveraged into attempting to forge a clear-cut "bad guy" image for them

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

(figure 7.1). I would find myself wincing at the repeated mention of research that had discovered a hedgehog within whose stomach 283 *Hemiandrus* (a genus of wētā) legs were found (Jones, Moss, and Sanders 2005). Like many other kiwis, I have long loved wētā. This love, however, felt almost abused in the repeated framings of hedgehog *versus* wētā, as if aligning oneself with native birds and insects must require (only) deathly opposition to—and dislike of—"introduced predators" such as hedgehogs. An encouragement to hate in the name of love (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 78). The 283 *Hemiandrus* legs were mentioned at numerous "pest" information days, as well as, increasingly, on almost any Aotearoa/New Zealand conservation-focused online explainer. On one level, this research shared useful information. When so many of us have grown up with ideas of hedgehogs eating bread and drinking tea, I suspect that this information may well need to repeated. However, when shared in simplified frames of hedgehogs as "wildlife baddies" or "deadly pests", the huge numbers of legs of a fabulous and loved insect in one hedgehog's stomach start to suggest a monstrously bad animal (figure 7.1).

Such framings of good versus bad species take on a disturbing tone within cultures with histories of deliberate extirpation. Deliberate extirpations of predator species have taken place in the history of the both United Kingdom and British colonies (Coult 2015; Handley 1991; Leslie 1996). This is by no means universal. As Law Professor Asmi Wood has argued, neither in the lore of his nor many other Indigenous nations, nor in global religions such as Islam, is it considered the place of a human to question the right of another species to exist (2019). As annoying or harmful as another kind of being might may be, other creatures are assumed to have a right to exist. If other species might be wiped out on the basis of the harms they cause, I wonder at the resistance many of us raised in such worlds might feel at owning, and having any chance of working kindly with, our own ability to cause harm. Contradiction thinking, as Davé argues, in its inability to hold inconsistencies, "puts us at war with the world" (2023, 67).

It's not to say that hedgehogs aren't an existential threat to wētā or other kinds. Trapping might be needed in order to save other species. And so little is known about insect life that even more caution might be warranted. In

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Aotearoa/New Zealand, with so many incredibly vulnerable species, in some instances, perhaps a case could even be made for extirpation (Palmer and McLauchlan 2023). My concern is, instead, in the way in which such killing is rendered ultimately justifiable rather than needing to be revisited in particular times and places (Haraway 2008, 76).

Not only does vilification stop one being open to other solutions, but such "justified" killing is able to take on a flavor of glee. In the process of getting the various permissions I needed for this book, I flicked to Facebook to connect with one group and was struck by images of people in an apparent state of glee over the bodies of the dead rats. When other-than-human animals are rendered affectively absent, what possibility is there for holding up long enough to make good decisions?

In this, I want to be clear that I am not blaming conservationists or their publicity teams for these framings. Conservation work is difficult and often itself a marginalized practice (Chua 2020 et al., Kiik 2019). Furthermore, the argumentation used arises within a particular cultural context. Without a broader cultural acceptance that one might love and kill, publics who love particular species can make life hard for conservationists, blocking the killing of beloved species that may, in certain times and places, be needed to save other beloved species. To avoid the creation of such conflicts, it makes sense that dominant conservation practice might want to reduce love for those who might be killed, to do careful work on image management of "introduced predators," lest their charming aspects show, and people become attached.[1]

And yet, it is precisely such deliberate use of "arts of dismissal," the work of reducing attachment and curious noticing of "introduced predators" that concerns me most. Deborah Bird Rose wrote of "double death" as those deaths in which, rather than nurturing life, the mode of death instead destroys "the capacity of life to bend death back into life" (2005, 124). In this, Rose is thinking and feeling with the mass poisoning of dingoes, where the doubling of death is both in the sheer weight of death, as well as in the poisons which mean the dead, rather than nurturing life, poison it. The doubling of death that occurs in the gleeful killings of rats or possums, or the trapping of hedgehogs as monsters, is, to my mind, not only the literal poisoning, but also the

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

poisoning that lingers from such affective loss, the loss of personhood that has already taken place, even before the killing does.

MADE BUT NOT MADE UP

My experience of a sense of something like dissolution as not just the lives, but the legitimacy of hedgehogs as a creature, came under threat, has given me a *bodily* sense of the importance of attachment to who I am in the world. Such attachments are made, but not "made up" (Haraway 2006, 138). I didn't want to acknowledge it for a long time—my own speciesist framings of hedgehogs being "just animals" leading me to apologize for being attached in such ways. As Judith Butler argues, we are composed of our attachments to others, it seems that this is so, regardless of their species designation (2014, 22).

I have come to suspect there is additional intensity in attachments to other-than-human beings that also involve having become attuned to them. My body had come to know something of hedgehogs. While I can't claim to know a hedgehog eye (or nose) view of the world, and while such attunement isn't some claim of radical empathy, such an experience of becoming-with another in a certain time and place did leave me somehow changed, responsive in new ways. As noted through the stories of hedgehog rehabilitators—including my own experiences—ways of caring are also ways of orienting to the world. From the way one's body learns to pick up a hedgehog so that it doesn't scare, to the even more outlandish possibility that one could get a feel for the spaces that might support hedgehog flourishing, becoming entangled with other bodies, attuned and able to respond in ways that one can't easily undo or ignore (Haraway 2008, 71). Having cared for and lived alongside snails and rats, too, there is some deeper call in me toward them, even on days when I might find them disgusting, or annoying. Coming to care is a subject forming relationship.

And yet, while such attachments to others can become fundamental aspects of one's sense of self, they are also radically contingent. A vast array of stories and infrastructures, social pressures and personal labors, encounters and histories are at play in our coming to care for others as well as in our learning not to. In contrast to an assumption of an innate biophilia, there is work done

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

to call others to care. Not that there isn't a place for biological and physical propensities; the tendency for rats to proliferate in ways that hedgehogs don't, for example, does seem to play a part in the level of fear and disgust they tend to elicit in people. However, people can and do still come to love or hate either species. It is *naturecultural*, with the apparent charms of other-than-human beings being bound up in the entangled relations between the agency of other-than-human beings as well the worlds—social and personal—of those witnessing (Lorimer 2009, 324). Throughout my fieldwork, at different times and places, and through books, games, toys, songs, crafts, stories, gentle moments with beloved humans, and compelling social narratives, people were called, charmed, to care for particular other species. In such ways, cares were nurtured for hedgehogs, stoats, and rabbits, and at times beetles and worms, in the UK; for geckos and wētā and native birds in Aotearoa/New Zealand; for cats and dogs in both; and for some, like rats or fleas, rarely in either.

There is a vital politics in recognizing the contingency of coming to care. However much such attachment becomes part of the rhythms and responsiveness of our bodies, however obvious one's cares may come to feel, however strongly we may feel that those to whom we are attached are inherently charming, one could have come to care differently, to have been—and perhaps still become—differently attuned. In this light, not caring shifts from callousness or moral failing to a lack of having been *called into* caring, emphasizing the importance of the greater material-discursive worlds that support the development of our cares. This agency is not that of the individual consumer-actor. Instead, it is partial and diffuse, with core questions of, "With whom do I come into contact? To whom do I open? What sorts of attachments are we forging through our technologies and material worlds?" Through a lens of care, it is possible to recognize an ethics of everyday movements, as one is changed and leads to change in others through everyday contacts, forming connections and telling stories that encourage some connections and not others (Gilligan 1993; Rose 2011, 11). Such attachments matter for who we make space for in this world.

And it matters, too, for belonging. As Sara Ahmed argues, "how we feel about others is what aligns us with a collective which, paradoxically, 'takes shape' only as an effect of such alignments" (Ahmed 2004, 27). What other

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

alignments could be possible? While British people from a diverse range of backgrounds were involved in environmental care—particularly justice-based work—biodiversity conservation in the UK tended to be a very white space. Questions of how to improve diversity were a recurring topic among white ecologists and conservationists, but little work at the time was done on how to develop shared alignments. Beyond "inclusion", the work of Black and Green Bristol offers the possibility of genuine collaboration and, for conservationists used to operating in dominant conservation contexts, the possibility of coming to care for our living world in new ways (Ketibuah-Foley and McKenzie, 2018).

DISCOMFORT OF BEING MADE

Often when I've attempted to type "madeness" in this manuscript, I've accidentally written "madness." I've come to appreciate this possibly Freudian typographical error. For those of us brought up with ontologies of self-made individualism, it can be uncomfortable to think about how one's attachments to the world, to those one loves, are contingent upon particular material-social histories. One's cares may feel inevitable—indeed, as an attachment becomes part of oneself, it comes to feel like it could not have been otherwise, the beings that one loves are simply lovable. In worlds that imagine and valorize humans as individual, independent, rational-actors (Latour 2012; Rose 1996), it is potentially disturbing to think that, had things been different—had one been told different stories, been born earlier or later, grown up in a different neighborhood or nation—one might care quite differently, despite how obvious and inherent the value of those for whom one cares comes to feel.

One tried-and-trued method to get out of such awkward contingency is to see one's attachments as simply "Natural" (Latour 2004b). However, it also makes it hard to see the ways in which learning and attachment are vital to conservation and rehabilitation work. Through smuggling interspecies attachment into notions of the "rational" and common sense, the attachments at play become invisible. The idea of "Natural" in the UK was at times leveraged to allow hedgehog rehabilitation work to be framed as simply the sensible care

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

of addressing human-made harms, a move that protects from accusations of sentimentality, but also overlooks the care and attachment invovled in such work. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, the Natural was present in the idea that the extirpation of introduced predators must happen if the country's ecosystem is to avoid collapse, or that some species inherently have greater value than others.

However, the rub in smuggling one's cares into the right and true "Natural," is that attachments of others that don't fit into the same vision become, by implication, "unnatural", less legitimate. And that is difficult place to start conversations. While grand narratives such as "it is Natural," might allow us to be anesthetized to other cares, the cares still exist. Even if we don't see or acknowledge the attachments of the other, with their nervous system on such alert from the erasure of their attachments, relating is likely to be difficult. Without expanding our idea of who someone is to include the beings to whom they are attached, openings seem unlikely and polarization likely. Certainly, in such situations, even surrounded by potentially charming arts of noticing—such as in story books, card games, cute drawings, soft toys, songs, encouraging messages, on television and, at the Pest Fest, pinecone-kiwi-making (figure 7.1), no such openings had been possible for me.

As I learned in the protective shadows of the Zealandia fenceline, as well as in private nuanced conversations with conservationists in Aotearoa/New Zealand, in moments when my attachments were no longer under threat, new cares, or at least empathy for the cares of others, were able to grow. In such settings, I was open to notice and be affected in new ways (Honegger 2001; Lorimer 2015, 5). Taking the attachments of others seriously as being part of who someone is can potentially be seen as strategic—a move to put another at their ease and thus help to open them to one's own cause. Certainly, it had done that for me. However, I think opening to another means, or at least can mean, more than that. In anthropology we know opening to another to be risky business: in taking another seriously enough to understand how they are attached to the world, one can find oneself changed, differently entangled in the world (Haraway 1997, 2008). The question then remains of to whom we might wish to open (Candea 2011).

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Kindness is not, as Phillips and Taylor argue about "niceness"; rather, the authors argue that kindness is a way of acting that recognizes our connectedness, our interdependence (2009). If I am able to be closed off to another, I am able to act within what Deborah Bird Rose refers to as the "delusional 'as if'" of colonialism: acting "as if others don't matter, as if there are no limits" (Rose 2011, 73). In cutting off recognition of our kinship with those we would kill, ambiguity and tension disappear and are replaced by apparent surety: locked into a hard-and-fast common sense, the ever-political question of what is to be done can seem to disappear, leaving actions to appear dangerously obvious (Mol 2008; Stengers 2005a).

In Aotearoa/New Zealand, what would (and what does) it look like to step outside of the grand narrative of the necessity of killing to avoid certain ecological collapse? To allow oneself to be in environments that show the charm and beauty of stoats, possums, hedgehogs and others who may still be targeted for killing? In both countries, might it be possible to learn to resist the sort of framings that render some creatures affectively absent when we make decisions about who will die? To be able to show rats in their full charm and intelligence, to remember that they laugh, *and* still, at times, choose to kill?

However, holding multiple, potentially conflicting attachments can be painful. Being broadly attached makes it hard to overlook the reality that ones cares also create hurts (Mol 2008, 75; Puig de la Bellacasa 2011, 204). Without practice in holding such tensions (and, indeed, within cultural worlds marked by the "tyranny of consistency" (Davé 2017), it can seem easier to simply avoid holding such cares. In the UK, at times this looked like slipping into blame or avoidant optimism in order to not look at the ways in which we are implicated in the harm of those we love. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, to not want to face—particularly as a pākehā, the even greater implication of the very harm of the arrival of one's ancestors on one's beloved homeland. Or, to avoid developing attachments to certain species, in order to not feel the necessary sadness of helping one species to live by killing others who do not deserve it.

As Gloria Anzaldúa's writes—speaking as a queer mestiza woman straddling Mexican and Anglo worlds—there are ideas that cannot be held within

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

the rigid boundaries that characterize what she identifies as convergent modes of thought, those Western styles of "analytical thinking that [tend] to use rationality to move toward a single goal" (Anzaldúa 1999, 101). In contrast, Anzaldúa argues that, in order to hold reality, one needs to develop a tolerance for contradiction, a pluralistic mode of thinking, one in which, "nothing is thrust out, the good the bad and the ugly, nothing rejected, nothing abandoned" (1999, 101). Without being able to hold our own and others' inconsistencies and harms with some degree of compassion, it seems we are, as Davé (2023) argues, at war with the world, at war with reality in all its generative complexity. And in sustaining contradictions, in refusing to reduce life it is possible, as Anzaldúa notes, to turn "the ambivalence into something else" (1999, 101).

QUIET GENERATIVE EDGES

Despite the pain of our times, I am interested in spaces of promise. Spaces where it becomes possible to hold seemingly impossible tensions and to see what might emerge. Through time spent with hedgehogs, I learned the joys of edges: the shady comforts of a hedge, the insect-richness of dark wood piles and leaf litter. Through living alongside hedgehogs, spaces on the margins emerged as spaces of nurturance and shelter. Perhaps it is from too much time spent with hedgehogs in such zones, but I find promise in the margins of contemporary conservation practices, possible resources for living well with others present in private or quiet ways of being and relating. In British urban spaces, while hedgehogs continue to face challenges, urban declines seem to have slowed and, in some areas, reports show that populations are even growing (Hedgehog Street 2022). In pointing out that hedgehogs are "wild," champions were also able to remind others of the importance of letting go as a vital part of loving, a discipline that often led to concern for the broader ecologies that support hogs; caring well for a "wild" rambler meant coming to care for where they wander and about the dangers they might meet. It matters, as Haraway notes, what thoughts we think and act with (2014).

Champions' recognition and protection of the "wildness" of hedgehogs—a very domestic, relational kind of "wild" (Ginn 2016)—offered a gentle yet

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

fierce challenge to narratives of mastery and entitlement. At times, hedgehog champions found much joy in the surprises of their backyards and delight of cocreation with other species. As Anna Tsing argues in *The Mushroom at the End of the World*, living well with others, perhaps particularly in our current times, requires that we develop new skills of knowing and being—recognizing and working with uncertainty and precarity rather than attempting to maintain illusions of mastery (2015, 5). As she writes, "we can't fix anything, even what we have broken, by ourselves" (2015, 257). Coming to mend the local worlds of our neighborhoods seems to be a matter of learning to work with humility, in never fully knowable concert with never fully allied others (Kirksey 2015, 245). Such arts, I would argue, shape much of hedgehog championing, where the everyday work of making good spaces for others requires facing some degree of the unknown.

As Owens and Nuttgens (2021) argue, holding tensions seems to require aligning oneself with higher order things, with a biggerness that can hold—and perhaps even transform—apparent contradictions. I see this in the way that champions' refusal to capture and simultaneous deep concern for wild hogs—requiring that they hold the tensions of wanting autonomy and safety for hogs—led to greater awareness of and tending to broader environmental matters. In rehabilitation work, a binary opposition was at times made between feeling and thinking (2023; Palmer 2020). Yet, it is in holding both the meaningful and the analytic that sustainable rehabilitation thrives. It's also the realization of one's own implication in harms that can lead to the realization of the need for "higher order" solutions rather than more action as individuals. And, in all their impurity, just such collective possibilities are emerging, with new political support and new hedgehog-supporting policy being made (BBC 2021), and with Hedgehog Street teaming up with property developers to make sure that new developments create thoroughfares for hogs. Although I share with a number of informants some trepidation about such alliances, I am curious to see what sorts of *agencements* can be made—what sorts of politician-infrastructural-civilian alliances might emerge? An experiment that certainly is not taking place under the sign of purity (Shotwell 2016), British hedgehog conservation over the next few years will be something to watch.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

In Aotearoa/New Zealand, the challenges are different. Rather than needing to hold in mind both the need for autonomy and for safety of a critter like the hedgehog in the UK, living in close contact with humans, the tensions to be held are those of attachment to species who may not be able to, or at least not easily, co-exist. Outside of dominant frames (or, at times, held privately within them), there were a range of approaches to being able to hold the contradictions of caring. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, conservationists privately expressed care and, at times, even fondness for species targeted by culling. Russ, who privately did not hold the anesthetic narrative of doing the absolute environmental right and good in his choice to trap introduced predators, seemed to be motivated to kill as well, and as humanely, as possible. At times, I have experienced the gentle consideration and validation of my own attachments to predators by conservationists working to save species threatened by just those predators. And, in feeling my own cares held even as they contradicted those of my interlocutors, something shifted and I've found myself opening also to the vision of Aoteroa/New Zealand as a land of flourishing native birdlife. For some, like Errol, supplying more native habitat was another way of helping beloved native birds. Yet, unwilling to reduce his own actions to being simply "good," Errol was able to hold the reality that even his tree planning might do harm to the birds he loved by encouraging more rats. Appreciating the work of those humans doing the labor of killing rats, while also regretting it, loving birds and rats, continuing to act for the good while knowing that his work did harm, Errol's work was filled with open acceptance of his inconsistencies (see also McLauchlan 2019). If kindness is to be approached as Philips and Taylor define it, as "identification with the vulnerabilities and attractions of others" (2010, 2), then holding our own and others' inconsistencies, and refusing to render them "ethically nullifying contradictions" (Davé 2017, 37), seems to be a vital aspect of it. What becomes possible, and what might become generously contagious, when we are able to hold our and others' attachments with care—even when they don't (yet) make sense to us, and even when they might appear opposed to our own?

Times remain tough for hedgehogs and others. While there can be no cares that aren't also complex, that don't also cause harms, there are still ways

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

of being and doing in the margins of dominant practice that may prove to be generative resources for living well in our times. It matters not just that one cares or kills, but *how*. What concepts mediate our actions and to what effect? What anesthetics might block us from opening to the cares of another? Learning to care for other species in such a way, however, does seem to change one, rendering one vulnerable and, potentially, inconsistent. Even for those of us with nonrelational self-concepts, for whom holding tensions generatively may be a little more challenging, I remain hopeful. Or perhaps, more, I remain curious about the practices and relations that might matter, that might help one to hold seemingly impossible tensions, to learn to care in ways that sensitize one to what flourishing looks (and smells) like, to open to it in our bodies. And to refuse to cast out ourselves or each other for our necessary inconsistencies, so that we might be better able to hold with care the full complexity of being in life.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Notes

INTRODUCTION

1. Although male hedgehogs do tend to be larger, I can't tell the difference between male or female hogs by sight. Indeed, there is a joke about a hedgehog winning a running race because he had his wife stand in for him near the finish line. As detailed in chapter 2, I learned from my British participants to think of hogs (and other beings) as persons, hence using the pronouns "she or he," rather than "it."

2. While guardianship or stewardship are widely accepted translations, a number of scholars have pointed out that concepts such as *kaitiakitanga* lose much of their deep relational meaning when translated. In this instance, *kaitiakitanga* takes on a tone of hierarchy and separation between humans and the rest of the living world in its English translation that it does not have in Māori (Taylor 2017; Willing 2022).

3. As Price and Chao (2023) note, talking about other than human beings raises many challenges. While "nonhuman" problematically categorizes such beings as what they are not, terms such as more-than-human or other-than-human still center the "human" (Price and Chao 2023). While I still hope for better terms, in this book I tend to use "other-than-human" animal instead of just "animal" in order to remind myself and the readers that humans are of course, also animals. At times, following informants' usage, I do use the term 'animal' to refer to an other-than-human animal. On occasion I take the term critter from Donna Haraway, a term she has re-defined to refer to all animals (including humans), as well as plants, fungi, aliens, and cyborgs (2008: 330). Rather than suggesting organisms as being located within a hierarchy of creation, the term "critter" is intended to sit within a world fundamentally characterized by connection and contingency, acknowledging the ways in which all apparent organisms are shaped in radical concert with others.

4. The majority of hedgehog champions were signed up with Hedgehog Street, who coined the phrase "hedgehog champion." Several people I came to interview and spend time with were not official Hedgehog Street hedgehog champions, but had been inspired to similar actions through different means, including other conservation agencies as well as television shows, such as the BBC's *Spring Watch* and *Autumn Watch.*

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

CHAPTER 1

1. The group of islands in the southern Pacific Ocean known as "New Zealand" in English is most commonly referred to as Aotearoa in the Māori language. Aotearoa, which translates as "the land of the long white cloud," originally referred only to the North Island. Today, however, the North Island is generally known as Te Ika a Maui, the fish of Maui, with the South Island—the island which grew me up—known as Te Waipounamu, with Aotearoa commonly used to refer to the entire country. In recognition of the nation's bilingual status, the country is increasingly referred to as Aotearoa/New Zealand. This is the term I will be using throughout this book, except in instances when "New Zealand" is part of a proper name, such as the "New Zealand pied stilt."

2. With such large numbers of hedgehogs in Aotearoa/New Zealand, a number of people have asked why not ship them "back" to the UK? A number of ecologists have informed me that, while such an introduction would offer the concern of introducing disease to the British population, the main reason against such an introduction is that the problem in the UK is not one of hedgehogs' ability to breed, it's of habitat availability. Struggling to support its own population, the environment of the UK would not be able to support an additional influx of kiwi hogs.

3. The category of "introduced predator" fits easily for only one of the three species, the stoat. Michael Morris has suggested that a more accurate descriptor of the three target animals is the "Big Two Predators and the Voracious Vegetarian," with possums being the vegetarian (2020, 90). However, possums will eat eggs and nestling chicks. So, with rats, possums are more accurately classified as omnivores.

4. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, the term "kiwi" is used to refer to both the birds and the humans (the potentially clarifying term "kiwi bird" is never used), and whether it is birds or humans who are being referred to must be extrapolated by context (this is unlike the kiwi fruit which in New Zealand is always referred to with "fruit" in the name—thus, to eat a kiwi is a disturbing thought for most New Zealanders). That New Zealanders do not seem to mind being confused with members of the Apterygidae family perhaps suggests something of the close identification of human New Zealanders with this rare, flightless, bird.

5. At the same time as dominant conservation in Aotearoa/New Zealand has reinscribed a range of colonial approaches, there is also Māori leadership within dominant conservation practice. It also tends to have a progressive political leaning. While a number of scholars internationally have noted instances of parallels existing between the framing and treatment of invasive species in conservation biology and xenophobic attitudes toward—and actions against—human immigrant communities (e.g., Gould 1998; Purdy 2015; Subramaniam 2001), concerns about invasive species in Aotearoa/New Zealand do not have such associations (see Coates (2007) on such tendencies in the United States).

6. Māori leadership is present within dominant conservation practice in Aotearoa/New Zealand as well in moves away from and independent of dominant practices. Thus, contrasts should not be framed as dominant "versus" Māori approaches to conservation.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

7. The residues of industry are scattered all over Central Dunedin backyards. Rumors suggest that lead levels in the area are among the worst in the country, with industrial pollution supplemented by the use of white lead in paint on homes until its use was banned in 1979. After hearing of this, I stopped eating herbs from my garden. The backyard critters, the rats and hedgehogs, insects, and bacteria, however, couldn't so easily avoid the pollution in this soil. I came to see my backyard as a tiny brownfields habitat; polluted, but still supporting life. While hedgehogs and rats seem to stand up well to this poison, I do wonder what impacts it has on them. Certainly, UK hedgehog studies suggest that poisons bioaccumulate in hogs (e.g., Dowding et al. 2010). Dwelling near humans might mean gaining access to some of our tasty wastes, but it also means taking a share in our poisons.

8. Despite these reassurances, I would actually end up contracting ringworm, likely from hedgehogs in the UK, as noted in chapter 5.

9. This (non) approach was also informed by Traci Warkentin's work on dolphin etiquette. Warkentin argues for the ethics of not touching or cornering dolphins during swim-with-the-dolphins experiences but, rather, letting the dolphins come to you, if they choose (Warkentin 2011).

10. I have been searching for a hedgehog equivalent of a canine play bow—a way in which to respectfully initiate play—but I am yet to find it, or even develop any idea of what hedgehog play might involve. Later, in my UK fieldwork, conversations with hedgehog rehabilitators, as well as my own experience, would suggest that hedgehogs don't really play. However, that their cousins, the African Pygmy Hedgehog, popular in the United States, China, Japan, and other countries seem to have some sense of play, raises questions about the limited opportunities I might have offered hogs to display such possibilities. What behaviors might European hedgehogs display if asked different questions (Despret 2015)?

11. Morgan would also later create a political party that would include Aotearoa/New Zealand becoming "predator free" as one of its main goals.

12. At the time of publication, Enhancing the Halo no longer exists. With the development of "predator free" groups throughout Wellington, as well as in other areas of the country, the Predator Free NZ Trust was established in 2013 to "connect and energize all New Zealanders towards a predator free New Zealand to enable our native species to thrive" 2023). As a national entity, it offers support and advice to all these community trapping groups. The Enhancing the Halo website (http://halo.org.nz/) now transfers directly to that of The Predator Free New Zealand Trust. While the Trust shares many goals with the work of the defunct Enhancing the Halo, it has a narrower focus on five species: rats, stoats, ferrets, weasels, and possums. Perhaps most notably, cats—a focus of much of Morgan's public campaigning—are not on the list of target species.

13. Hedgehog culling in Aotearoa/New Zealand mostly occurs through kill-trapping. Some 1080-related deaths may also occur, but it seems that 1080 poison (widely used to kill other pest mammals in Aotearoa/New Zealand) is not particularly damaging to hedgehogs; although repeated consumption of 1080, and/or of insects who have eaten the poison, may be a potential killer of hedgehogs (Berry 1999).

14. Personal communication, April 12, 2014.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

CHAPTER 2

Small sections of chapter 2 have been reprinted with permission of Taylor and Francis, conveyed through Copyright Clearance Center Inc., from: McLauchlan, L. 2018. "Sadness and the noir of urban hedgehog conservation." *Green Letters: Studies in Ecocriticism* 22 (1):1–12; and McLauchlan, L. 2020. "Urchins in the Infrastructure: Building with Hedgehogs in the Multispecies City." In *The Routledge Companion to Critical Approaches to Contemporary Architecture*, edited by S. Chattopadhyay and J. White, 351–362. New York and London: Routledge.

1. A "back garden" in British English does not necessarily imply the sort of lush plantings that the US use of "garden" would suggest. While some were lush, many were simple, small places—although still vital to connect in terms of giving hedgehogs sufficient access to properties. While "backyard" is a reasonably good US approximation of "back garden," in British English a "yard" sounds very expansive. Therefore, to stay true to local usage, I've kept the British use of "back garden" in the UK-based chapters. However, US readers can safely reinterpret the term as "backyard." Although New Zealand English tends to be closer to British English than US English, on this matter, the US "backyard" is much more common phrasing than a "back garden" (with a "back garden" sounding quite formal as opposed to a yard). Thus, elsewhere in the text, I have used "backyard."

2. While in Aotearoa/New Zealand there are no commercially available hedgehog foods, in the United Kingdom there are several brands. "Spikes" hedgehog food was the first (created in 1997) and is chicken-based. The Tesco brand "Right Food for Hedgehogs" as well as the "Love Hedgehogs" brand (created by the manufacturers of Spikes), contain mealworms and sunflower hearts that seem to make them less attractive to cats. Cat and dog foods are also put out for hedgehogs, and may be more nutritionally suitable than mealworms alone (due to the poor phosphorous/calcium balance of mealworms). However, feeding stations with elaborate chicanes are required in order to discourage cats and dogs from sharing these meals. As with bird feeding, a commonplace activity in the UK (the RSPB has recently estimated that fifty percent of UK residents put out food for birds), hedgehog foods are a significant source of nutrition for wild animals in the city. A recent campaign by Hedgehog Street in concert with the Wildlife Trusts and the Royal Horticultural Society has emphasized the importance of creating gardens that encourage beetles, suggesting that food could be put out just during lean times.

CHAPTER 3

1. This is, of course, also a reminder that while the city might be dangerous for hedgehogs, it is also a violent place—frequently intentionally so—for rats.

2. Although hedgehogs can be sexed if necessary (as a rehabilitator, I had learned the method of gently turning them over and bouncing them once or twice until their genitalia became apparent) it is, as noted in chapter 1, difficult to tell by sight (I never learned the skill). However, champions sometimes had a sense of their hogs as male or female was and, in such instances, I have followed their lead on pronoun use.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

3. While "strimmers" are the more common expression in the UK, these devices for cutting the edges of lawns are known elsewhere as weed whackers or edge trimmers.

4. In this instance, I have retained the British terminology of "crisps," as this is the terminology used in the news report. In US parlance, "crisps" are "chips" or, more specifically, "potato chips."

5. It is also a 40-minute drive, but that feels like a hedgehog-disloyal way of reporting the distance and I did not have a car in the UK. As a side-effect of fieldwork, I developed a cautiousness about driving. Before leaving Aotearoa/New Zealand, Paul and I drove from Dunedin to Auckland (not quite the length of the country, but almost) and, as we went, did a count of hedgehogs killed on the road. After having several of my own hedgehog-like near-misses on roads, and finding there to be reasonable public transportation in the UK, I found myself getting around with a combination of trains, buses, and sometimes walking or cycling what now seem like extreme distances. There is, however, a long tradition of rambling in the UK, and my long walks and bike rides were typically met with amused encouragement.

6. Like the majority of champions I spoke with, Xuela referred to nonhuman critters as somebodies, not somethings.

7. In contrast to work that has argued for the existence of universally existing emotions among humans, the work of scholars such as Lisa Feldman Barrett have increasingly shown that there is great variation in how we identify feelings, both cross-culturally, but also depending on our own life histories (Barrett 2017; Guilmette 2020). Thus, rather than being a universally-existing phenomenon, "sadness" is instead an emotion that is identified and has effects within a particular social contexts. As is typical of psychological studies (although increasingly challenged), the studies listed within this chapter are all from "Western" industrialized nations. As always, more diverse approaches and studies are needed.

8. The Guardian newspaper is a British newspaper with a largely left-wing/progressive readership, it also tends to have a large number of stories about British wildlife, particularly hedgehogs (although conservative papers such as the Telegraph also have regular hedgehog coverage). I refer to it here both because it was my main source of news during that time and because of the tendency for a certain kind of left-leaning environmentally conscious type to read it.

CHAPTER 4

Small sections of chapter 4 have been reprinted from McLauchlan, Laura. 2021. "On becoming a massively distributed thing: Extricability, collectives and hedgehog death-by-plastic." In *The Lives and Afterlives of Plastic*, edited by Farrelly, T and S. Taffel S. Canada: Athabasca University Press, under Creative Commons License (CC BY-NC-ND 4.0)

1. British Hedgehog Preservation Society, personal communication.

2. Legally, the question of rehabilitators diagnosing and treating animals with previously acquired drugs is a gray area. It is particularly tricky in that none of the drugs given to hogs are actually licensed for them, so many of the protocols have been established by private rehabilitators; At the time of fieldwork, one well-respected rehabilitator was working with her vet to

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

create national standards for hedgehog drug administration, although no outcomes have been released. More recently, Hedgehog Street have begun a collaboration with Manchester University to try to create an impartial register of care regimes and establish national standards of best practice.

3. With young corvids, there is also the added worry of requiring an extended period of learning from parents. Several rehabilitators at the multispecies center expressed feeling very fraught about both not wanting the birds to imprint upon humans, but also worrying about the untutored youngsters who have grown up only in contact with other young corvids. One wild animal vet suggested costumes might be used, something like that described in bringing up whooping cranes (see van Dooren 2014b).

4. This comment has aged rather quickly. At the time (2015), large televisions were commonly assumed to be something one would want, with the lack of one suggesting that one was struggling. More recently, perhaps due to the emergence of internet streaming, television size seems to be less of a marker of social success.

5. Given live or dead (and dried) to birds, mealworms became a common treat for hedgehogs, too. However, during my time in the field, concern was growing about both hedgehogs becoming "addicted" to the larvae, as well as the high phosphorus and low calcium levels leading to a weakening in hedgehogs' bones.

6. The effectiveness matters. There are few antibiotics that are available to wildlife, and Baytril, the most commonly prescribed is good (and thin, making it easy to inject), but doesn't work for all hogs, or all conditions. Synulox is a broader spectrum antibiotic and seems to work well with most hogs. Marbocyl's effectiveness was described to me by one rehabilitator as being like gold but, in the face of increasing antibiotic resistance for various conditions among wild animals, rehabilitators are under increasing pressure not to use it in order attempt to maintain it as an effective treatment.

7. *Pride*, a film about striking Thatcher-era Welsh miners and the unexpected support they received from a group of gay and lesbian activists, helps me to think this might just be a requirement of caring more generally. In one scene, an older miner, Dai, encourages Jonathan, the leader of the gay and lesbian group, that he needs to find a way to let some of it go, to find a pace that is sustainable despite the seemingly overwhelming call of the cause: "Don't give it all to the fight. Save something for home" (Warchus 2014).

8. In a follow up email as I was getting permissions for this book, Roz noted that, after 15 years of working in animal rehab, she did actually leave her role, needing something that better reflected her worth. She now works for herself, using her remarkable skill with animals as a dog trainer and canine water therapist in Somerset.

CHAPTER 5

1. Cats are another known predator of birds but are not currently targeted in kill-trapping campaigns in Wellington city, although they are part of the Greater Wellington Regional Council's 2019 "Pest Management Plan."

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

2. Saddlebacks have been seen as a particular victory for Wellington as, prior to the arrival of a pair of breeding saddlebacks on the edge of the Wellington CBD in 2014, the species had been extinct on the mainland (outside of sanctuaries) for over 100 years. As a bird that largely feeds on the ground, they are particularly vulnerable to mustelid and cat predation (Hooson and Jamieson 2003; Swinnen 2017).

3. Throughout this chapter, I will be using "kiwi" to refer to the flightless bird of the family Apterygidae, not human New Zealanders. In New Zealand, the term "kiwi" is used to refer to both the birds and the humans (the potentially clarifying term "kiwi bird" is never used), and whether it is birds or humans who are being referred to must be extrapolated by context (this is unlike the kiwi fruit, which in New Zealand is always referred to with "fruit" in the name—thus, to eat a "kiwi" is a disturbing thought for most New Zealanders). That New Zealanders do not generally mind being confused with members of the Apterygidae family perhaps suggests something of the close identification of human New Zealanders with this rare, flightless bird. As an additional note, one that applies also to other Māori names, in te reo Māori (the Māori language), nouns are shown to be singular or plural based on the articles they are paired with, whether a plural article such as ngā or ērā ("the" or "those") or singular, te or tērā ("the" or "that"). So that ngā tūī would mean "the tūī (plural)" and te tūī would mean "the (single) tūī." Until the resurgence of Māori language in the 1970s and '80s, Māori words used in New Zealand English tended to be pluralized by the use of an "s": "the tuis." Increasingly, it is becoming more common to not add an "s" to pluralize Māori words, particularly in formal English, so that "the tūī" could mean the (particular) tūī or the (group of) tūī. Thus, the work of discerning whether a particular noun of Māori origin used in formal New Zealand English is a singular or plural word requires attention to context.

4. More recently, compassionate conservation approaches—particularly in Australia—have emphasized similar possibilities for a host of animals. These were not part of the conversation in Aotearoa/New Zealand during my fieldwork.

5. Aotearoa/New Zealand's Department of Conservation (DoC) were the designers of these traps that come in three models: 150, 200, and 250. They are sold commercially both within the country and outside it.

6. The alignment between trapping and progressive politics in New Zealand is in some ways curious, as other groups that oppose animal killing in New Zealand, such as vegetarians or Save Animals from Exploitation (SAFE), are also often aligned with left-wing politics. As Potts and White have argued in their paper, "New Zealand vegetarians: At odds with their nation" (2008), many vegetarians in New Zealand struggled with what they saw as the country's commodification of animals and felt that, related to this, they did not have an easy sense of belonging. However, many also felt that, while they might not fit with mainstream New Zealand identities, they were part of a story of progressive politics in New Zealand. Thus, they were able to find a place among the descendants of the New Zealand suffragists, the anti-whaling protestors, and the anti-nuclear activists—as critical thinkers determined to make an impact upon their country's dominant meat-eating culture and its exploitation of nonhuman animals (Potts and White 2008, 350). However, vegetarians and "pest" trappers are by no means mutually exclusive groups. Animal

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

rights arguments are, at times, made for killing "predators" as, by doing so, one is potentially saving a vulnerable (usually) native animal from a painful, and potentially drawn-out, death.

7. New Zealand's nuclear free commitment was recently partially rescinded when the US guided-missile destroyer USS Sampson was given permission to enter New Zealand waters in November 2016. This was the first US warship to be permitted into New Zealand waters since the restrictions were first set over thirty years prior, due to the US policy of neither confirming or denying the presence of nuclear weaponry or fuel reactors on warships.
8. In New Zealand English, "hard-case" typically means a mixture of witty, laid-back, and perhaps a little eccentric—almost always in a "do-it-yourself," "number-eight-wire," unconventionally ingenious yet practical sense.
9. I intend to expand on this cat tale at another time. For now, though, my experience of coming to care for cats has convinced me that, although more inner work might be required, developing new cares as an adult is entirely possible.
10. There are other groups around, such as the Feline Protection League and various anti-1080 groups. While such groups may be noted in media coverage, they tend to be reduced to sound bites. I am yet to see an in-depth interview on television or radio with such groups, or the publication of their articles in major newspapers. In interviews with members of such groups, they similarly noted being side-tracked from public debate.
11. Although, at the time of publication, the article was still available online, comments had been removed.

CHAPTER 6

1. As Davé notes, all contradictions are apparent, yet they are constructs that matter (2017; 2023).

CONCLUSION

1. However, Jamie Lorimer's work suggests to me that, even in the absence of "cute" charms, there are those who will be drawn to predators—perhaps precisely for their predatory nature.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

References

1883. "Notes." *Timaru Herald*, September 15, 2.

1935. "Writ in Blood: Imported Creatures, Natural Warfare, Acclimatisation Mistakes." *Auckland Star*, July 4, 11.

1938. "Hedgehog Menace." *New Zealand Herald*, October 21, 15.

Ahmed, Sara. 2004. "Collective Feelings: Or, the Impressions Left by Others." *Theory, Culture & Society* 21 (2): 25–42.

Ahmed, Sara. 2010. *The Promise of Happiness*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Alaimo, Stacy. 2016. *Exposed: Environmental Politics and Pleasures in Posthuman Times*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.

Alaimo, Stacy, and Susan Hekman. 2008. *Material Feminisms*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.

Anderson, Atholl. 2004. "A Fragile Plenty: Pre-European Māori and the New Zealand Environment." In *Environmental Histories of New Zealand*, edited by Eric Pawson and Tom Brooking, 19–34. Melbourne, Australia: Oxford University Press.

Anderson, Atholl. 1991. "The Chronology of Colonization in New Zealand." Antiquity 65 (249): 767–795.

Anderson, Ben. 2006a. "Becoming and Being Hopeful: Towards a Theory of Affect." *Environment and Planning D: Society and Space* 24 (5): 733–752.

Anderson, Ben. 2006b. "'Transcending Without Transcendence': Utopianism and an Ethos of Hope." *Antipode* 38 (4): 691–710.

Anderson, K. 1997. "A Walk on the Wild Side: A Critical Geography of Domestication." *Progress in Human Geography* 21: 463–485.

Anzaldúa, Gloria. 1999. *Borderlands/La Frontera*. San Francisco, CA: Aunt Lute Books.

Arber, Sara, and Jay Ginn. 1992. "Class and Caring: A Forgotten Dimension." *Sociology* 26 (4): 619–634.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Arluke, Arnold, and Clinton R. Sanders. 1996. *Regarding Animals*. Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.

Attig, Thomas. 1996. *How We Grieve: Relearning the World*. Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press.

Baker, S. 2000. *The Postmodern Animal*. London: Reaktion Books.

Barad, Karen. 2003. "Posthumanist Performativity: Toward an Understanding of How Matter Comes to Matter." *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* 28 (3): 801–831.

Barad, Karen. 2007. *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning.* London and Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Barker, Kezia. 2008. "Flexible Boundaries in Biosecurity: Accommodating Gorse in Aotearoa New Zealand." *Environment and Planning A* 40: 1598–1614.

Barrett, Lisa Feldman. 2017. *How Emotions Are Made: The Secret Life of the Brain*. Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.

Bastian, Brock, Simon M Laham, Sam Wilson, Nick Haslam, and Peter Koval. 2011. "Blaming, Praising, and Protecting our Humanity: The Implications of Everyday Dehumanization for Judgments of Moral Status." *British Journal of Social Psychology* 50 (3): 469–483.

BBC. 2015. "MP Oliver Colvile Calls for Hedgehog as UK Symbol." BBC Online. https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-34786004

BBC. 2021. "Chris Grayling Leads MPs' Charge to Save Hedgehogs." BBC.com, January 26. https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-politics-55804978

Belich, James. 2002. *Making Peoples: A History of the New Zealanders from Polynesian Settlement to the End of the Nineteenth Century.* Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press.

Bennett, Jane. 2010. *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Beresford, Maurice. 1998. *The Lost Villages of England*. London: Sutton.

Berkes, Fikret, and Mina Kislalioglu Berkes. 2009. "Ecological Complexity, Fuzzy Logic, and Holism in Indigenous Knowledge." *Futures* 41 (1): 6–12.

Berry, Christopher. 1999. "Potential Interactions of Hedgehogs with North Island Brown Kiwi at Boundary Stream Mainland Island." *Conservation Advisory Science Notes No. 268*. Wellington, New Zealand: Department of Conservation.

Bonanno, George A. 2009. *The Other Side of Sadness: What the New Science of Bereavement Tells Us*. New York: Basic Books.

Bourdieu, Pierre. 1977. *Outline of a Theory of Practice*. Translated by Richard Nice. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press.

Braidotti, Rosi and Maria Hlavajova. 2018. "Ethics of joy." In *The Posthuman Glossary*, edited by Rosi Braidotti and Maria Hlavajova, 221–224. London: Bloomsbury.

Braidotti, Rosi. 2006. *Transpositions: On Nomadic Ethics*. Cambridge, UK: Polity.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

British Hedgehog Preservation Society. 2006. "McDonalds - Cautiously Optimistic!" *Newsletter of the British Hedgehog Preservation Society* 47 (Autumn).

Brockie, R. 1959. "Observations on the Food of the Hedgehog (Erinaceus europaeus L.) in New Zealand." *New Zealand Journal of Science* 2 (1):121–36.

Brockie, R. 1975. "Distribution and abundance of the hedgehog (*Erinaceus europaeus*) L. in New Zealand, 1869–1973." *New Zealand Journal of Zoology* 2 (4): 445–462.

Brockie, R. 1976. "Self-Anointing by Wild Hedgehogs, *Erinaceous europaeus*, in New Zealand." *Animal Behaviour* 24 (Feb): 68–71.

Brockie, R. 1990. "European Hedgehog." In *The Handbook of New Zealand Mammals*, edited by C. M. King, 99–113. Auckland, New Zealand: Oxford University Press.

Brockie, R. E. 1964. "Dental Abnormalities in European and New Zealand Hedgehogs." *Nature* 202 (493): 1355–1356.

Brockie, Robert (Bob). 1999. "For the Love of Hedgehogs." *New Zealand Geographic* 044 (Oct–Dec).

Bryant, Donna, and Julie Roil. 1994. *The Wildtrack Book*. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Butler, Judith. 2009. *Frames of War: When Is a Life Grievable?* New York: Verso.

Butler, Judith. 2014. *Precarious Life*. London: Verso.

Byrd, Jodi A. 2011. *The Transit of Empire: Indigenous Critiques of Colonialism*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Cameron, B. G., Y. van Heezik, R. F. Maloney, P. J. Seddon, and J. A. Harraway. 2005. "Improving Predator Capture Rates: Analysis of River Margin Trap Site Data in the Waitaki Basin, New Zealand." *New Zealand Journal of Ecology* 29 (1): 117–128.

Campkin, B. 2010. "Bugs, Bats and Animal Estates: The Architectural Territories of 'Wild Beasts'." *Architectural Design* 3 (80): 34–39.

Candea, Matei. 2010. "'I Fell in Love with Carlos the Meerkat': Engagement and Detachment in Human-Animal Relations." *American Ethnologist* 37 (2): 241–258.

Candea, Matei. 2011. "ENDO/EXO." *Common Knowledge* 17 (1): 146–150.

Candea, Matei. 2013. "Habituating Meerkats and Redescribing Animal Behaviour Science." *Theory Culture Society* 30 (7/8): 105–128.

Carusi, A., and M. Jirotka. 2010. "Reshaping Research Collaboration: The Case of Virtual Research." In *World Wide Research: Reshaping the Sciences and Humanities*, edited by W. H. Dutton and P. W. Jeffreys. Cambridge, MA and London: MIT Press.

Carter, Cynthia. 2013. "Online Popular Anti-Sexism Political Action in the UK and USA: The Importance of Collaborative Anger for Social Change." In *The Routledge Companion to Media & Gender*, 643–653. Abingdon, UK: Routledge.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Chakrabarty, Dipesh. 2000. *Provincializing Europe: Postcolonial Thought and Historical Difference*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.

Chalhoub, Sidney. 1993. "The Politics of Disease Control: Yellow Fever and Race in Nineteenth Century Rio de Janeiro." *Journal of Latin American Studies* 25 (3): 441–463.

Chao, Sophie. 2022. *In the Shadow of the Palms: More-Than-Human Becomings in West Papua*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Charles, Nickie, and Charlotte Aull Davies. 2008. "My Family and Other Animals: Pets as Kin." *Sociological Research Online* 13 (5): 13–26.

Chan, K. M. A, P. Balvanera, K. Benessaiah, M. Chapman, S. Díaz, E. Gómez-Baggethun, R. Gould, N. Hannahs, K. Jax, S. Klain, et al. 2016. "Why Protect Nature? Rethinking Values and the Environment." *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences USA* 113 (6): 1462–1465.

Cherry, Myisha. 2021. *The Case for Rage: Why Anger Is Essential to Anti-Racist Struggle.* Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press.

Chua, Liana, Mark E Harrison, Hannah Fair, Sol Milne, Alexandra Palmer, June Rubis, Paul Thung, Serge Wich, Bram Büscher, and Susan M Cheyne. 2020. "Conservation and the Social Sciences: Beyond Critique and Co-optation. A Case Study from Orangutan Conservation." People and Nature 2 (1): 42–60.

Cixous, Hélène. 2005. *Stigmata: Escaping Texts*. London and New York: Routledge.

Claeys, Gregory, and Lyman Tower Sargent. 1999. "Introduction." In *The Utopia Reader*, edited by Gregory Claeys and Lyman Tower Sargent, 1–5. New York: New York University Press.

Clarke, A. H. 1970 [1949]. *The Invasion of New Zealand by People, Plants and Animals: The South Island.* Westport, CT: Greenwood Press.

Clifford, James. 1997. *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century.* Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Clifford, James. 2001. "Indigenous Articulations." *The Contemporary Pacific* 13 (2): 468–490.

Coates, P. 2006. *American Perceptions of Immigrant and Invasive Species*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.

Collard, Rosemary-Claire. 2014. "Putting Animals Back Together, Taking Commodities Apart." *Annals of the Association of American Geographers* 104 (1): 151–165.

Cook, Ian, and Michelle Harrison. 2007. "Follow the Thing: 'West Indian Hot Pepper Sauce'." *Space and Culture* 10 (1): 40–63.

Coombes, Brad. 2007. "Postcolonial Conservation and Kiekie Harvests at Morere New Zealand: Abstracting Indigenous Knowledge from Indigenous Polities." *Geographical Research* 45 (2): 186–193.

Cooper, Davina. 2014. *Everyday Utopias: The Conceptual Life of Promising Spaces*. London and Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Cooper, Roger A, and Philip R Millener. 1993. "The New Zealand Biota: Historical Background and New Research." *Trends in Ecology & Evolution* 8 (12): 429–433.

Coult, Terry. 2015. "Notes on the Wolf, Bear and Lynx in Durham and Northumberland." *Northumbrian Naturalist* 79: 16–28.

Coulthard, S. 2020. *A Short History of the World According to Sheep.* London: Head of Zeus.

Craw, Jack. 2015. "Opinion: Focus and Performance in Managing Post-Border Biosecurity in New Zealand." *Unitec ePress Perspectives in Biosecurity Research Series* 3.

Cronon, William. 1996. "The Trouble with Wilderness: Or, Getting Back to the Wrong Nature." *Environmental History* 1 (1): 7–28.

Crosby, Alfred W. 1986. *Ecological Imperialism: The Biological Expansion of Europe, 900–1900*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press.

Crump, Barry. 1986. *Wild Pork and Watercress*. Auckland, New Zealand: Hodder Moa Becket.

Davé, Naisargi N. 2017. "Something, Everything, Nothing; Or, Cows, Dogs, and Maggots." *Social Text* 35 (1): 37–57.

Davé, Naisargi N. 2023. *Indifference: On the Praxis of Interspecies Being.* Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

de Waal, Frans BM. 1999. "Anthropomorphism and Anthropodenial: Consistency in our Thinking about Humans and Other Animals." *Philosophical Topics* 27 (1): 255–280.

Delcourt, Cécile, Dwayne D. Gremler, Allard C. R. van Riel, and Marcel J. H. van Birgelen. 2015. "Employee Emotional Competence: Construct Conceptualization and Validation of a Customer-Based Measure." *Journal of Service Research* 19 (1): 72–87.

Despret, Vinciane. 2004. "The Body We Care For: Figures of Anthropo-Zoo-Genesis." *Body & Society* 10 (2–3): 111–134.

Despret, Vinciane. 2013. "Responding Bodies and Partial Affinities in Human-Animal Worlds." *Theory Culture Society* 30 (7/8): 51–76.

Despret, Vinciane. 2015. *What Would Animals Say If We Asked the Right Questions?* Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Deutscher, Penelope. 1999. "Mourning the Other, Cultural Cannibalism, and the Politics of Friendship (Jacques Derrida and Luce Irigaray)." *Differences: A Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies* 10 (3):159–184.

DoC. 2017. Predator Free 2050. Edited by Department of Conservation. https://www.doc.govt.nz/Documents/our-work/predator-free-2050.pdf

DoC. 2020. *Towards a Predator Free New Zealand*. Wellington, New Zealand: Department of Conservation.

Doig, Jack. 2013. "New Nationalism in Australia and New Zealand: The Construction of National Identities by Two Labo(u)r Governments in the Early 1970s." *Australian Journal of Politics and History* 59 (4): 559–575.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Dowding, Claire V., Richard F. Shore, Andrew Worgan, Philip J. Baker, and Stephen Harris. 2010. "Accumulation of Anticoagulant Rodenticides in a Non-Target Insectivore, the European Hedgehog (*Erinaceus europaeus*)." *Environmental Pollution* 158 (1): 161–166.

Druett, Joan. 1983. *Exotic Intruders: The Introduction of Plants and Animals into New Zealand*. Auckland, New Zealand: Heinemann.

Edlund, Sara M., Maria L. Carlsson, Steven J. Linton, Alan E. Fruzzetti, and Maria Tillfors. 2015. "I See You're in Pain—The Effects of Partner Validation on Emotions in People with Chronic Pain." *Scandinavian Journal of Pain* 6 (1): 16–21.

Ehrenreich, Barbara. 2010. *Bright-Sided: How Positive Thinking Is Undermining America*. New York: Metropolitan Books.

Environment Act 2021. UK Parliament. https://bills.parliament.uk/bills/2593

Faherty, Allanah. 2018. "Sausages and Custard: An Ode to the Weird and Wonderful Kiwi Kid-songs Albums." *The Spinoff*. January 18.

Forster, Margaret. 2016. "Indigenous Environmental Autonomy in Aotearoa New Zealand." *Alter-Native: An International Journal of Indigenous Peoples* 12 (3): 316–330.

Fozdar, F. 2014. "Among Friends? On the Dynamics of Māori-Pākehā Relationships in Aotearoa New Zealand." *New Zealand Sociology* 29 (1): 206–210.

Frank, David M. 2021. "Disagreement or Denialism? 'Invasive Species Denialism' and Ethical Disagreement in Science." *Synthese* 198 (25): 6085–6113.

Franklin, Adrian Stephen. 2009. "On loneliness." *Geografiska Annaler: Series B, Human Geography* 91 (4): 343–354.

Franklin, Adrian Stephen. 2014. "The Adored and the Abhorrent: Nationalism and feral cats in England and Australia." In *Routledge Handbook of Human-Animal Studies*, edited by Gary Marvin and Susan McHugh, 139–154. Abingdon, UK: Routledge.

Fudge, Erica. 2011. "Pest Friends." In *Uncertainty in the City*, edited by Snaebjornsdottir and Wilson. Berlin: Greenbox.

Garrard, Greg. 2013. "The Unbearable Lightness of Green: Air Travel, Climate Change and Literature." *Green Letters* 17 (2): 175–188.

Gerrards-Hesse, Astrid, Kordelia Spies, and Friedrich W. Hesse. 1994. "Experimental Inductions of Emotional States and Their Effectiveness: A Review." *British Journal of Psychology* 85 (1): 55–78.

Gilligan, Carol. 1993. *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Ginn, Franklin. 2014. "Sticky Lives: Slugs, Detachment and More-Than-Human Ethics in the Garden." *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers* 39 (4): 532–544.

Ginn, Franklin. 2016. *Domestic Wild: Memory, Nature and Gardening in Suburbia.* London and New York: Routledge.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Goffman, Erving. 1974. *Frame Analysis: An Essay on the Organization of Experience*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Green and Black. 2022. "Green and Black Ambassadors." https://www.blackandgreenambassadors.co.uk

Griffith, Roger. 2016. *The Green and Black Report: A Report on Ujima Radio's Initiative to Involve Black Minority Ethnic Communities in the Green Agenda During Bristol European Green Capital 2015*. Bristol, UK: Ujima Radio.

Griffith, Roger, and Gnisha Bevan. 2021. "The Demand for Racial Equality and Environmental Justice: Learning from Bristol's Black and Green Programme." In *Diversity and Inclusion in Environmentalism*, edited by Karen Bell. London and New York: Routledge.

Gruen, Lori, and Kari Weil. 2010. "Teaching Difference: Sex, Gender, Species." In *Teaching the Animal: Human-Animal Studies Across the Disciplines*, edited by Margo DeMello, 127–142. New York: Lantern Books.

Gould, Stephen Jay. 1998. "An Evolutionary Perspective on Strengths, Fallacies, and Confusions in the Concept of Native Plants." *Arnoldia* 58 (1): 3–10.

Guggenbuhl-Craig, Adolf. 2015 [1971]. *Power in the Helping Professions*. Thompson, CT: Spring Publications.

Guilmette, Lauren. 2020. "Expression, Animation, and Intelligibility: Concepts for a Decolonial Feminist Affect Theory." *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy* 34 (3): 309–322.

Hale, Dorothy J. 2007. "Fiction as Restriction: Self-Binding in New Ethical Theories of the Novel." *Narrative* 15 (2): 187–206.

Hall, Stuart. 1986. "On Postmodernism and Articulation." *Journal of Communication Inquiry* 10 (2): 45–60.

Handley, C. O. 1991. "Terrestrial Mammals of Virginia: Trends in Distribution and Diversity." *Virginia Journal of Science* 42 (2): 171–181.

Haraway, Donna J. 1988. "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective." *Feminist Studies* 14 (3): 575–599.

Haraway, Donna J. 1991. *Simians, Cyborgs and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*. New York and Oxon: Routledge.

Haraway, Donna J. 1997. *Modest _ Witness @ Second_ Millennium. FemaleMan _ Meets _OncoMouse: Feminism and Technoscience.* New York: Routledge.

Haraway, Donna. 2006. "When We Have Never Been Human, What is to be Done?" *Theory, Culture & Society* 23 (7–8): 135–158.

Haraway, Donna J. 2008. *When Species Meet*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Haraway, Donna J. 2016. *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Harding, Stephan. 2010. "Gaia and Biodiversity." In *Gaia in Turmoil: Climate Change, Biodepletion, and Earth Ethics in an Age of Crisis*, edited by Eileen Crist and H. Bruce Rinker, 107–124. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.

Harmsworth, Garth R., and Shaun Awatere. 2013. "Indigenous Māori Knowledge and Perspectives of Ecosystems." In *Ecosystem Services in New Zealand—conditions and trends*, edited by J. R. Dymond. Lincoln, New Zealand: Manaaki Whenua Press.

Harrison, Melissa. 2015. "Re-Imagining the City." Coleridge Lecture Series 2015. Bristol, UK: Radical Green.

Harvey, David. 2000. *Spaces of Hope*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press.

Hastie, Kelvin. 2017. "NEXT Predator Free Champion Kelvin Hastie." https://vimeo.com/183591292

Hedgehog Street. 2022. "Welcome to Hedgehog Street." https://www.hedgehogstreet.org/about-our-hedgehog-street-campaign/.

Heise, Ursula K. 2016. *Imagining Extinction: The cultural meanings of endangered species*. Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press.

Hersgaard, Mark. 2013. "Living Through the Anthropocene." *Earth Island* 28 (1): 38.

Himsworth, C. G., B. T. Elkin, J. S. Nishi, A. S. Neimanis, G. A. Wobeser, C. Turcotte, and F. A Leighton. 2010. "An Outbreak of Bovine Tuberculosis in an Intensively Managed Conservation Herd of Wild Bison in the Northwest Territories." *The Canadian Veterinary Journal* 51 (6): 593–597.

Hoad, T. F., ed. 2003. "Urchin." *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Etymology*. Oxford, UK: University of Oxford Press.

Hof, Anouschka R., Jolanda Snellenberg, and Paul W. Bright. 2012. "Food or Fear? Predation Risk Mediates Edge Refuging in an Insectivorous Mammal." *Animal Behaviour* 83 (4): 1099–1106.

Holling, C. S., and G. K. Meffe. 1996. "Command and Control and the Pathology of Natural Resource Management." *Conservation Biology* 10 (2): 328–337.

Honegger, Cornelia Hesse. 2001. *Heteroptera: The Beautiful and the Other, or Images of a Mutating World*. Zurich: Scalo.

Hoy Hoyle, Craig. 2023. "Forget 'Cute Mrs Tiggy-Winkle': Hedgehogs are Much-Loved, but They Wreak Havoc." *Stuff*. February 12. https://www.stuff.co.nz/environment/300779373/forget-cute-mrs-tiggywinkle-hedgehogs-are-muchloved-but-they-wreak-havoc

Hursthouse, Charles. 1861. *New Zealand, the Britain of the South*. London: Edward Stanford.

IUCN. 2022. "New Zealand Kaka *Nestor Meridionalis.*" International Union for Conservation of Nature. https://www.iucnredlist.org/species/22684840/216083435

Ingold, Tim. 2000. *The Perception of the Environment: Essays on Livelihood, Dwelling and Skill*. London and New York: Routledge.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Ingold, Tim. 2013. *Making: Anthropology, Archaeology, Art and Architecture*. Oxon and New York: Routledge.

Ingold, Tim. 2014. "That's Enough About Ethnography!" *HAU: Journal of Ethnographic Theory* 4 (1): 383–395.

Isern, Thomas D. 2004. "Companions, Stowaways, Imperialists, Invaders: Pests and Weeds in New Zealand." In *Environmental Histories of New Zealand*, edited by Eric Pawson and Tom Brooking, 233–245. Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press.

ITV. 2014. "Pumpkin the Hedgehog Attacks Our Reporter!" October 24. http://www.itv.com/news/west/update/2014-10-24/pumpkin-the-hedgehog-attacks-our-reporter

Jasanoff, Sheila. 2007. "Technologies of Humility." *Nature* 450: 33.

Jones, C., and M. D. Sanders. 2005. "Order Insectivora." In *The Handbook of New Zealand Mammals*, 2nd edition, edited by Carolyn M. King, 81–94. Melbourne, Australia: Oxford University Press.

Jones, C., K. Moss, and M. Sanders. 2005. "Diet of Hedgehogs (Erinaceus europaeus) in the Upper Waitaki Basin, New Zealand: Implications for Conservation." *New Zealand Journal of Ecology* 29 (1):29–35.

Jones, Chris. 2014. Mrs Tiggywinkle, Serial Killer? *Enhancing the Halo*. April 27. http://halo.org.nz/mrs-tiggywinkle-serial-killer/

Jones, Chris., and G. Norbury. 2011. "Feeding Selectivity of Introduced Hedgehogs *Erinaceus europaeus* in a Dryland Habitat, South Island, New Zealand." *Acta Theriologica* 56 (1): 45–51.

Kawharu, Merata. 2000. "Kaitiakitanga: A Māori Anthropological Perspective of the Māori Socio-environmental Ethic of Resource Management." *The Journal of the Polynesian Society* 109 (4): 349–370.

Keenan, Danny. 2021. *Wars Without End: New Zealand's Land Wars–A Maori Perspective*. New Zealand: Penguin Random House.

Keller, Evelyn Fox. 1982. "Feminism and Science." *Signs* 7 (3): 589–602.

Ketibuah-Foley, J., and Z. McKenzie. 2018. "Green & Black Ambassadors Pilot Project Report." Ujima Radio, Bristol Green Capital, Up Our Street, University of Bristol Cabot Institute, Bristol.

Keltner, Dacher, Phoebe C. Ellsworth, and Kari Edwards. 1993. "Beyond Simple Pessimism: Effects of Sadness and Anger on Social Perception." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 64 (5):740–752.

Key, John. 2016. New Zealand to be Predator Free by 2050. New Zealand Government. https://www.beehive.govt.nz/release/new-zealand-be-predator-free-2050

Kiik, Laur. 2019. "Conservation Land: Toward the Anthropology of Professionals in Global Nature Conservation." *Critique of Anthropology* 39 (4): 391–419.

King, Michael. 1985. *Being Pakeha Now: Reflections and Recollections of a White Native*. Wellington, New Zealand: Penguin.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Kipling, Rudyard. 1896. "The Song of the Cities—Auckland." *The Seven Seas*, 30 October.

Kirksey, Eben. 2015. *Emergent Ecologies*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Kirksey, Eben, and Stefan Helmreich. 2010. "The Emergence of Multispecies Ethnography." *Cultural Anthropology* 25 (4): 545–576.

Kirkwood, J. K., and A. W. Sainsbury. 1996. "Ethics of Interventions for the Welfare of Free-Living Wild Animals." *Animal Welfare* 5 (3): 235–243.

Kittay, Eva Feder, and Ellen K. Feder. 2002. *The Subject of Care: Feminist Perspectives on Dependency*. Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield.

Korzybski, Alfred. 1958. *Science and Sanity: An Introduction to non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics*. Boston, MA: Institute of General Semantics.

Kulkarni, Mukta. 2023. "The Role of Moral Anger in Social Change Efforts." Organization Studies. https://doi.org/10.1177/01708406231151493

Kundera, Milan. 1984. *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. New York: Harper & Row.

Lambert, Richard, Nick Waipara, Amanda Black, Melanie Mark-Shadbolt, and Waitangi Wood. 2018. "Indigenous Biosecurity: Māori Responses to Kauri Dieback and Myrtle Rust in Aotearoa New Zealand." In *The Human Dimensions of Forest and Tree Health*, 109–137. Springer.

Lambert, Richard J, and Melanie Mark-Shadbolt. 2021. "Indigenous Biosecurity: Past, Present and Future." In *Routledge Handbook of Biosecurity and Invasive Species*, edited by K. Barker and R. A. Francis**,** 55–65. Milton Park, UK: Routledge.

Lasenby, Jack. 1995 [1974]. *Charlie the Cheeky Kea/Written by Jack Lasenby*. Wellington, New Zealand: New Zealand Golden Book.

Latimer, Joanna, and Mara Miele. 2013. "Naturecultures? Science, Affect and the Non-human." *Theory Culture Society* 30 (7–8): 5–31.

Latour, Bruno. 1999. *Pandora's Hope: Essays on the Reality of Science Studies*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Latour, Bruno. 2002. *War of the Worlds: What About Peace?* Translated by Charlotte Bigg. Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press.

Latour, Bruno. 2004a. "How to Talk About the Body? The Normative Dimension of Science Studies." *Body & Society* 10 (2–3): 205–229.

Latour, Bruno. 2004b. *Politics of Nature: How to Bring the Sciences into Democracy*. Cambridge, MA and London: Harvard University Press.

Latour, Bruno. 2012. "Love Your Monsters: Why We Must Care for Our Technologies as We Do Our Children." *The Breakthrough.* Winter. https://thebreakthrough.org/index.php/journal/past-issues/issue-2/love-your-monsters

Latour, Bruno. 2013. *An Inquiry into Modes of Existence: An Anthropology of the Moderns*. Cambridge, MA and London: Harvard University Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Lean, Geoffrey, 2006. "Hedgehogs Saved from Death by McFlurry." *The Independent*. September 10. https://www.independent.co.uk/environment/hedgehogs-saved-from-death-by-mcflurry-153-6231619.html

Lee, Charlotte Elizabeth, 2013. The Energies of Activism: Rethinking Agency in Contemporary Climate Change Activism. PhD, Durham University.

Lehr, Valerie C. 1995. "Redefining and Building Community: The Importance of Anger." *Women & Politics* 15 (1):37–63.

LeMenager, S. 2021. "Love and Theft; or, Provincializing the Anthropocene." *PMLA/Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* 136 (1): 102–109.

Leslie, David M. 1996. "Olympic Elk: Parallels to Red Deer Management in Transboundary Protected Areas of Central Europe." In *Biodiversity Conservation in Transboundary Protected Areas*, edited by Alicja Breymeyer and Reginald Noble, 186–193. Washington, DC: National Academy Press.

Lestel, Dominique, Jeffrey Bussolini, and Matthew Chrulew. 2014. "The Phenomenology of Animal Life." *Environmental Humanities* 5: 125–148.

Levitas, Ruth. 1990. *The Concept of Utopia*. Hemel Hempstead: Syracuse University Press.

Liboiron, Max. 2021. *Pollution is Colonialism*. Durham, NC: Duke.

Lidström, Susanna, Richard West, Tania Katzschner, M. Isabel Pérez-Ramos, and Hedley Twidle. 2015. "Invasive Narratives and the Inverse of Slow Violence: Alien Species in Science and Society." *Environmental Humanities* 7: 1–40.

Linklater, Wayne, and Jamie Steer. 2018. "Predator Free 2050: A Flawed Conservation Policy Displaces Higher Priorities and Better, Evidence-based Alternatives." *Conservation Letters* 12593: 1–6.

Linton, S. J., K. Boersma, K. Vangronsveld, and A. Fruzzetti. 2012. "Painfully Reassuring? The Effects of Validation on Emotions and Adherence in a Pain Test." *European Journal of Pain* 16 (4): 592–599.

Littin, K. E., D. J. Mellor, B. Warburton, and C. T. Eason. 2004. "Animal Welfare and Ethical Issues Relevant to the Humane Control of Vertebrate Pests." *New Zealand Veterinary Journal* 52 (1):1–10.

Llewellyn, P. 2003. "Rehabilitation and Release." In *BSAVA Manual of Wildlife Casualties*, edited by E. Mullineaux, D. Best, and J. E. Cooper, 29–37. Gloucester, MA: BSAVA Publications.

Loague, Peg. 2011. *New Zealand Hedgehog Carers' Handbook*. Taupo: Wyse Owl Publications.

Long, John L. 2003. *Introduced Mammals of the World*. Collingwood, VIC: CSIRO Publishing.

Lopez, B. H. 1978. *Of Wolves and Men*. New York, NY: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lorenz, K., and P. Leuhausen 1973. *Motivation of Human and Animal Behavior*. New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold.

Lorimer, Jamie. 2006. "Nonhuman Charisma: Which Species Trigger Our Emotions and Why?" *ECOS* 27 (1): 20–27.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Lorimer, Jamie. 2009. "Natures, Charismatic." In *International Encyclopedia of Human Geography*, edited by Rob Kitchin and Nigel Thrift, 324–330. Amsterdam: Elsevier.

Lorimer, Jamie. 2015. *Wildlife in the Anthropocene: Conservation after Nature*. Minneapolis, MN: Minnesota University Press.

Low, Harry, and Tom Heyden. 2015. "The Decline of the British Front Garden." *BBC Magazine.* May 19. http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/magazine-32780242

MacLeod, Catriona J., Grant Blackwell, Henrik Moller, John Innes, and Ralph Powlesland. 2008. "The Forgotten 60%: Bird Ecology and Management in New Zealand's Agricultural Landscape." *New Zealand Journal of Ecology* 32 (2): 240–255.

Macfie, Rebecca. 2016. "Natural Born Killers." *The Listener.* December 5. https://www.pressreader.com/new-zealand/new-zealand-listener/20161118/281535110576733

Mackereth, Betty. 2002. "The Mower." *The Philip Larkin Society.* May. http://philiplarkin.com/poem-reviews/the-mower-3/

Makey, Leane, and Shaun Awatere. 2018. "He Mahere Pāhekoheko Mō Kaipara Moana–Integrated Ecosystem-Based Management for Kaipara Harbour, Aotearoa New Zealand." *Society & Natural Resources* 31: 1–19.

Maloney, R. F., and D. P. Murray. 1999. *Black Stilt Predator Strategy Internal Report, 99/02*. Twizel, New Zealand: Department of Conservation.

Marcus, George. 1995. "Ethnography In/Of the World System: The Emergence of Multi-Sited Ethnography." *Annual Review of Anthropology* 24: 95–117.

Marris, Emma. 2011. *Rambunctious Garden: Saving Nature in a Post-Wild World*. New York: Bloomsbury.

McCrow-Young, Ally, Tobias Linne, and Annie K. Potts. 2015. "Framing Possums: War, Sport and Patriotism in Depictions of Brushtail Possums in New Zealand Print Media." *Animal Studies Journal* 4 (2): 29–54.

McDonell, Jennifer. 2013. "'This you'll call sentimental, perhaps . . .': Animal Death and the Propriety of Mourning." In *Victorian Vocabularies*, edited by Jessical Gildersleeve, 111–132. Sydney, Australia: Macquarie Lighthouse Publishing.

McDougall, Brandy Nālani. 2016. "Wondering and Laughing with Our Ancestors Mana Wahine and the Moʻolelo of Hiʻiakaikapoliopele." *Marvels & Tales: Journal of Fairy-Tale Studies* 30 (1): 26–44.

McKeithen, Will. 2017. "Queer Ecologies of Home: Heteronormativity, Speciesism, and the Strange Intimacies of Crazy Cat Ladies." *Gender, Place & Culture* 24 (1): 122–134.

McLauchlan, Laura. 2019. "A Multispecies Collective Planting Trees: Tending to Life and Making Meaning Outside of the Conservation Heroic." *Cultural Studies Review*, *25* (1): 135–153.

Meeker, Joseph W. 1997. *The Comedy of Survival: Literary Ecology and a Play Ethic*. 3rd ed. Tucson, AZ: University of Arizona Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Melton, R. J. 1995. "The Role of Positive Affect in Syllogism Performance." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 21: 788–794.

Metcalf, Jacob. 2008. "Intimacy Without Proximity: Encountering Grizzlies as a Companion Species." *Environmental Philosophy* 5 (2): 99–128.

Milgram, Stanley. 1973. "The Perils of Obedience." *Harper's* 247 (1483): 62–77.

Milstein, T. 2020. "Ecocultural Identity Boundary Patrol and Transgression." In *Routledge Handbook of Ecocultural Identity*, edited by T. Milstein and J. Castro-Sotomayor, 2–52. London and New York: Taylor & Francis.

Moewaka Barnes, Helen, and Tim McCreanor. 2019. "Colonisation, Hauora and Whenua in Aotearoa." *Journal of the Royal Society of New Zealand* 49 (sup1): 19–33.

Mol, Annemarie. 2002. *The Body Multiple: Ontology in Medical Practice*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Mol, Annemarie. 2008. *The Logic of Care: Health and the Problem of Patient Choice*. Oxon: Routledge.

Mol, Annemarie, Ingunn Moser, and Jeannette Pols, eds. 2010. *Care in Practice: Tinkering in Clinics, Homes and Farms*. Bielefeld: Verlag.

Molloy, Claire. 2011. *Popular Media and Animals.* London: Palgrave Macmillan.

Morgan, Gareth. 2018. "Why Enhance the Halo." *Enhancing the Halo.* http://halo.org.nz/why-enhance-the-halo

Morgan, J. Mark, and James H. Gramann. 1989. "Predicting Effectiveness of Wildlife Education Programs: A Study of Students' Attitudes and Knowledge Toward Snakes." *Wildlife Society Bulletin* (1973–2006) 17 (4): 501–509.

Morris, Michael C. 2020. "Predator Free New Zealand and the 'War' on Pests: Is it a Just War?" *Journal of Agricultural and Environmental Ethics* 33 (1): 93–110.

Morris, Pat. 2014 [1983]. *Hedgehogs*. Stansted, UK: Whittet Books.

Morris, Pat, and Hugh Warwick. 1994. "A Study of Rehabilitated Juvenile Hedgehogs After Release into the Wild." *Animal Welfare* 3: 163–177.

Morton, Jamie. 2016. "Wellington to be World's First 'Pest Free' Capital." *New Zealand Herald*, September 26. https://www.nzherald.co.nz/nz/news/article.cfm?c_id=1&objectid=11717120

Morton, Timothy. 2010. *The Ecological Thought*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Moss, K., and M. Sanders. 2001. "Advances in New Zealand Mammaology 1990–2000: Hedgehog." *Journal of the Royal Society of New Zealand* 31 (1): 31–42.

Müller, Martin. 2015. "Assemblages and Actor-Networks: Rethinking Socio-Material Power, Politics and Space." *Geography Compass* 9 (1): 27–41.

Mullineaux, E. 2014. "Veterinary Treatment and Rehabilitation of Indigenous Wildlife." *Journal of Small Animal Practice* 55: 293–230.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Nagel, Thomas. 1974. "What Is It Like to Be a Bat?" *The Philosophical Review* 83 (4): 435–450.

Neimanis, Astrida. 2017. *Bodies of Water: Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology*. London: Bloomsbury.

Northcott, M., and C. Persico. 2018. "Protesters Make a Nationwide Stand Against 1080." *Stuff*. September 8. https://www.stuff.co.nz/national/106933934/protesters-make-a-nationwide-stand-against-1080

Nottingham, Catherine M, Alistair S Glen, and Margaret C Stanley. 2019. "Snacks in the City: The Diet of Hedgehogs in Auckland Urban Forest Fragments." *New Zealand Journal of Ecology* 43 (2): 3374.

NUS, The Equality Trust, IEMA. 2018. "Race, Inclusivity and Environmental Sustainability." London: National Union of Students.

NZ Herald. 2018. "SPCA Says Abuse of Possum 'Unnecessary Cruelty' and not Pest Control." *New Zealand Herald*, July 9. https://www.nzherald.co.nz/nz/news/article.cfm?c_id=1&objectid=12085817

Ogilvie, S. C., A. Miller, and J. Ataria. 2010. "There's a Rumble in the Jungle: 1080: Poisoning Our Forests or a Necessary Tool." In *Māori and the Environment: Kaitiaki*, edited by R. Selby, P. Moore, and M. Mulholand, 251–261. Wellington, New Zealand: Huia Publishers.

O'Sullivan, Edmund V., and Marilyn M. Taylor. 2004. "Introduction: Conundrum, Challenge and Choice." In *Leaning towards Ecological Consciousness: Selected Transformative Processes*, edited by E. V. O'Sullivan, and M. M. Taylor, 1–4. New York: Palgrave Macmillan.

Owens, Brian. 2017. "The Big Cull: Can New Zealand Pull of an Audacious Plan to Get Rid of Invasive Predators by 2050?" *Nature* 541 (7636): 148–150.

Owens, Patricia, and Richard Nuttgens. 2021. "The Experiences of Ethical Tensions When Using Harm Reduction with High-Risk Youth." *The Qualitative Report* 26 (11): 3342–3361.

Palmer, Alexandra. 2020. *Ethical Debates in Orangutan Conservation*. Abingdon, UK: Routledge

Palmer, Alexandra, and Laura McLauchlan. 2023. "Landing Among the Stars: Risks and Benefits of Predator Free 2050 and Other Ambitious Conservation Targets." *Biological Conservation* 284: 110178.

Palmer, Parker J. 2005. *Deepening the American Dream: Reflections on the Inner Life and Spirit of Democracy*. San Francisco, CA: Jossey Bass.

Palmer, Symon, O. Ripeka Mercier, and Alan King-Hunt. 2021. "Towards Rangatiratanga in Pest Management? Māori Perspectives and Frameworks on Novel Biotechnologies in Conservation." *Pacific Conservation Biology* 27 (4): 391–401.

Pandian, Anand. 2019. *A Possible Anthropology*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Parkes, J. 1975. "Some Aspects of the Biology of the Hedgehog (Erinaceus europaeus L.) in the Manawatu, New Zealand." *New Zealand Journal of Zoology* 2 (4): 463–472.

Parkes, J. P., and R. E. Brockie. 1977. "Sexual Differences in Hibernation of Hedgehogs in New Zealand." *Acta Theriologica* 22 (20-2): 384–386.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Parkes, John P, Graham Nugent, David M Forsyth, Andrea E Byrom, Roger P Pech, Bruce Warburton, and David Choquenot. 2017. "Past, Present and Two Potential Futures for Managing New Zealand's Mammalian Pests." *New Zealand Journal of Ecology* 41 (1): 151–161.

Prout, Tracy A., Timothy Rice, Sean Murphy, Emma Gaines, Sophia Aizin, Danielle Sessler, Talya Ramchandani, Emma Racine, Yulia Gorokhovsky, and Leon Hoffman. 2019. "Why Is It Easier to Get Mad Than It Is to Feel Sad? Pilot Study of Regulation-Focused Psychotherapy for Children." *American Journal of Psychotherapy* 72 (1): 2–8.

Parreñas, Rheana Juno Salazar. 2012. "Producing Affect: Transnational Volunteerism in a Malaysian Orangutan Rehabilitation Center." *American Ethnologist* 39 (4): 673–687.

Peach, Jesse. 2014a. "Hedgehog Killers Remorseless." *The Paul Henry Show*, March 24.

Peach, Jesse. 2014b. "Student Pub Offers Beer for Dead Rats." *The Paul Henry Show*, March 19.

Peretti, J. H. 1998. "Nativism and Nature: Rethinking Biological Invasion." *Environmental Values* 7 (2): 183–192.

Pest Fest. 2015. "Wellington Pest Fest." https://www.eventfinda.co.nz/2015/pest-fest/wellington

Phillips, Adam, and Barbara Taylor. 2009. *On Kindness*. London: Penguin.

Pievani, Telmo. 2014. "The Sixth Mass Extinction: Anthropocene and the Human Impact on Biodiversity." *Rendiconti Lincei* 25 (1): 85–93.

Porges, Stephen W. 2003. "Social Engagement and Attachment." *Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences* 1008 (1): 31–47.

Potts, Annie, and Mandala White. 2008. "New Zealand Vegetarians: At Odds with Their Nation." *Society and Animals* 16: 336–353.

Potts, Annie, Philip Armstrong, and Deidre Brown. 2013. *A New Zealand Book of Beasts: Animals in Our Culture, History and Everyday Life*. Auckland, New Zealand: Auckland University Press.

Predator Free Wellington. 2022. Get Trapping in our Own Backyard or Local Reserve. https://www.pfw.org.nz/

Price, C., and S. Chao. 2023. "Multispecies, More-Than-Human, Nonhuman, Other-Than-Human: Reimagining idioms of animacy in an age of planetary unmaking." *Exchanges: The Interdisciplinary Research Journal* 10 (2):177–193.

Prime, Kevin. 2014. "Cultural Control of Possums." *Kararehe Kino: Vertebrate Pest Research,* June 2014, Engaging Society in Pest Management (24). https://www.landcareresearch.co.nz/publications/newsletters/kararehe-kino/kararehe-kino-issue-24/cultural-control-of-possums

Prior, Jonathan, and Emily Brady. 2017. "Environmental Aesthetics and Rewilding." *Environmental Values* 26 (1): 31–51.

Probyn, Elspeth. 2014. "The Cultural Politics of Fish and Humans: A More-Than Human Habitus of Consumption." *Cultural Politics* 10 (3): 287–299.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Probyn-Rapsey, Fiona. 2019. "The 'Crazy Cat Lady'." In *Animaladies: Gender, Animals, and Madness*, edited by L. Gruen and F. Probyn-Rapsey, 175–185. New York: Bloomsbury Academic.

Purdy, J. 2015. Environmentalism's Racist History. *The New Yorker*, August 13. https://www.newyorker.com/news/news-desk/environmentalisms-racist-history

Puig de la Bellacasa, Maria. 2010. "Ethical Doings in Nature Cultures." *Ethics, Place and Environment* 13: 151–169.

Puig de la Bellacasa, Maria. 2011. "Matters of Care in Technoscience: Assembling Neglected Things." *Social Studies of Science* 41 (1): 85–106.

Puig de la Bellacasa, Maria. 2012. "'Nothing Comes Without Its World': Thinking With Care." *The Sociological Review* 60: 197–216.

Puig de la Bellacasa, Maria. 2017. *Matters of Care: Speculative Ethics in More Than Human Worlds*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Radin, Joanna. 2015. "Rot." *The ABCs of Multispecies Studies*. http://www.multispecies-salon.org/rot/

Reed, Graeme, Nicolas D. Brunet, Sheri Longboat, and David C. Natcher. 2021. "Indigenous Guardians as an Emerging Approach to Indigenous Environmental Governance." *Conservation Biology* 35 (1): 179–189.

Reeve, Nigel J. 1998. "The Survival and Welfare of Hedgehogs (*Erinaceus europaeus*) After Release Back into the Wild." *Animal Welfare* 147 (7): 189–202.

Reo, Nicholas J., and Laura A. Ogden. 2018. "Anishnaabe Aki: An Indigenous Perspective on the Global Threat of Invasive Species." *Sustainability Science* 13 (5): 1443–1452.

Riker, John H. 1991. *Human Excellence and an Ecological Conception of the Psyche*. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press.

Rilkoff, Matt. 2011. "Cute Garden Snufflers Killers in Spiny Guise." *Taranaki Daily News*. http://www.stuff.co.nz/taranaki-daily-news/news/4580748/Cute-garden-snufflers-killers-in-spiny-guise

Roberts, B. Atkins, P., and I. Simmons. 1998. *People, Land and Time: An Historical Introduction to the Relations Between Landscape, Culture and Environment*, Abingdon, UK: Routledge.

Roberts, Mere, Waerete Norman, Nganeko Minhinnick, Del Wihongi, and Carmen Kirkwood. 1995. "Kaitiakitanga: Māori Perspectives on Conservation." *Pacific Conservation Biology* 2 (1): 7–20.

Robinson, C. J., and P. Whitehead. 2003. "Cross-Cultural Management of Pest Animal Damage: A Case Study of Feral Buffalo Control in Australia's Kakadu National Park." *Environmental Management* 32 (4): 445–458.

Rodriguez, Dalia, and Afua Boahene. 2012. "The Politics of Rage: Empowering Women of Color in the Academy." *Cultural Studies? Critical Methodologies* 12 (5):450–458.

Rose, Deborah Bird. 2005. "The Rain Keeps Falling." Cultural Studies Review 11 (1): 122–127

Rose, Deborah Bird. 2011. *Wild Dog Dreaming: Love and Extinction*. Charlottesville, VA: University of Virginia Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Rose, Deborah Bird, and Thom van Dooren. 2011. "Introduction." *Australian Humanities Review* 50: Death of the Disregarded in the Time of Extinctions. 1–4.

Rose, Deborah Bird, and Thom van Dooren. 2013. "Keeping Faith with Death: Mourning and De-extinction." *Extinction Studies Working Group*. http://extinctionstudies.org/2013/11/10/keeping-faith-with-death-mourning-and-de-extinction/

Rose, Hilary. 1983. "Hand, Brain, and Heart: A Feminist Epistemology for the Natural Sciences." *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* 9 (1): 73–90.

Rose, Hilary.1994. *Love, Power, and Knowledge: Towards a Feminist Transformation of the Sciences*. Cambridge, UK: Polity Press.

Rose, Nikolas. 1996. "The Death of the Social? Refiguring the Territory of Government." *Economy and Society* 25 (3): 327–356.

Rosenberg, Marshall B. 2005. *Speak Peace in a World of Conflict: What You Say Next Will Change Your World*. Encinitas, CA: PuddleDancer Press.

Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB). 2023. "AA History of Hedgerows" Online. https://www.rspb.org.uk/our-work/conservation/conservation-and-sustainability/advice/conservation-land-management-advice/farm-hedges/history-of-hedgerows/

Ruawai Kindergarten Teaching Team. 2020. "Kaitiakitanga—Tamariki Explore Pest Control with Respect at Ruawai Kindergarten." https://enviroschools.org.nz/creating-change/stories/kaitiakitanga-tamariki-explore-pest-eradication-with-respect-at-ruawai-kindergarten

Rudy, Kathy. 2011. "Love and Animal Advocacy." *berfrois.* https://www.berfrois.com/2011/07/love-all-the-animals/

Russell, James C., John G. Innes, Philip H. Brown, and Andrea E. Byrom. 2015. "Predator-Free New Zealand: Conservation Country." *BioScience* 65 (5): 520–525.

Ryan, Paddy. n.d. "Snails and Slugs." Te Ara—The Encyclopedia of New Zealand, http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/snails-and-slugs

Ryan, Sophie. 2014. "Animal Abuse: SPCA Releases List of Shame." *The New Zealand Herald*, November 2. http://www.nzherald.co.nz/nz/news/article.cfm?c_id=1&objectid=11352040

Salmond, Anne. 2012. "Ontological Quarrels: Indigeneity, Exclusion and Citizenship in a Relational World." *Anthropological Theory* 12 (2): 115–141.

Sanders, M. D., and R. F. Maloney. 2002. "Causes of Mortality at Nests of Ground-Nesting Birds in the Upper Waitaki Basin, South Island, New Zealand: A 5-year Video Study." *Biological Conservation* 106 (2): 225–236.

Sargent, Lyman Tower. 1994. "The Three Faces of Utopianism Revisited.' *Utopian Studies* 5 (1):1–37.

Scott, James C. 1998. *Seeing Like a State: How Certain Schemes to Improve the Human Condition Have Failed*. New Haven, CT: Yale University Press.

Serpell, C. Namwali. 2014. *Seven Modes of Uncertainty*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Shadwell, Talia. 2014. "SPCA Lists Year's Shameful Animal Cruelty." *The Dominion Post*, November 3. http://www.stuff.co.nz/national/10692172/SPCA-lists-years-shameful-animal-cruelty

Shotwell, Alexis. 2016. *Against Purity: Living Ethically in Compromised Times*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Sibley, Christopher, K. Stewart, Carla Houkamau, Sam Manuela, R. Perry, L. W. Wootton, J. F. Harding, Y. Zhang, N. Sengupta, A. Robertson, W. J. Hoverd, T. West-Newman, and F. Asbrock. 2011. "Ethnic Group Stereotypes in New Zealand." *New Zealand Journal of Psychology* 40 (2): 25–36.

Simpson, Audra. 2007. "On Ethnographic Refusal: Indigeneity, 'Voice' and Colonial Citizenship." *Junctures: The Journal for Thematic Dialogue* (9).

Siurua, Hanna. 2006. "Nature Above People: Rolston and 'Fortress' Conservation in the South." *Ethics and the Environment* 11 (1): 71–96.

Smart, Alan. 2014. "Critical Perspectives on Multispecies Ethnography." *Critique of Anthropology* 34 (1): 3–7.

Smith, Linda Tuhiwai. 2021. *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. London: Bloomsbury Publishing.

Smuts, Barbara. 1985. *Sex and Friendship in Baboons*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty. 2002. "Ethics and Politics in Tagore, Coetzee, and Certain Scenes of Teaching." *Diacritics* 32 (3/4): 17–31.

Stanescu, Jame. 2012. "Species Trouble: Judith Butler, Mourning, and the Precarious Lives of Animals." *Hypatia* 27 (3): 567–582.

Stanley, Eric. 2011. "Near Life, Queer Death: Overkill and Ontological Capture." *Social Text 107* 29 (2): 1–19.

Steer, Jamie. 2016. "A War on Pests and Weeds Is 'Malicious' and 'Incompetent' and Will Ultimately Fail." *Stuff*. http://www.stuff.co.nz/science/82113675/A-war-on-pests-and-weeds-is-malicious-and-incompetent-and-will-ultimately-fail

Stengers, Isabelle. 2005a. "The Cosmopolitical Proposal." In *Making Things Public*, edited by B. Latour and P. Webel, 994–1003. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.

Stengers, Isabelle. 2005b. "Introductory Notes on an Ecology of Practices." *Cultural Studies Review* 11 (1): 183–196.

Stengers, Isabelle. 2010. *Cosmopolitics I*. Translated by Robert Bononno. Edited by Cary Wolfe, *Posthumanities*. Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2007. *Ordinary Affects*. London and Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Stoknes, Per Espen. 2015. "The Great Grief: In order to Respond Adequately, First We May Need to Mourn." *https://www.commondreams.org/views/2015/05/14/great-grief-how-cope-losing-our-world*.

Storbeck, Justin, and Gerald L. Clore. 2005. "With Sadness Comes Accuracy; With Happiness, False Memory." *Psychological Science* 16 (10): 785–791.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Strum, Shirley. 1987. *Almost Human: A Journey into the World of Baboons*. New York: Random House.

Subramaniam, B. 2001. "The Aliens Have Landed! Reflections on the Rhetoric of Biological Invasions." *Meridians* 2 (1): 26–40.

Summers-Effler, E. 2010. *Laughing Saints and Righteous Heroes: Emotional Rhythms in Social Movement Groups*. London: The University of Chicago Press.

Sundberg, Juanita. 2014. "Decolonizing Posthumanist Geographies." *Cultural Geographies* 21 (1): 33–47.

SWNS Reporter. 2012. "Hedgehog Has to Be Rescued by SIX people . . . After getting stuck in a Crisp Packet." *South West News*, October 30. https://stories.swns.com/news/hedgehog-rescued-people-stuck-crisp-packet-26904/

Tahana, Y. 2010. *Rare Rats Off the Hook as DoC Gives Them Island Sanctuary, New Zealand Herald*. Auckland, New Zealand: NZME Publishers. https://www.nzherald.co.nz/environment/news/article.cfm?c_id=39&objectid=10649358

Taiepa, Todd, Philip Lyver, Peter Horsley, Jane Davis, Margaret Bragg, and Henrik Moller. 1997. "Co-Management of New Zealand's Conservation Estate by Maori and Pakeha: A Review." *Environmental Conservation* 24 (3): 236–250.

Tallbear, Kim. 2011. "Why Interspecies Thinking Needs Indigenous Standpoints." *Fieldsights—Theorizing the Contemporary, Cultural Anthropology* Online, Why Interspecies Thinking Needs Indigenous Standpoints, April 24. http://www.culanth.org/fieldsights/260-why-interspecies-thinking-needs-indigenous-standpoints

Tallbear, Kim. 2017. "Beyond the Life/Not-Life Binary: A Feminist-Indigenous Reading of Cryopreservation, Interspecies Thinking, and the New Materialisms." In *Cryopolitics: Frozen Life in a Melting World*, edited by Joanna Radin and Emma Kowal, 179–202. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.

Tamas, Sophie Elizabeth. 2009. "Three Ways to Lose Your Epistemology." *International Review of Qualitative Research* 2 (1): 43–60.

Taylor, Janelle S. 2008. "On Recognition, Caring, and Dementia." *Medical Anthropology Quarterly* 22 (4): 313–335.

Taylor, Mary Elizabeth. 2014. *Old Blue: The Rarest Bird in the World*. Wellington, New Zealand: Scholastic New Zealand Limited.

Thorpe, J. 2012. *Temagami's Tangled Wild: Race, Gender and the Making of Canadian Nature*. Vancouver, Canada: UBC Press.

Tiedens, Larissa Z. 2001. "Anger and Advancement Versus Sadness and Subjugation: The Effect of Negative Emotion Expressions on Social Status Conferral." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 80 (1): 86–94.

Todd, Zoe. 2016. "An Indigenous Feminist's Take on the Ontological Turn: 'Ontology' Is Just Another Word for Colonialism." *Journal of Historical Sociology* 29 (1): 4–22.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Towns, D. R., C. J. West, and K.G. Broome. 2012. "Purposes, Outcomes and Challenges of Eradication Invasive Mammals from New Zealand Islands: An Historical Perspective." *Wildlife Research* 40 (2): 94–107.

Treaty of Waitangi. 1840. Waitangi Marae. February 6, 1840, article 2 https://waitangitribunal.govt.nz/treaty-of-waitangi/english-version/

Trewby, Iain D., Richard Young, Robbie A. McDonald, Gavin J. Wilson, John Davison, Neil Walker, Andrew Robertson, C. Patrick Doncaster, and Richard J. Delahay. 2014. "Impacts of Removing Badgers on Localised Counts of Hedgehogs." *Plos One* 9 (4): e95477.

Tronto, Joan C. 1993. *Moral Boundaries: A Political Argument for an Ethic of Care*. New York, NY: Routledge.

Troxell, Pamela S., Karlyn Atkinson Berg, Holly Jaycox, Andrea Lorek Strauss, Peggy Struhsacker, and Peggy Callahan. 2009. "Education and Outreach Efforts in Support of Wolf Conservation in the Great Lakes Region." In *Recovery of Gray Wolves in the Great Lakes Region of the United States: An Endangered Species Success Story*, edited by Adrian P. Wydeven, Timothy R. Van Deelen, and Edward J. Heske, 297–309. New York, NY: Springer New York.

Tsing, Anna (for the Matsutake Worlds Group). 2011. "Arts of Inclusion, Or, How to Love a Mushroom." *Australian Humanities Review* 50: Unloved Others: Death of the Disregarded in the Time of Extinctions: 5–21.

Tsing, Anna. 2015. *The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.

Tsing, Anna. 2018. "A Multispecies Ontological Turn?" In *The World Multiple: The Quotidian Politics of Knowing and Generating Entangled Worlds*, edited by Grant Jun Otsuki Keiichi Omura, Shiho Satsuka, Atsuro Morita, 233–247. Abingdon, UK: Routledge.

Tuhiwai Smith, Linda. 2021. *Decolonizing Methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. London: Bloomsbury Publishing.

Vale Wildlife Hospital. 2015. Homepage. http://www.valewildlife.org.uk

van de Poel, Jeike L., Jasja Dekker, and Frank van Langevelde. 2015. "Dutch Hedgehogs *Erinaceus europaeus* Are Nowadays Mainly Found in Urban Areas, Possibly Due to the Negative Effects of Badgers *Meles meles*." *Wildlife Biology* 21 (1): 51–55.

van Dooren, Thom. 2014a. "Care." *Environmental Humanities* 5: 291–294.

van Dooren, Thom. 2014b. *Flight Ways: Life and Loss at the Edge of Extinction*. New York: Colombia University Press.

van Dooren, Thom. 2015. "A Day with Crows—Rarity, Nativity and the Violent-Care of Conservation." *Animal Studies Journal* 4 (2): 1–28.

van Dooren, Thom. 2019. *The Wake of Crows: Living and Dying in Shared Worlds*. New York: Columbia University Press.

van Dooren, Thom, Eben Kirksey, and Ursula Münster. 2016. "Multispecies Studies: Cultivating Arts of Attentiveness." *Environmental Humanities* 8 (1): 1–23.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

van Dooren, Thom, Deborah B. Rose, and Matthew Chrulew. 2017. *Extinction Studies: Stories of Time, Death, and Generations*. New York: Columbia University Press.

Victor, Christina R, and Keming Yang. 2012. "The Prevalence of Loneliness Among Adults: A Case Study of the United Kingdom." *The Journal of Psychology* 146 (1–2): 85–104.

von Uexküll, Jakob. 2010 [1934]. *A Foray into the Worlds of Animals and Humans with A Theory of Meaning*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

Walker, Ranginui. 1990. *Struggle Without End*. Auckland, New Zealand: Penguin Books.

Warchus, Matthew. 2014. *Pride*. France and United Kingdom: Pathé Distribution and 20th Century Fox.

Wareka, Mona-Lisa. 2020. "Te Mauri o te Kaitiaki—Exploring Te Ao Māori in Environmental Relations and Kaitiakitanga in Aotearoa New Zealand." Master of Social Sciences (MSocSc) Masters, The University of Waikato.

Warkentin, Traci. 2011. "Interspecies Etiquette in Place: Ethical Affordances in Swim-With-Dolphins Programs." *Ethics and the Environment* 16 (1): 99–122.

Warwick, Hugh. 2010. *A Prickly Affair: The Charm of the Hedgehog*. London: Penguin Books.

Warwick, Hugh. 2014. *Hedgehog*. London: Reaktion Books.

Watson, Matthew C. 2014. "The Animal Anthropology of Linda Schele's Spirits." *Cultural Critique* 88 (Fall): 125–159.

Watts, V. 2013. "Indigenous Place-Thought and Agency Amongst Humans and Non-Humans (First Woman and Sky Woman Go on a European Tour!)" *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education and Society* 2 (1): 20–34.

Wehi, Priscilla M., Deborah J. Wilson, Clive Stone, Hayley Ricardo, Chris Jones, Richard Jakob-Hoff, and Phil O'B. Lyver. 2021. "Managing for Cultural Harvest of a Valued Introduced Species, the Pacific Rat (*Rattus exulans*) in Aotearoa New Zealand." *Pacific Conservation Biology* 27 (4): 432–441.

Weston, Frances. 1983. *The Wildtrack Book*. Auckland: Hodder and Stoughton.

White, Hayden. 2007. "The Future of Utopia in History." *Historein* 7: 11–19.

Whittaker, Robert J., Miguel B. Araújo, Paul Jepson, Richard J. Ladle, James E. M. Watson, and Katherine J. Willis. 2005. "Conservation Biogeography: Assessment and Prospect." *Diversity and Distributions* 11 (1): 3–23.

Whyte, K. P., and Cuomo, C. 2017. "Ethics of Caring in Environmental Ethics: Indigenous and Feminist Philosophies." In *The Oxford Handbook of Environmental Ethics*, edited by S. M. Gardiner, and A. Thompson. Oxford, UK: Oxford University Press.

Wiegman, Robyn. 2012. *Object Lessons*. London and Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Wild about Gardens. 2016. "Get Creative for Hedgehogs This Autumn." Online. July 19. http://www.wildaboutgardensweek.org.uk/Downloads/Hedgehog-16pp-Booklet-FINAL

Willing, Lauren. 2022. "Environmental Education in Aotearoa New Zealand: Reconfiguring Possum–Child Mortal Relations." *Children's Geographies* 1–14.

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Wilmshurst, Janet M., Terry L. Hunt, Carl P. Lipo, and Atholl J. Anderson. 2011. "High-Precision Radiocarbon Dating Shows Recent and Rapid Initial Human Colonization of East Polynesia." *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* 108 (5): 1815–1820.

Wilson, Emily, and David Wembridge. 2018. *The State of British's Hedgehogs*. London, UK: British Hedgehog Preservation Society and People's Trust for Endangered Species. https://www.britishhedgehogs.org.uk/pdf/sobh-2018.pdf

Wood, Asmi. 2019. "Human Interaction with Non-Human Animals Under Islamic Law and in Indigenous Spirituality—A Brief Examination/Comparison of Our Raison d'etre." *Thinking and Enacting Justice in a Multispecies World, Sydney*, June 12–20, 2019.

Young, R. P., J. Davison, I. D. Trewby, G. J. Wilson, R. J. Delahay, and C. P. Doncaster. 2006. "Abundance of Hedgehogs (*Erinaceus europaeus*) in Relation to the Density and Distribution of Badgers (*Meles meles*)." *Journal of Zoology* 269 (3): 349–356.

Zanetti, Lisa A. 2003. "Holding Contradictions: Marcuse and the Idea of Refusal." *Administrative Theory & Praxis* 25 (2): 261–276.

Zeman, Janice, and Judy Garber. 1996. "Display Rules for Anger, Sadness, and Pain: It Depends on Who Is Watching." *Child Development* 67 (3): 957–973.

ZIP. 2018. "What We Do." Zero Invasive Predators: Enabling a New Future. http://zip.org.nz/#intro

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Index

Acclimatisation societies, 3–4, 21
Affect, 132. *See also* Learning to be affected
  affective absence, 215–216, 220
  affective labor, 15, 16
  attachment and, 132, 146
  care as, 10–11, 126
  misaligned, 141, 145, 147
Agencements. See also Agency
  more than human, 106–107, 192, 222
Agency, 8, 217. See also *Agencements*
  challenges of proving, 106
  distributed, 86, 106
Ahmed, Sara, 15, 47, 93, 96, 106, 147, 152, 217
Alaimo, Stacy, 6, 7, 59
Aligned attachments, 46
Anderson, Ben, 97, 188, 192
Anthropomorphism, 64
Anzaldúa, Gloria, 220–221
Arts of dismissal, 157, 215
Arts of noticing, 67, 157, 219
Attachments, 6, 11–12, 14, 57. *See also* Cares
  consideration of, 172, 205, 217, 219, 222–223
  contingency of, 6, 161, 172, 206, 216–218
  discouraging/undoing of, 152, 156, 210, 215, 220
  to hedgehogs, 2, 42, 46, 142, 151
  to introduced predators, 147, 163
  to native birds, 151–152
  as part of self, 154, 162, 180, 216
Attunement, 7–8, 14, 32, 35, 42, 65, 120–121, 173–174
  contra empathy, 216
  distance and, 118, 121

Barad, Karen, 8, 156, 165
Beauty, 26, 77, 145–146, 150, 220
  of rats, 167
Black and Green, Bristol, 80, 218
Bourdieu, Pierre, 152, 164
Braidotti, Rosi, 86, 107–108
Butler, Judith, 16, 142, 146–147, 162, 172, 181, 216

Candea, Matei, 32–33, 36, 121, 172, 180, 207, 219
Cares. *See also* Attachment; Cats, dismissal of cares for; Holding back; Wildness
  burdens of, 137–139, 178
  care for, 223–224
  of conservationists, 163
  contradictions in, 6, 10, 16, 39, 41, 184, 220, 223–224
  harms of, 36, 43, 68–70, 100, 124, 192–193
  keeping together, 11, 112, 212–213
  logic of, 70

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Cares (Cont.)
making of, 14
mocking of/dismissal of, 123–126, 162–164
multiple agencies in, 6, 13, 20, 150–152, 171, 217, 219
overwhelm and, 134–137
as radical, 127–129
satisfactions of, 132–133, 137–139
smuggling into commonsense, 165, 171, 218
as subject-forming, 6, 171, 216–218
as toxoplasmotic, 162, 171
triumvirate aspects of, 10–11
undoing of, 153–157, 172, 180
well-aligned, 46, 152, 162–5, 171
zombie, 180
Cats (*Felis catus*), 30, 35–36, 146, 205, 217, 227n12
dismissal of cares for, 161–163
Chakrabarty, Dipesh, 9
Chao, Sophie, 225n3
Class, 42, 47, 79, 125, 127, 138
Clifford, James, 28
Collard, Rosemary-Claire, 6, 56, 117
Conservation
colonial aspects of, 20, 24, 56
lack of diversity in UK, 80–81
Māori leadership in, 9, 226n5, 226n6
as marginal, 163, 215
Contradictions. *See also* Tensions
contradiction thinking, 208–209, 214
non-contradiction, 197
Cooper, Davina, 183–184, 188
Cruelty
and the good, 157, 202, 204
Culling. *See* Killing
Cuomo, Chris, 24
Cute(ness)
absenting of, 156, 171, 180, 203
hedgehogs and/as, 4, 20, 43, 55, 130
infantilization and, 123
learning to care and, 150, 219
naturalcultural aspects of, 130–131, 152, 232n1
resisting, 118–119, 178–179
sustaining cares and, 129–131

Davé, Naisargi, 39, 209, 211, 214, 221, 223
Death. *See* Killing
double death, 215
Defences
lowered, 204–208, 219
Despret, Vinciane, 7–8, 31–32, 34–35, 120, 173
Detachment. *See also* Distancing
as form of relationship, 121, 180
and sustaining care, 134–137
de Waal, Frans, 64
Distancing. *See also* Detachment
of care, 120–123, 130
physical and emotional, 39
Doctoring, 70
Dominant science, 9, 75–76, 125, 162, 198, 208
colonial aspects of, 24
dominant conservation, 2, 24–25, 163
matauranga Māori and, 25
situated knowledges in, 180
Dunedin, 1, 14, 21, 25, 42–43, 57–58, 213, 229n5
financial decline in, 25, 52
industrial pollution and, 227n7
Orokanui sanctuary of, 189

Ehrenreich, Barbara, 94
Empathy, 124, 219. S*ee also* Attunement, not empathy
as a mode of convincing, 204, 219
Ethnography, 5–6
multispecies, 10
Expertise, 65, 71–75, 124, 139. *See also* Mētis
and uncertainty, 75
Extirpation, 43, 181, 212, 214–215, 219

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Framing, 78, 80, 98, 124, 146, 157, 164, 190, 211
of hedgehogs, 2, 26, 29, 39, 41
of introduced "predators," 144, 146, 155, 161, 166, 171, 203–205, 214, 220
Franklin, Adrian Stephen, 108
Fudge, Erica, 35

Garrard, Greg, 102–103
Gender, 47, 123–125
Gilligan, Carol, 123, 217
Ginn, Franklin, 56, 121
Goffman, Erving, 146

Hall, Stuart, 142, 159–160
Haraway, Donna, 5–8, 11, 30, 34–35, 42, 59, 108, 129, 137, 142, 162, 164, 171–173, 180, 201, 207, 215–216, 219, 221, 225n3
Harding, Sandra, 6
Hate, 40, 43, 149, 217
of hedgehogs, 153–154, 210
of rats, 167
Head, Leslie, 97
Hedgehog, African Pygmy (*Atelerix albiventris)*, 55, 227
Hedgehog, European (*Erinaceous europaeus*). *See also* Cute(ness); Hate; Wildness
badgers (*Meles meles*) and, 27, 50, 68–70, 76–77, 84
Beatrix Potter and, 3, 154, 156
behaviour of, 31–35, 60–62
biology of, 26–28
British history of, 2
champions' accommodation of, 62–63
conservation needs of, 2, 4–5, 14–15, 22, 54
disease and, 29–30 (*see also* Ringworm)
harm to native species, 22–23, 41, 43
introduction to Aotearoa/New Zealand, 4, 20–22, 28–29
self-anointing of, 34–35
Hedgehog Street, 52, 54, 58, 64, 66–67, 70, 99, 104, 109, 221–222, 225n4, 228n2, 229n2
Heise, Ursula, 56
Hekman, Susan, 7
Helmreich, Stefan, 7
Heroic, 106
Holding back, 15, 117–119
Holding tensions, 196–198, 208. *See also* Killing, tensions of
kindness and, 197, 202, 221
Hope, 16, 85, 96–97, 191, 197, 199, 209
as action, 97–98
Hopelessness, 93, 94, 104, 128

Ingold, Tim, 6, 60, 62
Interconnection, 20, 72–74, 75
as ambiguous, 220
awareness of, 110, 199
complexity and, 10, 73
Intra-actions, 8, 120, 156, 166

Jasanoff, Sheila, 75

Kaitiakitanga, 3, 225n2
Kākā *Nestor Meridionalis*, 144, 151, 158, 183, 198–199, 206
Kiik, Laur, 71, 163, 215
Killing. *See also* Traps
celebration of, 146–148, 215
coming to terms with, 166–167, 201
as common sense, 158–159, 163–165, 215
ongoing, 184, 189
tensions of, 200–204, 206, 210
Kindness (*see also* Compassion), 1, 10–11, 199, 220, 223
Kinship, 1, 9, 11, 24, 129, 198
Kiore (*Rattus exulans*), 25
Kirksey, Eben, 7, 10, 222
Kiwi (bird, genus *Apteryx*), 38, 145–146, 148–150, 186, 200, 219, 226n4, 230n3

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Latimer, Joanna, 8
Latour, Bruno, 76, 126, 162, 172–173, 206, 218
Lawn-mowing, 54, 89
Learning to be affected, 8, 32, 76, 173, 219
LeMenager, Stephanie, 9
Liboiron, Max, ix, 9, 102, 190
Lorenz, Konrad, 130–131
Lorimer, Jamie, 8, 56, 131, 156, 173, 201, 217, 219, 232n1
Love, 59, 67, 151–152, 156, 162, 202

Maps, 65, 72–73, 75, 104
Marris, Emma, 56
Material-discursive, 7–8. *See also* Intra-actions; Naturalcultural
Material feminism, 7
Meeker, Joseph, 198
Mētis (as in skill), 65, 77
Miele, Mara, 8
Milstein, Tema, 126
Mōhua/yellow head (*Mohoua ochrocephala*), 200
Mol, Annemarie, 10, 49, 70, 123, 128, 138, 198, 120
Morton, Timothy, 98, 107–108, 191, 193

Nationalism, New Zealand, 24
  pākehā and, 160, 187
  progressivism and, 160–161, 192, 226n5, 231n6
Natural, 125, 171, 205–206, 218
  as grand narrative, 219
  naturalcultural, 8, 217
Neimanis, Astrida, ix
New Zealand dotterel/tūturiwhatu (*Charadrius obscurus*), 153, 155

Palmer, Alexandra, 124, 191, 215, 222
Palmer, Parker J., 17, 197, 209
Pandian, Anand, 5, 10
"Pest" species, 145, 156, 167. *See also* Framings
  categorization of, 4, 23
  consideration towards, 205
  contra pets, 146
  introduced predators as subcategory of, 23
  killing of, 142–143, 157, 161, 192
  possum as, 40
Pharmakon, 67, 70
Phillips, Adam, 11, 220
Plastic, 6, 81
  harm to hedgehogs of, 92, 102, 105
  use in hedgehog care, 56, 102, 122
Price, Catherine, 225n3
Probyn, Elspeth, 10, 152
Puig de la Bellacasa, Maria, 10, 11, 36

Rat (*Rattus rattus*), 16, 23, 29, 35–40, 154, 156, 185, 207–208, 215–216, 223. *See also* Beauty; Hate; Killing, celebration of; Traps
  dead, 145, 167
  grieved, 166
  laughter of, 220
  poisoning of, 86–88, 99
  proliferation of, 217
  targets of culling, 153, 158, 169, 191, 196, 199–200
Rationality
  opposed to emotionality, 124, 157, 172, 201
Relational ontologies, 198
Replicability, 76
Ringworm, 29–30, 39, 120, 141–142, 227n8
Rose, Deborah Bird, 10, 39, 197, 213, 215, 217–218, 220

Sadness, 15, 31, 73, 88, 97, 229n7
  compared to grief, 98
  taboos around mentioning, 85, 96
  as useful, 93–95, 98–99, 104, 109, 110, 202
Salmond, Anne, 198
Scott, James C., 65, 77, 188

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Sentimentality
accusations of in rehabilitation, 123, 125, 131
defined as against rationality, 157, 201
Shotwell, Alexis, 10, 14, 107–109, 201, 222
Simpson, Audra, 9
Situated knowledges, 7, 180
Smith, Linda Tuhiwai, 9, 189
Sparrowhawks (*Accipiter nisus*), 51, 97
Stengers, Isabelle, 70, 142, 157, 167, 201, 210, 220
Stories, 2, 6, 150, 170, 207, 217–218
sustaining cares, and, 131–132

Tallbear, Kim, 8, 9
Tamas, Sophie Elizabeth, 172
Taylor, Barbara, 11, 220
Taylor, Janelle S., 11
Taxidermy, 145, 149, 156
Tensions. S*ee also* Contradictions; Killing, tensions of
holding of, 197–200, 210–211, 213, 222
re-tensioning, 208–209
Territory, 72–73
tīeke/saddleback (Philesturnus rufusater), 144, 183, 185
Tinkering, 67, 75, 78, 87, 92
Todd, Zoe, 9
Traps
materiality of, 166–170
multispecies, 140, 143–144
as norm, 158–161
rats and, 145, 154, 159, 166, 169
Tronto, Joan, 10
Tsing, Anna, 7, 13, 66–67, 142, 150, 157, 222

Umwelt, 64
distances of, 27–28, 120–123
Utopia, 187–190, 196
colonial aspects of, 187–191, 210
as concrete, 187–189, 191–192, 210
cruelty and, 184, 189
Zealandia as, 183, 187, 191–192, 210

van Dooren, Thom, 6–7, 10, 117, 136, 165–166, 169, 192, 229n3
von Uexkülll, Jakob, 27–28, 35

Warwick, Hugh, 2, 50, 57, 59, 87, 90, 92, 103, 116
We/us, ix
Wētā, 23, 43, 196, 214, 217
Wild
as concept mediating care of hedgehogs, 49, 55–59, 116–119, 125, 221–222
gardens as, 60, 66, *67*
Whyte, Kyle Powys, 24

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024

Downloaded from http://direct.mit.edu/books/book-pdf/2372427/book_9780262378789.pdf by guest on 18 November 2024